

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

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**WONDERS
of the
SEASHORE**

8-page special

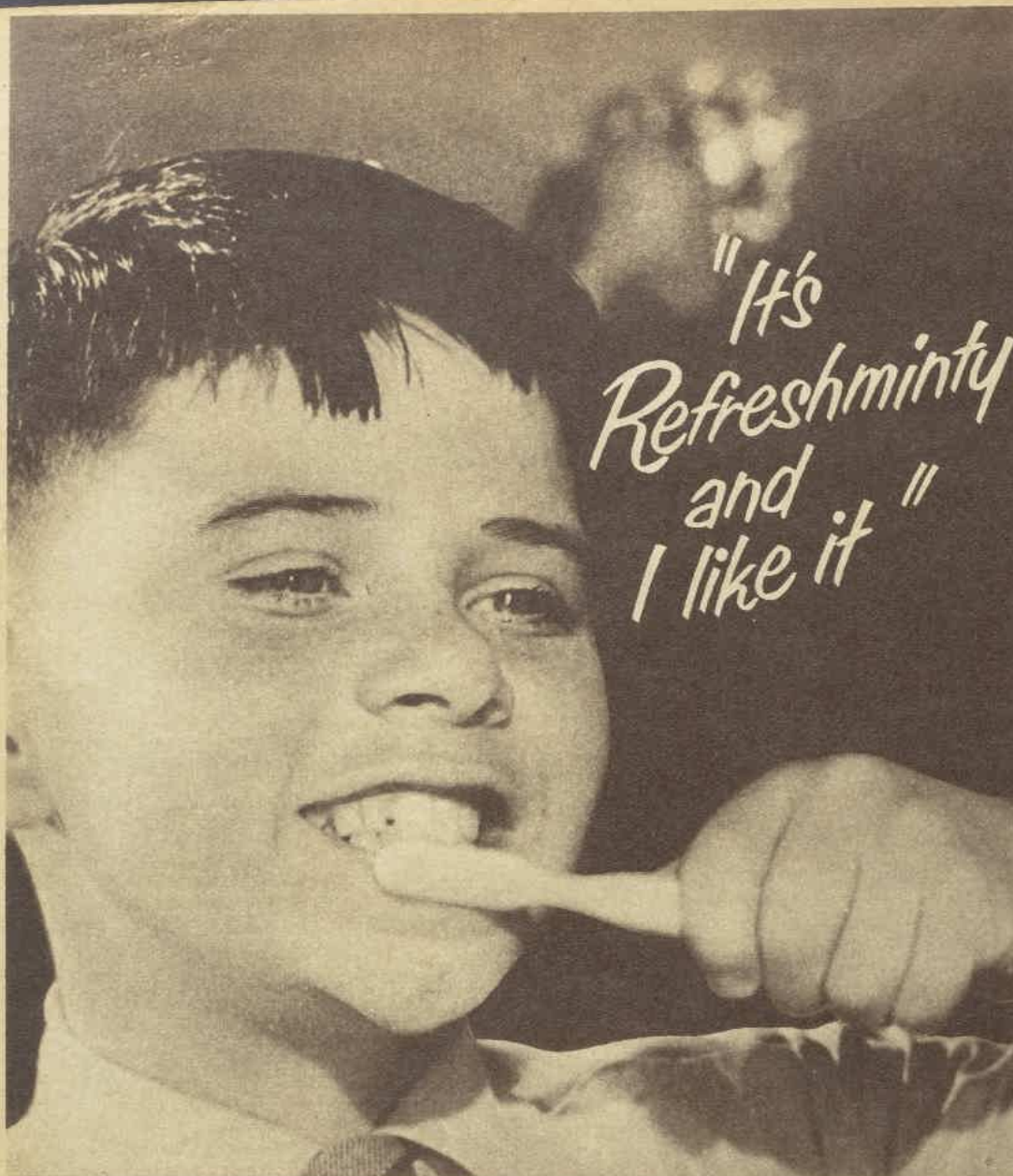
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CONCESSION
PATTERN — page 2



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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● "The first thing you notice about Moscow is that its trees are so beautiful, its streets so broad and clean," said our Chief Sub-editor, Kay Melaun, who wrote "Report from Russia" (which starts on pages 8 and 9).

KAY said: "Photographer Adelle Hurley and I saw Moscow and Leningrad at their best—in golden autumn."

"The Muscovites told us they'd had no summer this year, but were having a lovely Indian Summer."

"The leaves from the trees in the streets are swept up by thick-set old ladies in head scarves, boots, and aprons, using bundles of twigs tied to broom handles."

"No one—but no one—throws down papers or cigarette butts. They put them in Ali Baba-type jars that line the buildings."

"Littering, like chattering and throwing your arms round, is 'uncultured behaviour.'"

"Getting drunk and making a nuisance of yourself in public is 'anti-social behaviour.' For this the Voluntary Police (with whom anyone can serve part-time) could report you to the Works Committee at your job."

"Incidentally, every meal we had started with lemonade, and there was often caviare at breakfast."

"But my opinion on food isn't worth anything. I'm a steak-and-chops eater. The samovar isn't my cup of tea!"

★ ★ ★
AUSTRALIAN author Russell Braddon describes Joan Sutherland as "The Immortal From Our Own Backyard" in the special story he has written for the eight-page Joan Sutherland

Our cover

● You can make this chic frock (see pattern below). Address orders to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Print name and address in block letters and state clearly size required. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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souvenir programme in the TV section in the centre of the paper.

He knows his subject well. To write Miss Sutherland's biography he spent two years with the singer and her husband, Richard Bonyng, as they travelled the world.

Collins have published the biography—which is now in the bookshops—and we have obtained the serial rights.

Because of copyright conditions, however, we will not be able to begin the serialisation until January.

MELBOURNE CUP, 1962



● Here are three of the most striking hats worn at Flemington on Cup Day, when New Zealand champion Even Stevens (above) galloped home to win the 1962 Melbourne Cup.

● More Cup pictures, page 11



GIRL IN GREY Miss Kerrell Cross, of Adelaide, dressed up a grey top hat with veiling, put a grey rinse through her hair.



NEFERTITI HAT of stiffened tulle worn by Miss Kay McKenzie, of Melbourne, is trimmed with tiny pin-spotted yellow bows.



CRINOLINE STRAW hat worn by Mrs. Lois Milgate, of Melbourne, has a crown made of roses, ostrich feathers on the brim.

Pictures here and on page 11 by staff photographer Robert Cleland

Scientist writes a comic opera

● World-famous astronomer and physicist Professor Fred Hoyle has firm ideas about scientific careers for teenagers, and they could be summed up thus: "Don't put your children in the lab, Mrs. Worthington, unless by the age of ten you can't keep them out of it."

If you think an eminent scientist wouldn't speak so frivolously, remember that Fred Hoyle, of Cambridge University, is a top science-fiction writer AND has just written the libretto for a comic opera.

The lively professor is visiting Australian universities.

A student and disciple of Lord Rutherford, the atom-splitter, he stayed with nuclear physics until he saw that this branch of science was going to be used for killing.

He then switched to astronomy, taking the stand that "if bombs were going to be made I wasn't going to make them."

He is still known as a world-class physicist.

"A real science vocation should show up at ten," Professor Hoyle told me. "I would not allow a boy to be a scientist just because it is a good way to earn a living."

The Professor's 20-year-old son, Geoffrey, has no inclination toward science. He is studying English at Cambridge.

"I am not disappointed," said his father.

"My daughter Elizabeth is 17 and it won't be science for her, either."

Girls' ability

The Hoyles live at Cambridge, where the Professor has the Chair of Astronomy. He also lectures at the Californian Institute of Technology. Born in Yorkshire 47 years ago, he met Barbara Clark in 1939 when he was a physics student.

They have been happily married ever since, but Mrs. Hoyle has no talent for science.

"In England girls don't view science with any great enthusiasm, but women show interest in their 30s and 40s and later," he said.

"They could be as good as men. In her older years a woman is more interested than a man in doing a job and less in prestige."

"I don't think women would tolerate the system of fellowships, medals, and royal societies which poisons the standing of many earnest scientists. I mean the Nobel Prize and the like."

"They do no good to those who are IN, but can hurt and handicap those who are OUT."

"The whole business of

By
MARJORIE
STAPLETON

selection is rather a lottery. Women wouldn't tolerate that."

Fred Hoyle's main hobby is science-fiction, and he can dictate the rough draft of a book in two weeks. He says his novels ("The Black Cloud," "Ossian's Ride," etc.) are fictional, but not impossible.

At present the Professor is quite excited about his newest interest.

"I've written the words for a comic opera, and the music is being written by my friend Leo Smit in New York," he said.

"Leo has sent me some of the tapes, and I think it's going to be very good. It's been excellent fun writing the words, and the whole thing will soon be finished."

The title? "The Alchemy Of Love."

The Professor's other hobby is climbing. While staying in Brisbane with Professor H. C. Webster, of St. Lucia, they spent their spare time in the hills — hills and gum trees being the two glorious surprises that Australia has held on this, his first, visit.

I asked what they talked about while climbing. It was: "The reflection of electrical signals from higher parts of our own atmosphere."

Here are some potted answers from our interview:

"I'm not exactly an absent-minded professor, but I have a conveniently forgetful memory. This means refusing to take notice of things which are not important at the time."

"Magellan's Clouds are my favorite sight in astronomy, and the centre of the Milky Way is the next prettiest sight. The Southern Cross is rather undistinguished aesthetically."

"No, we don't come back to this earth. You get one



PROFESSOR FRED HOYLE, from England, looks at scientific film with his friend Professor H. C. Webster, of Brisbane.

chance, so make the best of it."

"I'm known as an atheist, but I believe in goodness and kindness. People overlook the rights of the other animals. I may be a monster, but I would find it harder to kill a kangaroo than a murderer."

"My parents were in modest circumstances, but not poor. I won a scholarship to Cambridge when money was short everywhere and students had to make their work their hobby."

"Twenty should be the best age."

"Many students today are just as diligent as we were, but not as willing to take risks."

"Good health is a very important thing. Low health is disgruntling and discouraging for anyone."

He cannot believe in inspiration out of the blue, or in mysticism, he said. Men like Mozart and Beethoven (two of his idols) were hard workers.

"Once Beethoven played for the Russian Ambassador and was asked whether he would rather have an honor than his normal fee. Beethoven replied that the fee would do very nicely. I think he had the right idea."

At Queensland University when he delivered a John Thomson Memorial lecture on "Origin of the Planets,"

the public lecture-room and its stage and corridor were filled to overflowing.

The public (50 per cent. women) rushed the lecture like the first night of "My Fair Lady."

He said he believed that within ten years the riddle of the origin of the planets might be much better understood.

He thought it possible that there were other planets, possibly one in a hundred thousand, which might support life and with which we might, in time, communicate.

It was much more likely that we would some day communicate with other planets by high-powered television than by space travel.

—And a publisher tells of the best best-sellers

● Want to write a best-seller? Then write a textbook on algebra or English, says a man who knows, Lovat Dickson, a director of Macmillan and Co., one of the world's largest publishing houses.

DURING his recent visit to Sydney, Mr. Dickson talked of books, writers, and best-sellers of the kind that never make the "book - of - the - week" selections in the newspapers. Macmillan's biggest seller of all is Hall and Knight's "Algebra," written at least 60 years ago and still used in practically every maths classroom in the English-speaking world.

"Now that English is the international language," said Mr. Dickson, "and the new Asian and African nations are avid for a book which will teach English simply, a textbook of this type would be a best-seller, too."

Even though the school-books obviously keep the money rolling in and royalties rolling out, Macmillan's do have racier titles on their best-selling index.

"There's 'Gone With The Wind,' for instance," said Mr. Dickson, "published 26

years ago and still selling at least 20,000 copies a year in the hard- and paper-back editions. Frazer's 'The Golden Bough' (a study of ancient cults and folklore) is in the 15,000-a-year class, and so is a book of Shakespearean tragedies.

"In England, Kipling and



MR. LOVAT DICKSON

Thomas Hardy still sell incredibly well, but in Australia I find Hardy is not at all popular. Every person who wants to be a writer ought to read and study Hardy—he is a master.

"Two of the most successful young writers in England today are Kingsley Amis and John Braine, but they're not particularly popular in Australia."

"They express the 'I'm all right, Jack,' attitude which has swept through English society since World War II and write of the bright boys who offend convention and yet succeed."

"At this moment this is the vogue, and the vogue is ever-changing."

"Poetry isn't selling very well, suffering a temporary blackout. Perhaps it's because there aren't enough great poets around. Yeats and Eliot are good sellers, of course, but just think that last century Macmillan's paid Lord Tennyson £70,000 advance for 'In Memoriam.' Tax-free."

Besides being a publisher, the urbane Mr. Dickson is an author who sells pretty well himself.

He has six books to his credit, including a biography of Richard Hillary, the young British airman killed in World War II. A seventh, "The House Of Words," is due for publication in January.

This deals with life in the publishing world, and Lovat Dickson really knows this subject.

Born here

He is 60 now, and 35 of those years have been spent writing, editing, and publishing and meeting and mixing with writers and would-be writers; in fact, he says — rather ruefully — that he has no close friends who are not authors.

Lovat Dickson was born in Australia—in Mitta Mitta, Victoria — and spent seven years here as a child while his father worked for a mining concern in north-west Australia.

This is his first visit to the land of his birth.

"I've lived around the world—South Africa, Canada, England," he said, "and I've always wanted to come back here."

As a youth in Canada, he

ran a little paper in a mining community, and then financed himself through university by writing three columns a week for a national newspaper.

The young man went to England and obtained the editorship of the "Fortnightly Review."

He set up his own publishing house, but sold it in 1938 and joined Macmillan's as assistant editor of general publications. The editor was Mr. Harold Macmillan, now Prime Minister.

"Publishing has helped me as a writer," he said, "because as an editor I work constantly with authors, advising and suggesting things for their books, and then one is stimulated into exercising imagination and creating for oneself."

"Any educated person can express himself by writing a book full of action and incident, but only a talented writer can then revise and revise and shape that mass into a work of art."

"That's why we publish only about five per cent. of the 15,000 to 20,000 manuscripts submitted each year."

—PATRICA BEST

MISS AUSTRALIA OF '56 TO BE SQUIRE'S LADY

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff



● A wedding day in February, the middle of a cold English winter, has drawbacks, but June Finlayson, Miss Australia 1956, intends to overcome them. For instance, under her Balenciaga gown of white satin she will wear ski tights.

"Otherwise I'll freeze to death in the centuries-old (see left) village church," she said.



● JUNE FINLAYSON, 25, Miss Australia 1956, formerly of Vacluse, N.S.W., and her fiancé, Ralph Montagu, 30, squire of Beccles, Suffolk. June is having great success on British TV as Lisa Finlayson.



● Along a country lane (above) on Ralph's property. At right, beside his prize Friesians.



● At Ralph's Old Farm House. They will settle in his Manor House.

JUNE FINLAYSON—known to British TV audiences as Lisa Finlayson—is wearing a solitaire diamond ring on the third finger, left hand, and a look of complete happiness on her pretty piquant face.

She is getting hundreds of letters a day from her fans since she announced her engagement to Ralph Montagu, squire of the Suffolk village of Beccles.

"They are all thrilled that I'm marrying a farmer, but at the same time they want me back on my quiz programme, 'Pencil and Paper,'" said June.

June and Ralph are to be married in February. "I hope I'll be able to slip away for one day a week to do the programme," she said.

"Slipping away" will mean leaving Ralph and the farm and driving 120 miles each way for her late night appearance.

"Ralph says one night and no more," said June, who

wants to go on with her career.

"It will be hard, of course, leaving Ralph and the farm for television work, but I hope to have a women's programme and be on the production side, not on-camera.

"It wouldn't be such a strain to combine life on the farm and in the studios," she said.

As Lisa Finlayson, TV hostess, June has thousands of fans, but the man she is marrying isn't one of them.

Ralph Montagu had never seen her on television when they met at a steeplechase in Suffolk some months ago.

Went racing

June's high heels kept sinking into the mud, and he felt a little protective.

Then he asked her to the opera in London, to dinners, to the ballet, to the theatre, and dancing. He took her racing in his Daimler sports car and cruising on his yacht.

"I didn't know an English farmer could have such diverse tastes," said June.

But as a country gentle-

man with a prize Friesian herd to attend to as well as 200 acres under intensive cultivation, Ralph was always in bed by 10.30 p.m.

One night, however, Ralph stayed up and saw June. His only comment was: "Wasn't your hair a little too bouffant, darling?"

Ralph proposed three times before she said yes.

"But I was terrified he wouldn't ask me again," said June. "If I hadn't missed the train to Suffolk and waited five hours on the dreary London railway station for the next one, he probably wouldn't have."

However, June phoned Ralph in a rage with trains, buses, and everything about English life on a cold wet day on a deserted station.

"He was so patient and consoling," June said, "I just melted."

"Ralph is so understanding. And I've never met such a contented farmer."

Country life won't be anything unusual for June.

"My father, James Finlayson, was a grazier. Our property was 'King's Lynn,'

at Merriwa, N.S.W.," she said.

"But while my father thought in thousands of acres, Ralph thinks in hundreds. But that's England."

June's first home will be the Old Farm House, which she describes as "a real gingerbread house, 16th century, with lots of atmosphere, even lots of roses round the door."

That is where Ralph lives now. Later they will move to the Manor House, a 16th century mansion on land which Ralph's family have owned and farmed since they came to England with William the Conqueror.

"The family name was then Montecute," said June. "It is really great fun looking through the family tree."

Ralph's parents, Captain and Mrs. Montagu, live on another part of the estate.

"They were a little surprised to find I was a Miss Australia, because a beauty queen in England is chosen for many reasons but rarely for a charity," said June.

"When they heard how much money we raised for spastics they were delighted.

"Charities will take up quite a bit of my time as the squire's wife," she added.

At 25, June has had a life any girl might envy. She has been three times to Europe, and apart from compering the TV quiz programme, writes scripts, helps with production, and broadcasts home on the B.B.C. monitor service.

Babies, horses

But June and Ralph want children.

"I think that three boys and one girl would be an ideal family," she said. "But I don't want to become the complete farmer's wife and doting mother."

Thirty-year-old Ralph Montagu has farmed for ten years.

"I've never met people in show business in my life," he said.

Their shared interests are horses.

"I'm going to rebuild the stables when we're married," said June. "And I hope to have a string of steeplechasers, also an Irish hunter."

June's new home is not far

from King's Lynn, after which her own home in Australia was named.

"My mother was English and came from these parts," she said.

Whether any of her family will be over for the wedding is not yet decided.

"But Ralph and I will visit Australia within the next year or so," she said.

Before that the Manor House has to be redecorated and refurbished.

"It's going to be such fun rummaging around the antique shops looking for period furniture," she said.

Learning to cook "good plain English stodge," as June calls it, is a challenge.

"I love cooking, but I've learned to cook and like French and Greek food. However, there has been such a revival of good English fare that getting the recipes for Yorkshire pudding and apple dumplings and all that stodge isn't as difficult now."

June's matron of honor will be Peggy Muntz, formerly Peggy Coles, of Northbridge, N.S.W., who is married to an Australian doctor.



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YVES SAINT-LAURENT TELLS:



WHAT MAKES A WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

By UNITY HALL, in Paris

● To learn Yves Saint-Laurent's views on what makes a well-dressed woman—regardless of how much she can spend—I popped seven questions to the boy wonder of the fashion world.

● Tall, thin, bespectacled, and rather shy, at 26 Yves Mathieu Saint-Laurent looks like an earnest young university graduate. Yet this former top designer in the House of Dior, who runs his own fashion house in Paris, is one of the chief couturiers. It is reported that Princess Margaret will soon be wearing Saint-Laurent originals. His collection last month was privately shown in London to the Princess and a party of her friends—and was snapped up for copying by a London store.

Q What do you think is the worst fault a woman can make in dressing?

A Not to dress in accordance with the time of day. Nothing looks worse than décolleté dresses—designed for evening—worn in the morning.

Q What is the most important article in a woman's wardrobe?

A Her shoes. These should always be neat and tidy. Not worn and down-at-heel.

Bad shoes can ruin a woman's appearance no matter how well dressed she may be otherwise.

Q If a woman cannot afford expensive clothes, how can she give her off-the-peg dresses a couturier look?

A She should not try. There is nothing I dislike more in fashion than the ordinary dress that tries to look couture.

It is never a success. Women should avoid buying cheap copies of originals and look always for simplicity when they are buying something expensive.

For example, a dress costing only about £4 cut straight with just two holes for the arms can be her most useful garment.

It can be worn right through the day with different belts, different necklaces and scarves, and because of its simplicity it will always look good.

Q If a woman came to you and asked you to design her a wardrobe, how many garments would you make for her?

A Just three. A suit, a coat, and a dress. These would NOT all be the same color. I like either toning shades or perhaps contrasts.

For example, a black-and-white tweed dress with a black coat and a beige suit. These will mix.

She should spend the rest of her money on accessories.

Q What are the most important accessories?

A Not a hat. Though I would never present an outfit in my collection without a hat, I do not think they should necessarily be worn for a woman to be elegant.

More important are handbags. These should be carefully chosen and cared for. An old, misshapen "sac" can also spoil an outfit.

Q Do you believe a woman can dress well on a small budget?

A But of course, just as long as she remembers always to keep her clothing very simple and to rely on accessories to give her ensemble character.

Scarves, for example, are very useful for giving color to a plain dress.

Not everyone can afford couture clothes, and it is for this reason that I myself am starting a small range of ready-to-wear—for the woman who wants something a little better, but still at a price she can afford.

Q What is the best tip you can give a woman who wants to be well dressed?

A To really CARE about her appearance. This is the most important of all.

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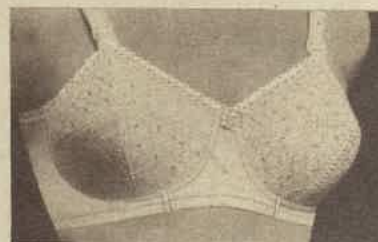


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18 1/2

THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA AT

WOOLWORTHS

Prices slightly higher some country areas and N. Territory

REPORT FROM

● KAY MELAUN, our chief sub-editor, and staff photographer Adelle Hurley flew to Russia by courtesy of Air-India with a group of Australian and New Zealand travel agents and spent eight days in Moscow and Leningrad as guests of Moscow Intourist. Here is their report on Russia today.



IT is strange to go to an opera at 11 o'clock on Sunday morning. It is stranger still to go to an opera in the Palace for Congresses inside the Kremlin walls. But to do this and then start lunch at 2.30 with lemonade while looking through your hotel windows at the Kremlin and the queue snaking round the walls from Lenin's Tomb in Red Square, Moscow, is positively weird.

I put down the lemonade and started to laugh.

The Kremlin was looking just as in pictures — gold church cupolas rising above the brownish walls, with green towers dotting the wall entrances; beside the walls, the striped onion domes and decorated front of St. Basil's Cathedral beyond the Kremlin.

Two days before the opera, the big Air-India Boeing had flown us non-stop from Delhi to Moscow, with a Russian observer picked up at Delhi—standard practice on the Delhi-Moscow-Delhi hop.

I emerged from the plane at Moscow airport wearing a bright red coat—after all, there's nothing like showing goodwill. There were lots of planes around (someone said Ilyushins). But I barely registered them for looking at the beautiful trees on the edges of the field—gold, brown, red, and green on this windless autumn day.

After the milling about involved in getting a party of more than 30 off a plane, we were in the Air-India reception room, blinking at their welcome—champagne and enough food for an army.

Sitting between Adelle and me was a nuggety, fairish, blue-eyed middle-aged Russian in a dark grey business suit. He refused a cigarette with a shake of the head. His square face gave nothing away, so I sat hoping not to look too much like the decadent West.

Adelle produced an ivory cigarette-holder she'd bought in Bombay during the one-day stopover. It was not quite as long as a furred umbrella. With the cigarette-holder, eye make-up, slanted glasses, and silver-bleached hair, she looked stunning.

The Russian stared for a while, then bent forward.

"Is that the latest fashion?" he asked her in slow, correct English. (If you liked, I thought, you could take that as an ominous question.)

Adelle blinked, then said with more gay bravado than truth, "Oh, yes. Everyone's using cigarette-holders now."

There was a distinct pause—the sort represented in novels by dots. Then, slowly, the Russian nodded and smiled, first with his deep-set eyes, then with his whole broad face.

"Very smart," he complimented Adelle. "Very elegant."

This, our first Moscow Russian, was Vladimir Smirnov, one of the Intourist high-ups. He'd refused the American cigarette not on principle but because the doctor had warned him a few years back that they were affecting his not-too-strong heart.

(My happiest memory of Moscow is Mr. Smirnov visiting our second-front stalls at the Bolshoi Ballet, offering us a dip into a bag of chocolates, making us feel like children.)

Arrival was Friday afternoon. By Sunday it still felt strange just to walk from the hotel across the broad square, through a gate into the Kremlin to attend an opera.

It was "Le Coq d'Or," by Rimsky-Korsakov (pronounced nimsky KORSakoff).

The day was pale and still, not cold, with a little light rain to darken the grey streets. The buildings looked unreal, huge, and square, and strong; no lightness or grace anywhere. The people, too, sturdy and square.

Six thousand of them attended the opera. Six thousand go night and day, seven days

● Shoppers coming out of GUM, the department store, which occupies an entire block flanking Red Square, Moscow. GUM is the biggest, busiest store in town.



● GUM interior, at left, with, above, some shoppers in the suits and coats section. The shop has three arcades like this one, with a huge fountain playing in the centre. Prices of suits, £A13/10/- to £A21, but mostly around £A18. Cloth and cut are not worth £3.



RUSSIA



● St. Basil's Cathedral, right, and, above, Red Square, taken from St. Basil's. The Hotel National is arrowed. The traffic cop in picture at right had just beckoned to the kerb a young man on a motor-cycle.



● Interval at the opera in the Palace for Congresses inside the Kremlin. There are many theatres and concert halls in the city, plus more than 150 cinemas, as well as recreation parks, sports facilities, and a racetrack.

a week, I was told, to hear one or other of the Russian companies that play in rotation at this great thump of a place. (In Moscow it had soon become evident that the taste is: if it's big enough it's good.)

It is a 1961 building of glass and marble, and it won the Lenin Prize for the architect. The acoustics are miraculous, the seats

brilliant red-upholstered. There were 80 in the orchestra, some 100 in the cast on a stage as wide and high as a CinemaScope screen doubled, the costumes and mountings deserving the applause that greeted them. Stalls are A28/- each, the balcony about A9/-. Children can sit on parents' knees.

The little boy and girl next to us were having a big outing with Mum and Dad and Auntie Marya—well behaved, well in check like all the children, big and little, in Moscow. They took their pleasures sedately.

Toward the end of the first interval a young soldier in blouse, baggy pants, high boots, belt, and pistol stood hands on hips over Adelle in her aisle seat. We didn't understand a word of his rapid Russian, but it was obvious he was ticking her off. There was nothing to do but gulp up at him. At last Adelle wailed helplessly: "I wish someone would tell this arrogant creature to get lost."

An official appeared. Small wonder that the young soldier was raging. Adelle was sitting in his seat. She should have been across the aisle.

At the second interval Adelle and I joined the scramble into the marvellous gold, red, white marble and mirrored lobby, up the swift elevator-speed escalators, up, and again up, and up again to the restaurant-cum-

ballroom (parties for sub-top Government officials) under the roof, carried along by the river of determined, sombre-clad humanity (in-for-your-push is the Moscow motto) toward long tables to buy open sandwiches (smoked salmon, salami, caviare, cheese), lemonade (golden, not white, very sweet), champagne (ghastly sweet), chocolates (lovely), and ice-cream (delicious).

The audience liked the opera, but not overmuch; one curtain call was all. But the night before at the Bolshoi (6.30 p.m.-9.30 p.m., dinner afterwards and far too keyed-up to eat), the audience was really with it. They gave it the appreciation a Melbourne crowd gives a Rules match.

The theatre is the conventional, semi-circular tiered opera house in gold and red. The ballet was the entire "Swan Lake," beautifully costumed and set. Odette-Odile (Strichkova), the Prince (Hoplov), and the Devil (Saharov) got many curtain calls, with a steady clap-clap-clap like foot-stamping. The stalls surged forward, shouting, to the orchestra pit (70 players at a rough count).

During the intervals there was the usual rush of people to buy the lemonade, champagne, and sandwiches. Afterwards was the queue for coats.

In Russia you must park your coat before you go into any theatre, restaurant, art gallery, or such. We groaned at this, but later discovered that in winter if people were allowed into the heated rooms in their heavy wet coats, overshoes, cape, earmuffs, etc., all would die of asphyxia.

Adelle and I also learned later that opera glasses were trained on us during the intervals. Light colors, make-up, and a bit of glitter are just so unusual in a Russian audience.

Walking out of the theatre an English-speaking Russian woman—a stranger—was at my elbow, and we chatted as we walked along the street.

"Why so few pretty women . . . so few attempts at prettiness?" she echoed. "Well, I know it sounds a terrible expression to English people, but Russians look for Inner Beauty. They don't look for surface prettiness."

"This Kim Novak and Elizabeth Taylor . . . we call them Little Pies With Nothing."

Why the men's coat-sleeves so often touching their fingertips?

"But it gets so cold here in winter."

She didn't say, and I didn't raise it, that a pair of good gloves could take a big whack of one's salary, as we'd discovered the afternoon before at GUM (pronounced Goom, stands for State Department Store), open seven days a week, 12 hours a day, employees' hours 40 a week, staggered.

All hours seem to be staggered in this city. There always seemed to be the same

To page 40

● Comb-up for Kay Melan by hairdresser Alexandra Chulinskaya. The wash and set cost about 9/6, and Alexandra refused a tip. The rollers were the big old-fashioned ones with elastic ties.

● Fountain (left) in the Exhibition of Economic Achievement has 15 maidens symbolising Soviet Republics. The 550-acre park has 78 pavilions plus theatres, etc.



Social Roundabout IN SYDNEY and



AT LEFT: Mr. Peter Francis and his bride, formerly Miss Christine Waite, leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, for reception given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Waite, of Vaucluse, at Wentworth Hotel.

ABOVE (from left): Miss Shanny Stening, Mrs. Georg Herda, Mrs. Campbell Scott, Mrs. Daryl Isles, and Mrs. Freddie Storch chatting together at the Melbourne Cup party given by the Peter Pan Committee at the home of Mrs. Roy Coote.



AT LEFT: Miss Susan Finlay, of "Thurgoona Park," Albury, with Mr. Andrew Littlecraff (left) and Mr. Jim Clarke at the dance given in Melbourne during Cup Week by Miss Finlay's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gavin Finlay.

ABOVE: Sydney visitors Captain and Mrs. J. P. Stevenson, of Bellevue Hill, at the Cup Eve party given at Government House, Melbourne, by Sir Dallas and Lady Brooks. Capt. Stevenson is captain of H.M.A.S. Vendetta.

INSTEAD of looking for them in the audience you'll be trying to spot your friends in the cast at the Elizabethan Theatre Trust Ladies' Committee's 11.30 p.m. show, "Midnight Manoeuvres," at the Palace Theatre on Friday, November 16. Well-known members of the Trust (they're hoping their identities will remain a secret until the night) will be appearing in skits, comedy acts, and dance routines.

They'll be "supported" by Sheila Bradley, who's flying up from Melbourne especially for the performance, Gordon Chater, Diana Perryman, Lorrae Diamond, and "manoeuvred" (compered) by Digby Wolfe.

A group from the Australian Ballet will also be appearing, plus Ray Price and the Port Jackson Jazz Band.

Sounds like a marvellous show and rather a pity that it's going to be a one-night stand. All the material is brand-new, and includes some skits the Trust cabled London for permission to use.

The sixteenth is also a first night at the Ballet, so there are quite a few parties going from Her Majesty's to the Palace. Miss Margaret Gillespie is organising one. Other members of the Trust Ladies' Committee are having late-dinner parties before the midnight matinee.

FIRST Sydney visitors for Edwin and Jenny Sutherland at the flat they've taken in Toorak, Melbourne, were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Wilkinson, of Wollstonecraft, who stayed with them during the Cup carnival last week. Edwin and Jenny, who returned from the United States with their seven-month-old daughter, Cindy, in September, made their headquarters with Edwin's family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutherland, at "The Chase," Moss Vale, until they moved to Melbourne a few weeks ago. They say their Melbourne household won't be complete until their French poodle, Bebe, joins them next year. To comply with quarantine regulations, American-born Bebe is spending six months in England so she can get her "all clear" papers to migrate to Australia.

FOR her London wedding on Thursday, November 15, Mary Bailey-Tart, daughter of the W. B. Bailey-Tarts, of Potts Point, will be wearing a delicately chased gold watch with her wedding dress. The watch was a present from Mary's grandfather, the late Sir Earle Page, to her grandmother many years ago. Mary, who's been overseas for the past fifteen months, will marry Donald Mather-Brown, son of the W. Mather-Browns, of Perth, in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields Church, and her sister Felicity will be bridesmaid.

THE exhibition of Christmas decorations arranged by the Sydney Hospital Women's Committee at Beard Watson's is well worth a visit. The accent is on cool silver, blue and white—just right for our summery Christmas—and even the traditional red and green decorations are light and airy. Mrs. C. R. Dryhurst's "Cool Christmas" is a lovely table-setting for a champagne buffet. The white floor-length cloth is scattered with blue and silver stars and veiled with a sheer white cloth, giving a gauzy effect. A white-painted "dead" branch in a white pot is hung with pastel ribbon and crystal chandelier drops, and sprays of gold-painted ivy are tied with blue ribbon bows at the corners. For a final icy touch there's a silver ice bucket and tray and crystal glasses.

Mrs. Dundas Allen is exhibiting a white-painted Christmas tree about 3ft. high planted in a white pot. Its branches are wound with blue tinsel, hung with pale silver-blue baubles, and topped with a blue tinsel star.

The most appealing "traditional" table-setting is one done by Swedish Baron Axel G:son Von Rappe. He has used a circular teak table, teak candle-holders in streamlined Scandinavian shapes, with a profusion of candles of all sizes and little wreaths of tiny handmade paper flowers, which stretch to fit around candle-holders or candles. The whole effect, with Christmas wall hangings and groups of tiny wooden Christmas figures, is simply charming. The exhibition will remain open until November 17.

NEXT WEEK

● "FAIL-SAFE"— Startling new serial

Beginning "Fail-Safe," the controversial book by Eugene Burdick (co-author of "The Ugly American") and Harvey Wheeler.

The book jacket says: "Something has gone wrong" (in the U.S. electronics warning system). "A group of American bombers armed with nuclear weapons is streaking past the fail-safe point, beyond recall, and no one knows why. Their destination—Moscow."

With this explosive plot, the authors have created a story of almost unbearable suspense. Don't miss the first instalment.

● After-five bags to crochet

Pretty handbags in raffia straw are news for summer evenings. We give directions for making three—each in crochet, with gold- or silver-covered mounts, and with a pearl fastening.

● Perth Games preview

A special preview tells you all about the Commonwealth Games. In color are pictures of Australia's gold-medal prospects and of Perth's preparations as host.

● Complete book of salads

Summer is salad time, so serve one each day, with our five-page Complete Book of Salads.

There's a wide variety of recipes for salads, dressings, and mayonnaise, plus hints on how to prepare salad vegetables and garnishes.

● Bare-back look

Bare backs are in fashion—for the beach, for late-day, for evening. Pictures show this latest look for summer.

AT THE CUP



COUNTRY VISITOR Mary Jane Pratten (left), of Yass, N.S.W., wore a white organdie mob cap and lilac silk suit to the 1962 Melbourne Cup meeting at Flemington. With her are Jennie Home, of Toorak, Melbourne, and Janette Forsyth (right), of Melbourne.



MISS NIKKI BALDWIN, of Melbourne, trimmed her cornflower-blue linen coat with big white organdie roses down the front and around the hem. A blue rose perched on top of her hat.



MR. TOM CARLYON, of Melbourne, with Mrs. Carlyon, Mrs. Bill Adams, of Sydney, who wore a cream suit and yellow straw beret, and Miss Caroline Adams, in a peacock-blue Thai silk coat.

SCARLET SUIT and high-crowned Nefertiti hat were worn by Miss Sandra Spry (left), at the Cup meeting with Miss Carolyn Barks and Miss Vicki Barlowe, in a flame suit. All are from Melbourne.



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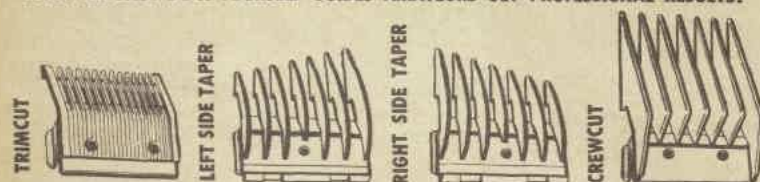
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FATHER



"Over my dead body."

MOTHER



"Let's give Mum a surprise! I'll wash up; you dry; and Billy can pick up the pieces."

It seems to me

AROUND this time of year the office is enlivened by the arrival of the Christmas catalogue from Neiman-Marcus, of Dallas, Texas, U.S.A.

Each year it seems to be more elaborately produced than the last year, its pages blazing with color pictures of gifts.

Among the more expensive presents I'd advise you not to hint for are white mink cowboy chaps. These, described as "ranch-tailored with rhinestone studs," are illustrated worn over white silk pants.

The cost, something over £900, would be evidence of your admirer's affection, but they really aren't attractive. If he has that sort of money you might turn to the jewellery page, which pictures a becoming sapphire-and-diamond bib necklace, price £32,000.

Your problem will then be to return the compliment, and I can see nothing more appropriate than a bulletproof vest (£96).

Among cheaper novel presents for a man, a monogrammed hammer (£4/10/-) and a "personalised leather key plaque for the executive washroom" (£2/10/-). The plaque is inscribed with the recipient's name and the words "executive washroom."

My favorite thing about Neiman-Marcus is that they have a confidential shopping service for customers who want to send presents to kings, prime ministers, and such (or that's how they explain it).

They say: "Address orders to Officer G-7. Orders will be handled by only one of three senior officers of the firm. No written billing will be sent. Billing will be by telephone. The nature of such gifts will be divulged only on the order of a court subpoena."

FEMININE intuition — which is another way of describing lack of logic — is something I often scorn. But I'm not above making use of it at times.

The other morning I rose early to iron a blouse. The iron wouldn't heat. I was in despair.

Then it occurred to me that other women fiddled with irons, and I don't believe most of them know any more about electrical gadgets than I do, which is nothing.

So I fished round for a screwdriver (yes, yes, I pulled the plug out first) and unscrewed a screw which caused a piece of the back to come off. Inside was a neat tangle of works and two screws. Goodness knows what their purpose is, but I screwed them up tight. Then I replaced the back, switched on the electricity, and — you've guessed it. The iron heated.

This trivial incident cast a glow of pleasure over the day, quite eclipsing the satisfaction gained the day before from washing the venetian blind. The blind-washing was duty done. The iron repair was pure magic.



Dorothy Drain

"YOU know the way Queenslanders hang their washing," this friend of mine, another who comes from Brisbane, said to me . . .

I was puzzled for a minute. Although I visit my home State at least twice a year, it is many years since I settled in Sydney.

"With the pegs linking all the garments," she went on; "it's only since I came to Sydney that I've used two pegs to each towel or tea-towel or shirt."

On reflection this change of habit applied to me, too. But I had never been conscious of clothes-pegging as differing between State and State.

It may be, of course, that my friend and I were both subject to similar washday influences. Perhaps we both came from link-peg families. Perhaps on transferring to Sydney we each came in contact with separate-peggers.

If it is, however, a matter of State characteristics the difference could be due (a) to the strength of the wind (Sydney is a windier city than Brisbane) or (b) to thriftier influences. (Why use two pegs where one will do? Sydney habits, in general, have always seemed more extravagant and reckless.)

Perhaps, having examined the subject carefully, we can leave it there, commending it to the attention of those people who carry out surveys on social behaviour.

IN London Edna Batters, 27, tried to bribe a judge during a British Kennel Club show in which she had entered her poodle, Bunty. The club banned her from its shows for life.

*It's sad to think about a dame
Who tried to bribe a poodle judge.
One pictures, though it hurts, the
shame
Of offering a note, a nudge,
And with what outraged cries and
snubs
They drummed her out of kennel clubs.*

*Though one would like to sympathise,
Impatience gets the upper hand.
She can't be very sharp or wise
To try that dedicated band,
Whose love for dogs so far transcends
All thought of mercenary ends.*

*And yet one spares a kindly tear
For one whose life's forever flat.
How could she risk her whole career?
The BRITISH Kennel Club, at that!
Such foolishness, it sends you numb,
Not only animals are dumb.*

Worth Reporting.



• Singer John Serge points to his name on a concert poster at Ancona, Italy.

LAST year we wrote about Italian-born John Serge, who was just beginning his career as an opera singer.

News now comes from Italy that he's well on the way to making a name for himself.

John, who lived at Croydon Park, N.S.W., is best known for his appearances on "Revue '61" and "62" and "Make Ours Music."

An Australian national radio show called "Chance of a Lifetime" (since off the air) gave John his big break with a return ticket to Europe and spending money.

In early July, John, who is 22, made his Italian TV debut in a live telecast of the Third Festival of Singing in Ancona. He won the gold medal first prize.

Later he won a scholarship in Milan to study at the Accademia Chigiana under the guidance of Gina Cigna (a colleague of Caruso).

In September John played the lead tenor role in Menotti's opera "Amelia Goes to the Ball," and performed for Giancarlo Menotti himself.

In October he was Frederico in "L'Arlesiana," and recently he flew to Lugarno to take the lead part of Mario in "Tosca."

One of John's biggest thrills in Milan was to see Joan Sutherland rehearsing and performing in her world premiere of "The Huguenots."

(Miss Sutherland is singing the Queen of Navarre's aria from "The Huguenots" in "The Joan Sutherland Show" made by TCN, Channel 9—souvenir programme in our television section.)

"She was utterly tremendous," he said. "The Italians even call her 'la Stupenda.'"

"The opportunities I'm getting are fantastic," John said. "I have 12 concerts booked for Italy and Switzerland in the next three months."

Golf fashions are fun

THERE'S more to a professional golf tournament than the score.

We tramped up and down, up and down the Australian Golf Club at Kensington, N.S.W., recently during the W. D. and H. O. Wills £3000 Golf Classic. We enjoyed the golf, but the fashions were fun, too.

For sheer drama there was nothing to compete with Gary Player's all-black shoes, trousers, and shirt with scarlet cap.

And Gary doesn't know how close he was to losing his golf-bag. Every woman had her eyes on the leopard-skin panels adorning it.

But best of all we liked Western Australian Len Thomas' clothes—white duck trousers and pale blue shirt and cap. We'd also give him the personality prize plus bonus for best smile on the course.

The winner, Bruce Devlin, looked fine, too, in greeny-grey trousers and red shirt.

★ ★ ★
THE nice-looking elderly grandmother was sitting near us in the bus. With one hand she was clutching her energetic grandson. In the other she had, and was reading with concentration, "The Rules of Cricket."

BACHING for sure was the forlorn little man in the corner shop.

"Have you a TV dinner?" he asked. "Oh, yes. And two eggs and an orange."

The will to live

AT Royal North Shore Hospital, Sydney, flowers are providing 14 paraplegic patients with the will to live and face the world.

We attended the official opening of a greenhouse built to provide occupational therapy during the rehabilitation of paraplegic patients, who can be in hospital from two months to seven years.

It was built with funds raised by the ladies' committee, headed by president Mrs. Edmund Collins.

"It's so rewarding to see the change in the patients," said Mrs. Collins.

"Their whole mental attitude changes as soon as they realise they can lead a useful life. We have two orchid experts to teach them, and one patient is planning to start a greenhouse when he leaves."

"It's such a shame," said Mrs. Collins. "Most of them are under 25 years and a large percentage are the result of diving into shallow water."

A place in the sun

"ONE of my problems was to design a glasshouse sympathetic to the shapes of trees," said Mara Satins.

"So I came up with a hyperbolic paraboloid in glass and aluminium."

Mara was explaining her winning entry for the Rome Scholarship in Architecture. She is the only woman to have won since its inauguration in 1913.

The problem set for the prize (awarded by the British School of Architecture) was to design buildings for a botanical garden.

Mara is already on her way to Italy. Aged 23, she came to Australia from Latvia with her parents 13 years ago and settled in Melbourne.

For the past year she was tutoring in architecture at Melbourne University.

What sort of a house would she design for herself?

"First, it would have to be close to the city or way out in the country," she said.

"I wouldn't like to live in a suburb. If you can't be in the centre of things, you might as well live where you can enjoy plenty of space."

"And I don't believe in living-rooms where nobody lives; I would make sure mine got plenty of sun."



• Mara Satins.

IT is 26 years since Rev. Donald R. Begbie had his first one-man exhibition of paintings at Parramatta.

He had then just finished his course at East Sydney Technical College. Soon after he left for England, where he shared a studio with our illustrator Arthur Boothroyd.

He exhibited overseas, and some of his drawings were published and used in TV. After he was ordained painting became a hobby and helped his work with children.

Now, Rev. Begbie, who is rector of St. Paul's Church of England at Wahroonga, will hold another one-man exhibition on November 20 at Grace Brothers, Chatswood. It will be opened by the Hon. Mrs. H. R. Gough.

Varicose veins may not show yet, but . . .

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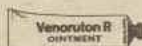
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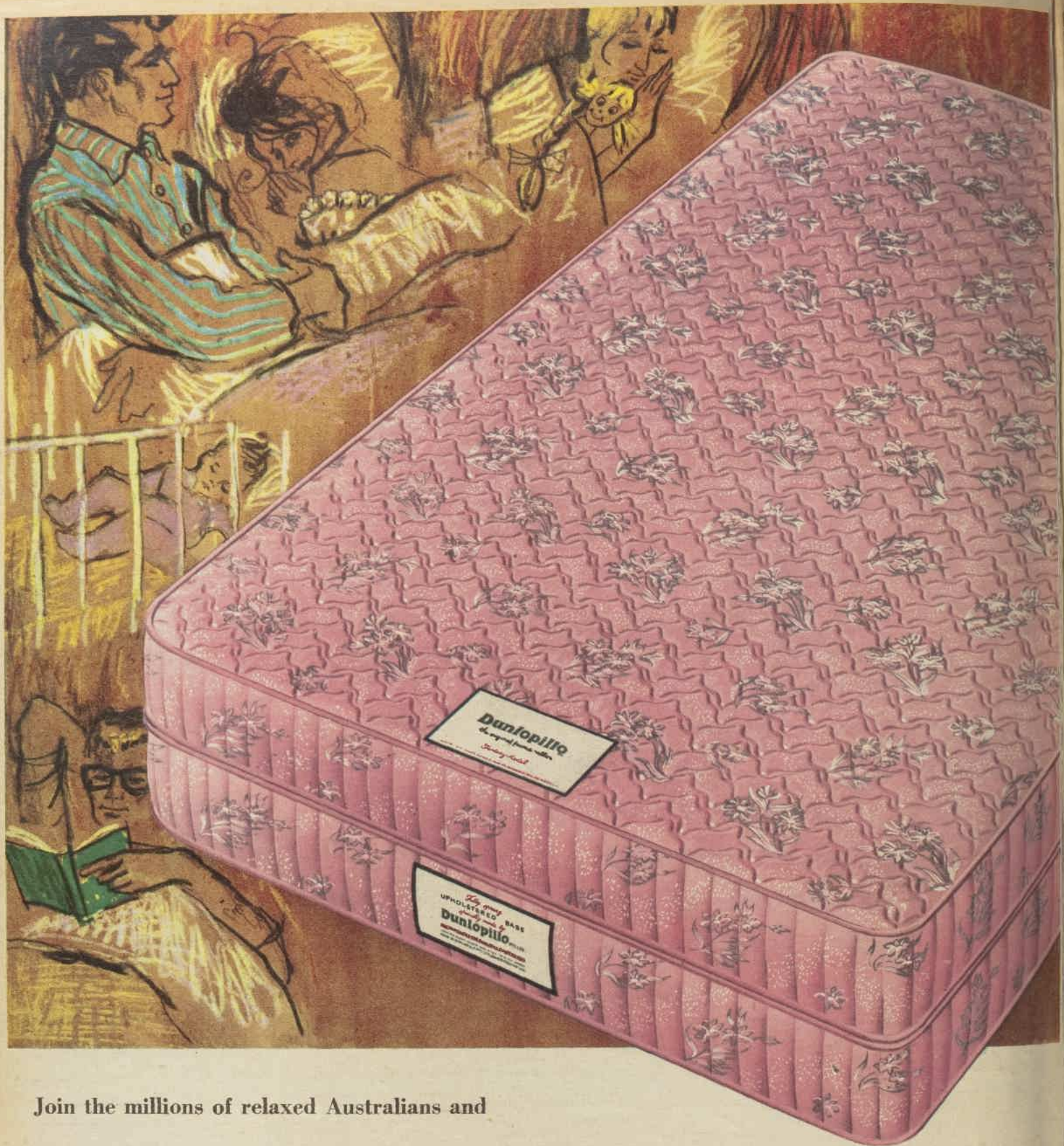
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THE ORIGINAL FOAMED RUBBER

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 21, 1962

Those comperes...

● Indifference is the most dangerous reaction television can provoke. You may like a show or loathe it, but — if that show is to survive — you must WATCH it.

CONSEQUENTLY, TV performers face the very real problem of projecting personality, an intangible quality at the best of times.

Consider Mr. Bill Newman, a (young) veteran of stage and radio. After Mr. Leonard Teale left "Singalong" (TCN9, one Friday in four, 7.30 p.m.) to rejoin the "Mobil-Limb Show," Mr. Newman took over the job as compere.

And, judging by his first show, he is very good indeed. Like Miss Lorraine Desmond, Mr. Newman possesses the priceless gift of communicating the fact that he's having a whale of a time himself.

In sympathy, I found myself watching "Singalong" instead of merely listening to the pleasant roar of the male choir (who really should try to improve their deplorable miming).

It is at times all too

obvious that projecting personality is doubly difficult for anyone who is shoved into the Big Time, minus a sturdy show-business background.

After a painful beginning, the show compered by Mr. Bob Rogers (TCN9, Thursdays, 9.30 p.m.) has blessedly acquired some character and warmth — and it is improving each week.

I wish Mr. Rogers would discard his constant smile (it sometimes becomes a determinedly fixed grin). But he is being given enough freedom by TCN to "settle in" in his own way, and this is, I think, the reason for the show's improvement.

On the other hand, Mr. John Laws apparently is NOT being given much chance to relax. After denying myself the, er, pleasure of watching "Startime" (ATN7, Saturdays, 7.30 p.m.) for a few weeks, I've been having another look.

Hasn't got any better, has it? Still efficient, still big and glamorous, and still coldly impersonal.

It is unkind and unfair to drop this fault directly into Mr. Laws' lap. But, as compere, he carries the burden of "Startime" as a cohesive whole — or would, given a chance.

How, in heaven's name, is he supposed to inject any feeling into the show? Singing tactfully disregarded, he is permitted merely to bob



● Imagine Bing Crosby as Ben Cartwright in "Bonanza." No, sorry — Bing as Ben Cartwheel in "The Road to Tremendosa," complete with sons Adam (Bob Hope), Hoss (Bob Hope), and Little Joe (Bob Hope). And they're all competing for the love of a Distressed Damsel (Juliet Prowse) . . . Who'll win? Bing or Bob (pictured above)? The answer's in "The Bob Hope Show" (TCN9, Saturday, November 17, 7.30 p.m.).

briefly in front of the cameras to announce the next item or to engage in forced and inane scripted chit-chat with a guest.

For goodness' sake, give the man a go.

Sutherland is superb

AN operatic programme called "The Joan Sutherland Show" will be screened on TCN9 this Sunday at 8 p.m.

"An operatic programme" is an understatement indeed! For here is the sheer excitement of watching a supreme artist in action.

There are opera fanatics and there are people, like me, who can take it or leave it. But I've seen a preview of the Sutherland show, and I propose to "take it" again on Sunday.

There is excitement, and a tremendous glow of pride, in watching an Australian who has overcome ill-health and all other handicaps to become one of the world's greatest coloratura sopranos.

And there's complete and spine-tingling proof in the show's finale: the 17-minute "mad scene" from Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor."

From the moment that demented Lucia, dagger in hand, appears at the top of a staircase, it is literally impossible to look away from the screen.

At the end of the scene's first aria, Sutherland's voice echoes the plaintive notes of the flute till one is almost indistinguishable from the other. You're lost in sound, and — when she achieves the final soaring E flat — in the technique and brilliance that prompted the Italians to christen her "La Stupenda." She is.

● See Sutherland programme in our TV liftout.

TOMMY HANLON'S THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK



Mamma once said to my aunt: Why in this world of ours is there such a stigma attached to a lady who maybe just doesn't care to be married? Some ladies like to come and go as they please, and perhaps have never cared to settle down, and are perfectly happy. Why call them old maids?

My aunt, who has never married (not that she hasn't been asked), has devoted her life to caring for crippled children. I asked her once why she hadn't married, and she said: "I guess I just wasn't cut out for married life. I have a furnace that smokes, a parrot that swears, and a tomcat that stays out all night. So who needs a husband?"

Mamma's moral: Though you're still alone, don't admit you're sunk. After all, a hope chest makes a fine storage trunk.

Reviews of New Films

ADVISE AND CONSENT

Otto Preminger's "Advise and Consent," a film dealing with political shenanigans in Washington, is a powerful drama with an astounding cast full of names that you would think could only be assembled in a dream.

Uniformly excellent are Franchot Tone (as President of the United States), Charles Laughton (startlingly real as a mealy-mouthed, malevolent Southern Senator), Walter Pidgeon, Peter Lawford, Lew Ayres, Henry Fonda, and Burgess Meredith. S.S. — State, Sydney.

In a word . . . POWERFUL.

I THANK A FOOL

Australians Peter Finch and Diane Cilento play an English barrister and his lovely, Irish, mentally-ill wife in this psychological mystery drama. The plot twists and turns in masterly fashion to keep you guessing

right up to the last, and is helped every step of the way by excellent acting and color photography. — St. James, Sydney.

In a word . . . EXCITING.

THE LION

The film, like its African setting, is beautiful, yet brutal. Trevor Howard is superb as the hard game-keeper fighting to hold his wife and stepdaughter to the Africa he loves. His wife (Capucine) has sent for her ex-husband (William Holden) because the daughter seems bewitched by the country and is as wild and uncontrollable as the lion which is her friend.

The emotional fight between these four people, and the lion, is expertly played. There are moments of incredible suspense and horror, and some of lyric beauty. — Regent, Sydney.

In a word . . . AFRICA.

CRIMEN

Three Italian couples come to the French Riviera separately and get caught

up in the same murder. A series of coincidences sets them up as prime suspects and they all lie because the truth seems as if it would implicate them. Some scenes and dialogue are very funny. The best are whenever Alberto Sordi is around — he steals the show even from Silvana Mangano. — Metro Continental, Sydney.

In a word . . . O.K.

HEMINGWAY'S ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG MAN

Richard Beymer is the young man who runs away from his small-town home and dominating mother to "learn about things." He faces all facets of life — poverty, failure, war, love, and death — before he returns. The actual filming is well done and the acting is fine, but it drags. Everything that happens has happened before in films, and Hemingway's touch doesn't come over well enough to give it reality. — Century, Sydney.

In a word . . . SLOW.

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READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 21, 1962

GIVE
YOURSELF
A
"COFFEE-
BREAK"



NOTHING IN THE WORLD LIKE THE ROUSING GOOD TASTE OF COFFEE

Whenever you have to think more clearly, give yourself a coffee-break!

At home or at work coffee cheers you up. Gives you a little extra get-up-and-go. And see how you spark to the hearty, rich taste of it!

Coffee is mighty good company—and it makes you better company.

Ideas flow and friendships grow over a cup of coffee.

Drink it often! Enjoy coffee at mealtimes! Relax over coffee at your favourite restaurant! For lively satisfaction, nothing else comes close.



WONDERS OF THE SEASHORE



● This summer thousands of Australians will wander happily along the beaches, often picking up some of the beautiful or curious marine animals from the sands or rock pools. This three-page section tells what many of these creatures are and what they do. Children — and adults, too — may like to take the pages with them when they have their next beach holiday.

● Picture at left is at Long Reef, N.S.W. All pictures in this section were taken by Keith Gillett, of Sydney.

STEEL-BACK CRAB



One of the very common crabs found at high-water mark is the swift-footed Steel-back Crab, *Leptograpsus variegatus*. It is the fastest crab along the shore and children delight in chasing it. It is found from the south Queensland coast to Tasmania and South Australia.

WARATAH ANEMONE



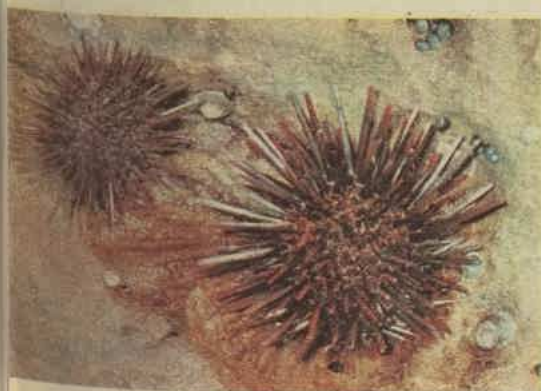
The beautiful Waratah or Blood-sucker Sea-anemone, *Actinia tenebrosa*, is very common in tidal rock pools. Its tentacles are armed with nettle cells to catch prey. These are deadly to the very small creatures the anemone eats, but harmless to man.

"NEPTUNE'S NECKLACE"



This pretty seaweed, *Hormosira banksii*, is called King Neptune's Necklace in New Zealand, and is very common in Australian waters from south Queensland to south-eastern parts of the W.A. coast. The scientific name honors Sir Joseph Banks, the botanist who came out with Captain Cook.

SEA-URCHINS



Most Sea-urchins make cavities in the sandstone in which they can shelter from breaking waves. Handle them carefully, for a painful wound could result if one of the spines became embedded in one's hand. Pictured are two common *Heliocidaris* sea-urchins of south-eastern Australia.

SEA-STAR



The small eight-armed Sea-star, *Patriella calcar*, is plentiful in shallow rock pools right round the Australian shoreline. It is very beautiful and occurs in an amazing range of colors, for different individuals may be orange, blue, yellow, red, or green, etc. Eats seaweed, tiny molluscs.

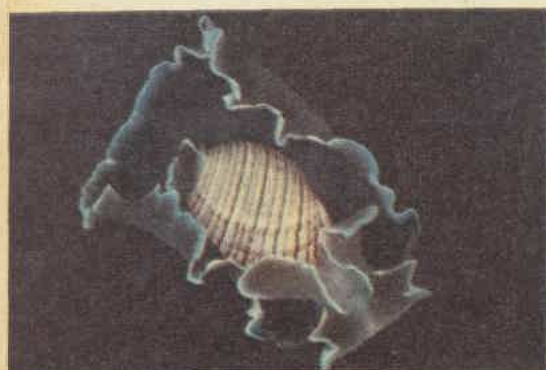
"CHINAMAN'S HATS"



Treasured by children collecting shells is this largest and commonest of Australian Limpets, *Cellana tramoserica* — much more often called Chinaman's Hats. When alive, the limpet sticks to the rocks with terrific clinging power — it would have to be prised off.

continuing... Wonders of the seashore

BUBBLE SHELL (first specimen)



Very good for adding to a collection, this delicate Bubble Shell, *Hydatina physis*, is the commonest, and also the most striking, of this family.

It occurs in northern waters, including the Barrier Reef, and as far south as Sydney. Farther south, the climate is too cold for it.

SEA-URCHIN (deep water)



A likely time to find this deep-water Sea-urchin, *Goniocidaris tubaria*, is after storms or when seas are heavy.

It is then that it may be washed ashore on sheltered beaches of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, or Tasmania. Its shape is unusual, as the picture shows.

PERIWINKLES



The common Periwinkle, *Austrocochlea obtusa*, is easily identified by the alternating bands on the surface, as seen in the picture. A visit to almost any sheltered rocky shore, just as the tide recedes, will reveal large numbers of these shells on the wet rocks.

SEA-ANEMONE



This Sea-anemone, *Oulactis muscosa*, covers the outside of its column and between the tentacles with small sea shells and coarse sand as a form of camouflage. It is very common at almost any tide-level, usually in crannies which retain sea-water.

"COAT-OF-MAIL SHELL"



At night one may see the Coat-of-mail Shell or Chiton, *Ischnoradsia australis*, crawling slowly over shore rocks. It keeps under cover in the day, and it can cling to rocks with terrific power. A true shell, it is easily identified — the eight shell plates are surrounded by a girdle.

BUBBLE SHELL (second specimen)



Sometimes this spectacular Bubble Shell, *Hydatina cinctoria*, occurs in southern waters. It is not as common as the first specimen pictured above left but, like it and other Bubble Shells, it has a body too large to be withdrawn entirely into its fragile shell.

WHELK



The humble, common Sydney Whelk, *Pyrasus ebeninus*, reached unmerited fame in the early convict days. An enthusiast, believing it to be rare, sent it home to England. A large sum was paid for it, and a special painting printed in color for collectors. The year was 1778.

BRITTLE-STAR



A person turning over rocks could well come across a Brittle-star such as this one, *Ophiocoma insularia*. It is rather "creepy-crawly" in appearance, and, if handled carelessly, will throw off its arms. But it begins immediately to grow another set.

GREEN ANEMONE



Often found in the same pools as the Sea-anemone, pictured above left, is the Green Anemone, *Cnidopus verater*, which may be either light or dark green in color. It has smooth tentacles with which it catches prey in the same way as the Waratah Anemone.

LEPAS BARNACLE



This *Lepas* barnacle is often mistaken for a bivalve shell, but actually it is a relation of crabs and prawns, as a zoology student would see if the shells were pulled apart. *Lepas* is found in tropical and sub-tropical waters. Fine, waving gills scoop in prey.

"SEA BISCUIT"



This is an unusual Sea-urchin, *Laganum depressum*, of the "sand dollar" type. It spends most of its life hidden under a layer of sand in the more tropical shores. Spines appear as a fine fur over the surface. Americans call sea-urchins of this type "Sea Biscuits."

COWRIE SHELL



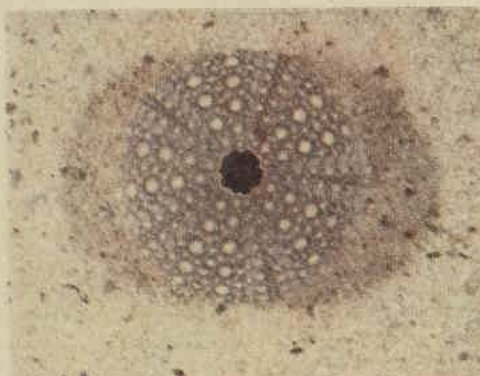
This common Cowrie Shell, *Erronea nimiserrans*, is found from Queensland to Twofold Bay, N.S.W. It likes the dark, so children will often find it by turning over the rocks in darkish spots. Cowries are ideal for collecting. The shell needs no polishing.

ELEPHANT-SNAIL



One of the most easily recognised animals of the seashore is the black Elephant-snail, *Scutus antipodes*, often found under large stones or seen crawling in thousands over the rocks. Here the shield-like shell is seen showing through the black mantle.

SEA-EGG



Known as a Sea-egg, this is really the body shell of the Sea-urchin, *Heliocidaris erythrogramma*, after the animal has died. It is very light in weight. In life, spines grow on the round knobs shown in the picture. They fall off after death.

TRITON SHELL



The Australian Triton Shell, *Charonia rubicunda*, is practically restricted to the shorelines of New South Wales, but a related form is also found in Western Australia. It is to be seen in rather dark areas usually, and is good for collecting.

SEA-SLUG



There are many, many species of the extremely beautiful little marine creatures called Nudibranchs or, more popularly, "Sea-slugs." Identify them by the coarsely branched or fine and crowded, rosette-like gills, extruded from an opening at the hind end of the body.

MAGIC-CARPET WORM



Another exquisitely beautiful family of small marine animals is the group known as Magic-carpet Worms, also called Flat-worms. Different species are found, greatly varied in color and pattern, in rock pools all round the Australian coast. Their movement is a kind of "flow" at water surface.

SEA-LETTUCE



This seaweed, *Ulva lactuca*, is popularly known as Sea-lettuce, and has a world distribution. It is edible. It "breeds" oxygen—you can see the bubbles rising up through the water above it. Hence it is often put in aquaria to "aerate" the water.



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Wherever you go, whatever you do, wherever life is fresh, vital, elegant, you meet Peter Stuyvesant, the cigarette with the international flavor. For that deep down enjoyment of rich choice tobaccos — plus the miracle filter — light up a Stuyvesant, you'll be so glad you did.

A surreal Parisian scene. In the foreground, a pack of Peter Stuyvesant Filter 20 cigarettes stands on the left, with a single cigarette and a filter tip resting on top. To its left is a tall, slender glass filled with golden champagne. Further left is a large, golden-brown croissant. In the background, a large, ornate Parisian building with a dome and spires is visible. A French jet airplane flies across the sky above the building. To the right of the building is a large bunch of green grapes. In the bottom right corner, the words "Moulin Rouge" and "LIDO" are written in a stylized, glowing font. The word "MAXIMS" is also visible in a glowing font near the champagne glass. The entire scene is set against a backdrop of Parisian architecture and greenery.

THE INTERNATIONAL PASSPORT TO SMOKING PLEASURE



MEMO TO MEN

Lisa thought she knew all the rules of perfect behaviour, so insisted her husband must look his best . . . a short story

THE firelight danced on Lisa Drake's shining black hair as she stood in the middle of her living-room, giving it one last scrutinising look. And then, as her glance lit on her red-haired husband, leaning on the mantel with a faraway look in his eyes, she cried, "Oh, Adam! Look at your tie!"

Adam, clutching the two newspaper clippings in his pocket, had been brooding over their vacation coming up next week, wishing Lisa would try camping just once instead of going to the stuffy resort hotel she'd set her heart on.

With her lime-green gown billowing around her, she flew over to him and began fussing with his bow tie. "You look like a lop-eared rabbit!" she said.

"With you looking like Venus rising from the waves," he said, looking at her new strapless dress, "you don't think Bruce King — 'called by his millions of fans simply the King', and I quote — is going to notice me, do you?"

"I just want everything to be perfect. Nothing's too good for Bruce."

"It seems to me you've said that before."

"Now, look, you're not going to put on that jealous act you pulled when Nat Hollister was here for dinner, and before that when Bob Cranston dropped in for cocktails, are you?"

"Certainly not. I had feelings of insecurity when I was faced with your former boy-friends, but I've been reading some psychology articles that have put me straight. Tonight you will see the perfect host — hospitable, generous, tactful, self-effacing."

She looked up at him suspiciously. "Adam, no tricks now, please. Oh, did you get the wine?"

"Yes."

"Is it good?"

"To the King's taste." He grinned at her.

"Let's not have any puns tonight." She gave his tie a final pat.

"Okay, boss." Suddenly his eye caught a glimpse of movement through the picture window. "Gosh!"

"It's Bruce! Oh, what a car!"

A minute later the bell rang and Lisa opened the door.

To page 32

By ALICE MEANS REEVE



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LOUISA, PLEASE...

The call went unheeded . . . a story

By **SHIRLEY JACKSON**

LOUISA—my mother's voice came over the radio; it always frightened me badly for a minute. "Louisa," she said, "please come home. It's been three long, long years since we saw you last. Louisa, I promise you that everything will be all right. We all miss you so. We want you back again. Louisa, please come home."

Once a year. On the anniversary of the day I ran away. Each time I heard it I was frightened again, because between one year and the next I would forget what my mother's voice sounded like, so soft and yet strange with that pleading note. I listened every year. I read the stories in the newspapers: "Louisa Tether vanished one year ago"—or two years ago, or three; I used to wait for the twentieth of June as though it were my birthday.

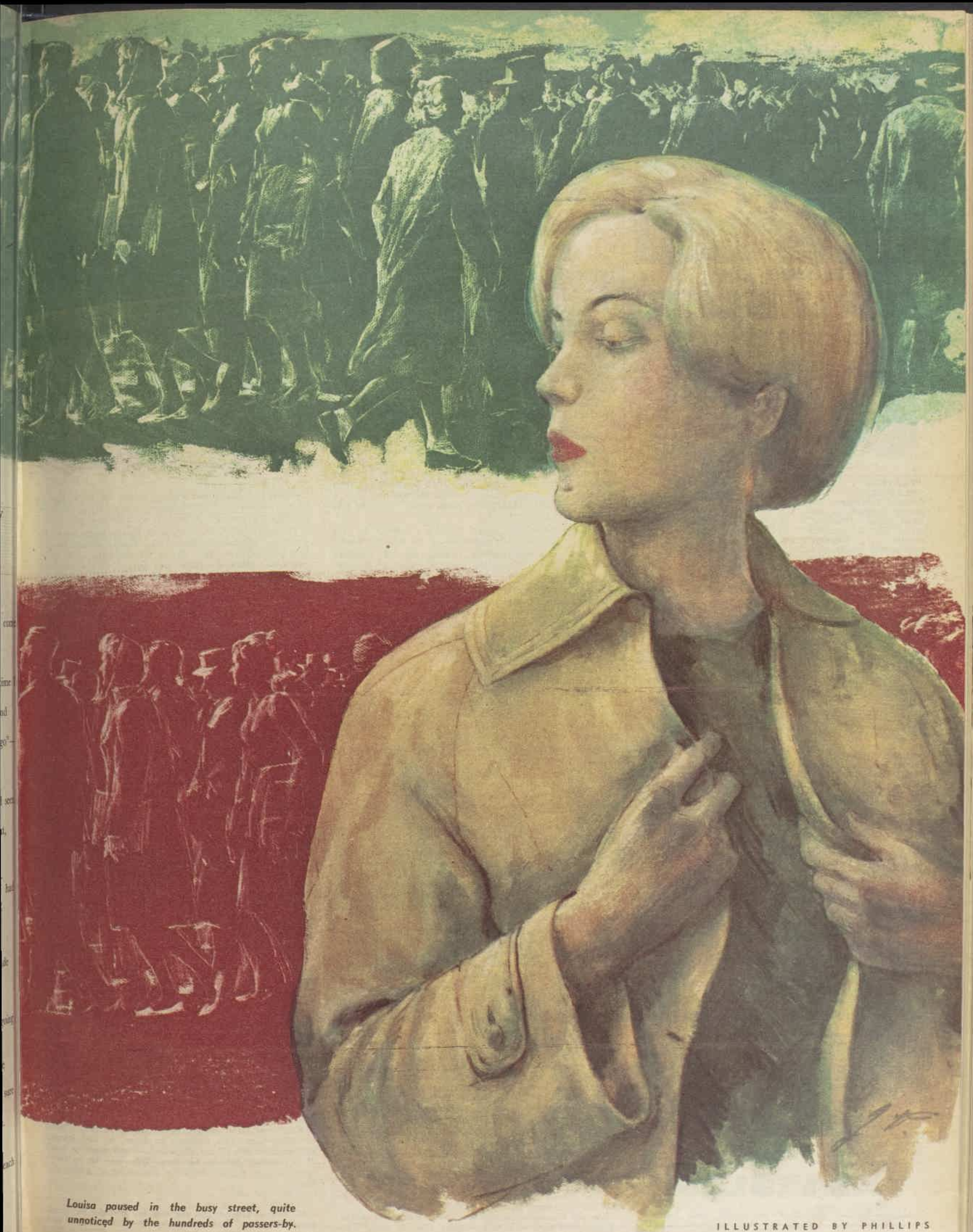
I kept all the clippings at first, but secretly; with my picture on all the front pages it would have looked kind of strange if anyone had seen me cutting it out. Chandler, where I was hiding, was close enough to my old home so that the papers made a big fuss about all of it, but, of course, the reason I picked Chandler in the first place was because it was a big enough city for me to hide in.

I didn't just up and leave on the spur of the moment, you know. I always knew that I was going to run away sooner or later, and I had made plans ahead of time, for whenever I decided to go. Everything had to go right the first time, because they don't usually give you a second chance on that kind of thing; and, anyway, if it had gone wrong I would have looked like an awful fool, and my sister Carole was never one for letting people forget it when they made fools of themselves.

I admit I planned it for the day before Carole's wedding on purpose, and for a long time afterwards I used to try to imagine Carole's face when she finally realised that my running away was going to leave her one bridesmaid short. The papers said that the wedding went ahead as scheduled, though, and Carole told one newspaper reporter that her sister Louisa would have wanted it that way; "She would never have meant to spoil my wedding," Carole said, knowing perfectly well that that would be exactly what I'd meant. I'm pretty sure that the first thing Carole did when they knew I was missing was go and count the wedding presents to see what I'd taken with me.

Anyway, Carole's wedding may have been fouled up, but my plans went fine — better, as a matter of fact, than I had ever expected. Everyone was hurrying around the house putting up flowers and asking each other if the wedding gown had been delivered, and opening up cases of champagne and wondering what they were going to do if it

To page 53



Louisa paused in the busy street, quite unnoticed by the hundreds of passers-by.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

ENJOY YOURSELF MORE indoors...outdoors!

MUSIC BY
KRIESLER

Isn't it time you owned a new radio?



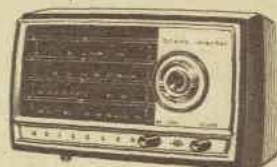
"PLAYTIME"
Transistor. The new dimension in style and size. Plays 3 ways... as a mantel radio... as a personal portable, with power for dancing... and in your car. In gift box, with strap. Colours: Blue, Char-Brown, Lipstick Red... 27 gns.

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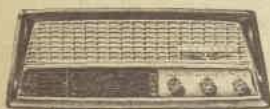
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Super Power Transistor. Concert-hall sound and interstate range from Super Power circuit and big 6" speaker. In genuine leather case. Over 1,000 hour battery economy. Only 38 gns.

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KRIESLER

The Best in Sight and Sound

The Gift

A short short story

By

ELEANOR K. WOOLVIN

THE Walkers were doing their Saturday gardening as a sleek white sports car backed from the driveway of the house across the street. Ken Walker, weekday salesman, weekend handyman, stopped clipping the hedge, and his wife, Barbara, looked up from the chrysanthemum bed, the trowel in her hand.

"Off to the races, pals," said Sherm Dixon, driver of the car, with a jaunty wave in their direction. "Sorry you can't make it."

"We'll take a raincheck," Ken managed to grin. "Hope you win."

"I hope so too, pal," Sherm pointed to his six-year-old daughter, Midge, standing soberly at the kerb. "Baby needs new shoes." He laughed, blew the child a kiss, tipped his plaid cap, and drove off.

Barbara went back to the chrysanthemums, but Ken watched the white wake from the twin tail pipes. Midge, from across the street, announced with dignity, "I don't really need new shoes. See?" She lifted one foot and then the other and skipped off. In a minute she was back with a final bulletin. "It's Daddy who needs shoes." And she was gone again.

Ken still stared into space. "That's a laugh," he said enviously. "He's the only real class in the neighborhood."

Barbara answered without looking up. "I wouldn't trade you for a million dollars and the kind of chrome-plated class that Sherm Dixon has," she said.

It was the sort of compliment a man can appreciate after five years of marriage. He should have said, "Thank you, ma'am," and let it go, but he was in the mood for revolt. He had a sudden irresistible urge to kick the budget over the moon. "Barb, how long since our last night-out?"

The trowel didn't miss a beat. "There was Mother's Day," Barbara said, "when we all went out to dinner. And Buddy's fourth birthday, when we went to the drive-in and had hamburgers. And last month..."

He knelt down beside her. "I mean the two of us. How long has it been since we ignored how much it would cost or which relative would baby-sit with Buddy for free? Don't answer." He put a finger across her mouth. "It's been too long and you know it."

She brushed aside his hand with a laugh. "Sure I know it, but I'm not complaining."

"I am," he said, and then felt like a heel as her smile faded. To smooth things over he said quickly, "Why marry a beautiful girl if you can't show her off once in a while? I want to buy you a lei of orchids and go to that place Sherm raves about where the chateaubriant is two inches thick, then go dancing and drive home along the coast by moonlight."

"Silly," she said, still half frowning, and they both knew he wasn't fooling her. It was the house across the street that made him restless. He looked at it sparkling in the sunlight. It had the modern status symbols—electric gadgets, a pool overflowing with friends. Even Sherm's wife, Maxine, and little Midge were dressed like mother-daughter models.

But, thought Ken, Barbara was of a different school from the Dixons. She had introduced him to thrift on their honeymoon. Now she looked at him and put aside the trowel. "Let's go inside. I guess Buddy can spend the night at your mother's," she said.

She didn't say a word about their budget book or ask which envelope he would rob for their spree. The budget book was the first item she had bought when she found she was pregnant. "Because," she had explained with earnest logic, "this baby is two years ahead of our overall financial plan and we'll have to know where every penny goes."

But if he thought the book was a whim of pregnancy, like pickles at midnight, he was dreaming. Budget was with them to stay. For a while it was amusing. Then it became a way of life — part willpower, part reflex. If there were no envelopes for orchids or chateaubriants, there was, thank goodness, Buddy's education fund.

Inside the house now, Ken went to the desk and lifted two bills from the education envelope.

While Barbara gave herself a quick shampoo he went out on the front porch and lay on the swing with a newspaper over his face. She came out once to get his decision on what to wear.

"This black?" She held up her best black crepe. "Or this old blue thing?"

She was looking at the old blue thing, a strapless chiffon of troussau age, with such longing that he said, "The blue, of course."

Watching her, he knew he was right—he would have



"How long has it been since we've had a night-out?" Ken said, looking inquiringly at his wife.

to teach her, gently and without letting her know, how to be more generous. Penny-pinching was all right, but when pinching threatened to strangle it was time to stop.

He fell asleep, and woke with Buddy bouncing on his stomach. "Mama's all dressed up," Buddy announced, and Ken jumped to his feet. Across the street the white sports car, home from the races, was parked in the driveway. He pictured Sherm sharing his winnings with Maxine and stuffing little Midge's piggy bank with notes. A folksy fireside scene.

"How do I look?" said Barbara, behind him. He turned, startled, from one dream to another. The blue chiffon rippled around her pretty knees. Her eyes shone. "Is the dress too short?"

He whistled. "No, ma'am!"

When he was dressed and ready to go he said very casually, "Let's drop by the Dixons'. I'd like to be sure where that restaurant is." Again he didn't fool her, but she laughed, and they hurried across the street.

They rang the bell several times.

"That's funny. The lights are all on," Barbara said.

At last Midge opened the door and peered out. "We're moving," she said. Her eyes were red from crying, but she looked more scared than sad. "Mummy's upstairs."

Barbara followed her. Ken found Sherm in the living-room.

"Sit own, pal," Sherm said, and for a moment he was the perfect host. Then suddenly the bravado was gone. His face relaxed into creases; the cigarette in his hand shook. "Ken, we're broke. We'll have to go to Maxine's parents' home tonight. I thought I could parlay the daily double into a few more weeks of groceries, but..."

Barbara came into the room with Maxine and Midge. Maxine stood beside her husband, and it was obvious that although she loved the guy she sometimes didn't like him. "Another bubble busted," she said. "We've been over this course before."

Ken reached impulsively for his own wallet. "Hold on," he said, and then Barbara's eyes caught his. She can't be telling me no at a time like this, he thought.

But she was. She stepped deftly in front of him, blocking his action, speaking softly to Sherm and Maxine. "While you pack, let us take Midge. We aren't doing anything in particular tonight, and we'd love to have her with us. We could give her a night to remember, instead of..."

Her voice broke. She turned to the little girl, small and lost, forgotten by everyone except Barbara. For one instant Ken saw in her eyes that she had wanted this evening out as much as he, and now, without hesitation, she gave it as a gift to Midge.

They gave Midge a night to remember, all right—a night for all four of them to remember, because they took Buddy, too. It seemed only fitting to include him, since his college fund was footing the bill. Long after midnight the Dixons finally left with Midge blissfully asleep on Maxine's lap.

Ken went to sit on the porch swing. Barbara slipped in beside him. This evening, he knew, he had learned still another side of her character — and come to think of it, another side of his own. Who was he to teach generosity to a girl who knew the secret of giving her heart?

"Fun?" he said.

"Lovely." She sighed.

He bent to kiss her and saw over her shoulder the house across the street, dark and empty. But, of course, it had never been anything else.

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 21, 1962



How to use
Air-O-Zone for
spring freshness
in *every* room!

IN THE LIVING ROOM



Spray for about four seconds towards the ceiling to freshen the room before guests arrive and spray again first thing in the morning when you tidy up to remove stale old tobacco odours.

IN THE KITCHEN



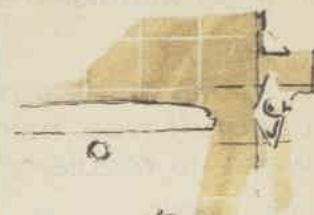
Air-O-Zone kills the pungent cooking odours of fish, onions, cabbage and the unpleasant smell of burnt food. A few seconds spraying when you are cooking will stop unpleasant cooking smells from invading the rest of your home!

IN THE NURSERY



Air-O-Zone sprays away nursery odours—keeps baby's room fresh and free from germs as well. Use Air-O-Zone after every nappy change.

IN THE BATHROOM



It's important to spray Air-O-Zone in the bathroom regularly to kill after-bath steaminess, staleness and other unpleasant smells. Air-O-Zone keeps the room fresh and free from bacteria all the time.

spring-fresh Air-O-Zone banishes all unpleasant odours!

Air-O-Zone is the modern air freshener and room deodorizer that destroys unpleasant odours, leaves a wonderful freshness right through your home. Some sprays merely overpower one odour with another—but not so with Air-O-Zone. A short spray with Air-O-Zone absorbs and destroys all unpleasant odours, leaves a fragrance that lingers for hours. And the Glycol in Air-O-Zone helps kill all airborne bacteria.

After you spray, you'll enjoy the Pine freshness of Air-O-Zone Pine, or the Spice fragrance of Air-O-Zone Spice.

AIR-O-ZONE



Air-O-Zone Spice—fragrant as a sunny tropical isle! Regular, 8/11; Large, 15/11
Air-O-Zone Pine—fresh as a dewy pine forest! Regular, 8/11; Large, 15/11

All the way to the moon

UNEXPECTEDLY, as John Flint carried his wife's breakfast tray into the bedroom, it came back. Came back was not really the right phrase, because now it was never completely out of his mind. But the spring sunshine, which stole through the half-closed curtains, must have had some quality of Mexican sunshine, for suddenly he was in Mexico City again, breathing the exhilarating mountain air and feeling the wonder of its strangeness.

"Had a good night, dear?" With neat automatism he balanced the tray on his wife's knees, and hardly hearing Amy's patient invalid's response murmured: "Well, mind you call Dr. Jepson if there's any trouble."

He crossed to the dressing-table, and opening the little jewel-box brought it over to his wife's bed. Since he had performed this ritual every morning for five years, he knew exactly what she was doing — although he himself was three thousand miles away. First the

diamond-chip bracelet was slipped on to the thin left wrist; then the clasp of the real pearl necklace was snapped beneath the heavy bun of dark hair streaked with grey. Then came two solitaire-diamond earrings.

Amy had taken to wearing this jewellery, inherited from an aunt, ever since the first heart attack, which had made her virtually bedridden. John Flint had never really wondered why — he was not a curious man; perhaps it was her gesture of rebellion against the drabness of invalidism. After her bad nights, she asked him to help with the earrings; but she didn't today.

"Well, goodbye, dear." He kissed the dry forehead, which reminded him dimly of paper. "Tell Mrs. O'Roylan I'll be back for dinner."

He was always home for dinner, but those were always his parting words. In the kitchen, bright with shelf-paper and flowered oilcloth, he prepared his own breakfast. The daily woman didn't come

The moment...

In the magic of the moment, she has supreme confidence in the serenity of her appearance.

The folds of her gown rustling with each graceful movement
... lustrous hair glimmering in the soft moonlight. A girl with poise and confidence ... a girl who uses 'Savlon' D.

For clean, healthy, dandruff-free hair, wash it regularly

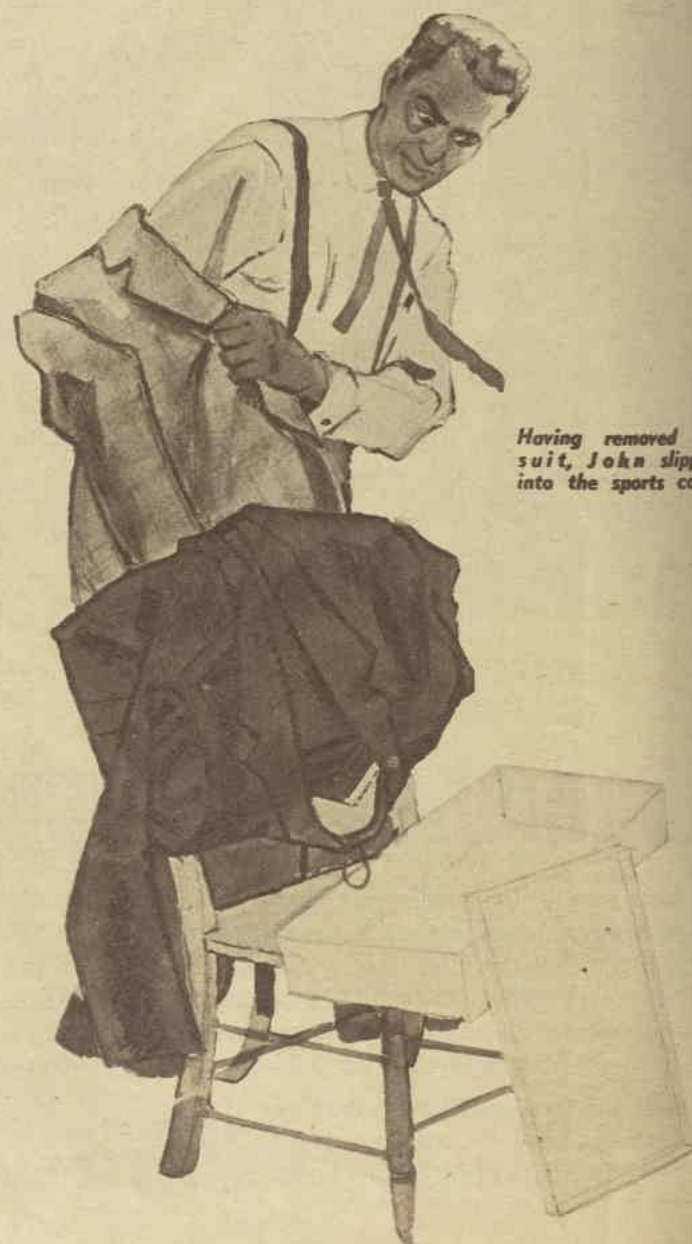
with **'Savlon' D**



Available from your family chemist
only 10/- a flask
(sufficient for ten applications)



Made in Australia by:
IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND LTD.



Having removed his suit, John slipped into the sports coat.

**He longed to visit distant lands
... a dramatic short story**

By PATRICK QUENTIN

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

in until nine-thirty. After stacking the dishes, he moved out into the suburban street lined with neat little homes just like his own and walked the three blocks to the bus which would take him to the centre of town.

As he jolted through the tame prettiness of the city spring, with children, housewives, and other businessmen seated around him, it was still with him. At times these curious spells puzzled him, although they had been coming with increasing frequency during the last two years. He had been to Mexico City for a month's vacation a long time ago and he had been fascinated by its exotic beauty. But later, through the years of a dull, not unhappy marriage, he had hardly given it a thought. Why should it have returned to him now? — so transformed, so wonderful and shining like a mirage of Paradise.

He knew that he should bring himself down to earth. There was a lot to be done to perfect his new sales-promotion scheme which had already won an unofficial nod of approval from the head office. As the town's sole representative for Bonifoot Shoes, John was a conscientious employee. But his painstaking efforts to concentrate on shoes only brought him visions of huaraches, and then of bare, dust-stained Mexican feet padding over distant sidewalks — the feet of Indian peons from the hills, carrying baskets of rare flowers, strange fruit, and exotic pottery to the markets...

When he reached the one-room office where he conducted his business modestly without the aid of a secretary, John Flint still felt the odd sensation of not belonging here. In these periods he wasn't a man of forty-three dutifully wedded to a bedridden wife and a humdrum job in a banal industrial city. He was — what? A boy — that was it — a boy, free as the mountain wind, in a world where Popocatepetl's great hump loomed against a translucent sky.

It was the arrival in the office of Harry Shipley which pulled John back to reality. He hadn't seen Harry for a long time — not since Harry had worked for a while as a salesman for Bonifoot Shoes. But he looked exactly the same — the same flashy sports coat, the same violent, hand-painted tie; the same false camaraderie; all designed to counteract the essential insignificance of his face and personality.

"Hi, there, John, you old horse, you. Long time no see."

"Hello, Harry. Sit down. What can I do for you?"

Harry Shipley sat down opposite the desk where the mail, which John had picked up from under the door, still lay unopened. The moment Harry started to speak John sensed a touch. And he was correct. Kind of a tough period, Johnny. Just the right opening's hard to find. There were marital difficulties, too. Harry had never got on with his wife. Now finally he had persuaded her to agree to a divorce.

He was desperately eager to get to Reno and then start a new life with a new girl — a fresh start far away — say, on the Coast. He had a little saved

up, but not enough. If John, as an old pal, could see his way clear to a loan of five hundred dollars —

It wasn't difficult to plead temporarily straitened circumstances himself and get rid of Harry Shipley. But the look of bleak disappointment on the other man's face remained to haunt John. Secretly he had been impressed by Harry — daring to attempt something so bold as a divorce and a new life. For a moment, as an image of Amy's emaciated figure passed across his mind, he thought it was going to come back...

Deliberately, he started to open his mail.

There were two letters from the head office. One finally okayed his promotion scheme, which involved a street check and the distribution of coupons for free shoes. The second letter was from the personnel manager. As John read it his heart began to thump violently.

"Dear John,

Old Pemberton, our Mexico City representative, is going to retire shortly. He finds the altitude too tough on his ticker. Gummet tells me that you are familiar with Mexico and that you have applied for a south of the border position. So if you feel like a change of scenery here's your chance. There's no hurry about this, but let me know as soon as you can.

Yours for bigger Bonifoot sales,
Sam."

John Flint found himself shivering. This couldn't be true. Life didn't do this for you. Of course, several years ago he had told Gummet, the district manager, that he would like a South American assignment if one ever came up. And yet... and yet... Suddenly it was upon him again, as if it had known all along and had been preparing him for this moment. And now it was much more glorious than ever before. For this was real. Those bustling, colorful streets three thousand miles away were no longer a mirage. They were his future — a true concrete future which nothing could snatch away.

He read the letter again and, as he did so, his glance settled on the sentence: The altitude's too tough on his ticker. A chill began to invade him and with it rushed the image of Amy lying, bejewelled, in her dim bedroom; Amy nursing her high blood pressure and her faltering heart. Somehow in all his golden dreams he had never thought of Amy. With a sense of impending disaster he called Dr. Jepson and listened in silence to his clipped, relentless reply.

"Take Amy to Mexico City? My dear man, a week in that altitude and she'd be dead. Out of the question. Quite out of the question. It would be murder."

John put the receiver back. He sat for a long time looking at the letter

... Late that night John Flint lay awake in his bed. Only a few feet away, his wife's thin figure was stretched, invisible, in the darkness. He had not told her about the Mexican offer. What was

To page 65

The salesman entered the girl's name in his notebook after she received the special shoe coupon.



Suds are old- fashioned

whether they
come from
**Can, Packet
or Bottle**



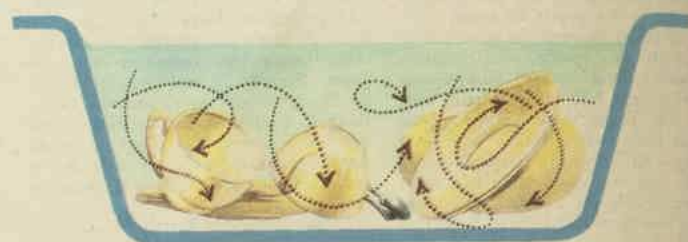
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Trix

Washes cleaner,
easier, Trix puts
washing-energy
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the water

**Enough for 128
wash-ups in every bottle!**



**Modern sudsless
washing-up
saves rinsing
saves wiping-up!**



Sudsless TRIX detergent circulates cleansing-energy right through the water. Then drains clean off: dishes dry hygienically pure and sparkling

Suds just float, trap grease, stick on... make wiping-up a must. Half the good of soaps and foaming detergents goes into useless suds **SUDS DO NOT CLEAN!**

They cling to dishes, carrying grease with them and leaving germ-trap streaks.



Why stay behind the times with lazy-daisy suds for washing up when TRIX, the modern sudsless detergent, cuts wash-up time in half. Trix saves in all directions—just a teaspoon of Trix and all the washing-up water quickly degreases grease, swallows dirt like magic. Trix water drains off completely. There's no rinsing, no wiping-up. Dishes dry rapidly—hygienically pure... gleaming clean—ready for use again.



**Wash-up today's
One-step way!**



Death on the 6th day

"I always keep this by me in case of trouble," Winnie told Karen as she produced the gun.

WHEN DAN HOWARD rings from Los Angeles to tell his wife, KAREN, in New York, it will be eight weeks before he can come for her and their daughter, CONNIE, Karen decides to make the trip herself.

She notifies the caretaker, HARVEY WHITE, she is leaving, and he tells his sister-in-law RITA SEARS, who wants to get to Los Angeles. Introducing herself as WINNIE WHITE, she wins the confidence of Connie, and Karen decides to take her as a driving companion, although her mother, MRS. SPENCE, has advised her not to go. Her sister FAYE, however, has said she must do what she thinks right.

After they leave, Harvey is visited by two gangsters, who tell him Rita has murdered a man and has a haul of stolen jewellery with her. They beat him up and warn him not to go to the police.

That afternoon, with Winnie at the wheel, Karen fell asleep, waking to find instead of stopping at six, as arranged, Winnie has driven on till eight o'clock. That night Karen rings Dan, saying she is on her way, travelling by Route 40, but later realises they are no longer on it, and next morning Winnie confesses she took a wrong turn, but convinces Karen they should stay on Route 30 now. Leaving the motel Karen sees a parked blue sedan with two men watching them, and half an hour later notices the blue sedan again. NOW READ ON:

Third exciting instalment of our suspense serial

By HENRY FARRELL

THE light of midmorning was poking its way kindly into the bedroom from around the edge of the closed curtains when Faye finally stirred in massive discontent and, balefully, opened her eyes. She had been awake intermittently through the night. Toward morning, though, she had drowsed and even dreamed. In a world of lazy, hazy fantasy she had danced with consummate grace, slim and lovely, upon mirrored floors, with a man so handsome that the merest glimpse of his face nearly sent her into a swoon. But that had been a mere dream. And this — ugh! — was reality.

With an unladylike grunt she heaved herself upward into a sitting position and swivelled around to let her legs down over the edge of the bed. Adjusting the billowing folds of her nightgown more comfortably, she looked around at her image in the dressing-table mirror and shuddered. Big as a house, forsooth! Big as a stadium, that's what she was. With a second and even more unladylike grunt, she boosted herself forward and stood up. "Waddle, waddle, waddle," she muttered and, taking up her robe and draping it loosely around her, waddled across the room to the door. She opened the door and clinging to the frame peered out into the living-room.

"Oh," she said gloomily, "good morning."

Mrs. Spence looked up from the morning newspaper. "Little Madonna," she crooned dryly. "Why do you smile?"

Faye only increased her scowl and came forward into the room. "Birdseed," she said, as if in random disgust. Pausing, she put her hand to her back, started to stretch and then, thinking better of it, took it away again. "Phooey."

"You speak in tongues this morning," Mrs. Spence dropped the paper down beside her on the lounge. "And you've rarely looked lovelier."

"And you've rarely been more amusing. Ha-ha." They looked at each other and laughed.

"Another week of this," Mrs. Spence said, "and we'll none of us survive. Oh, poor Johnny."

"I know. I had him up all night. At the time I had myself convinced there was really cause for alarm, but I realise now I was only having my revenge. Right now I think of him as a loathesome young man with nasty habits and no decent regard for others." Crossing to the nearest chair, she squared herself carefully in front of it and gripping the arms lowered herself into it slowly and noisily.

"You'll reverse that opinion very shortly, I dare say. You'll see."

Mrs. Spence retreated to the kitchen and returned almost at once carrying a glass of orange juice and a handful of pills.

"Here."

Faye made a face, accepted the juice and the pills with an air of morose resignation. She popped the pills into her mouth and turning her gaze, as if in mute supplication, to the ceiling, washed them down with a quick gulp of orange juice. She put the glass down heavily on the table. "Anything in the mail?"

"Nothing important," Mrs. Spence said. "No word from Karen, if that's what you mean."

"From Karen? How could there be any word from Karen? Good grief, she only left yesterday morning."

"She might have dropped a card in the mail somewhere."

"On her way out of town? It's not customary, you know. Mother, you're impossible."

"Yes, I guess I am. Now, how about breakfast?"

"Breakfast?"

"Uh-huh. It is customary, you know."

"Oh, I don't know yet. Let me think about it a while."

"Okay. Just tell me when you're ready."

Faye issued a new sound of discontent. "Honestly, no fooling, did you really feel this awful before you had me?"

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MORLEY Vel-aire

is SO COOL and COMFORTABLE



Morley, manufacturers of popular VELNIT, now bring you "VEL-AIRE" for summer — it's a new open mesh cellular knit "pure cotton" fabric. "VEL-AIRE" underwear launders so easily — it's open mesh cotton. Needs no ironing and retains its shape. Comfortable fitting Briefs, Trunks, Athletics and Short Sleeved Singlets for Men — and for Boys, Briefs, Athletics and Short Sleeved Singlets. A variety of styles for Women and Girls for their summer comfort, too.

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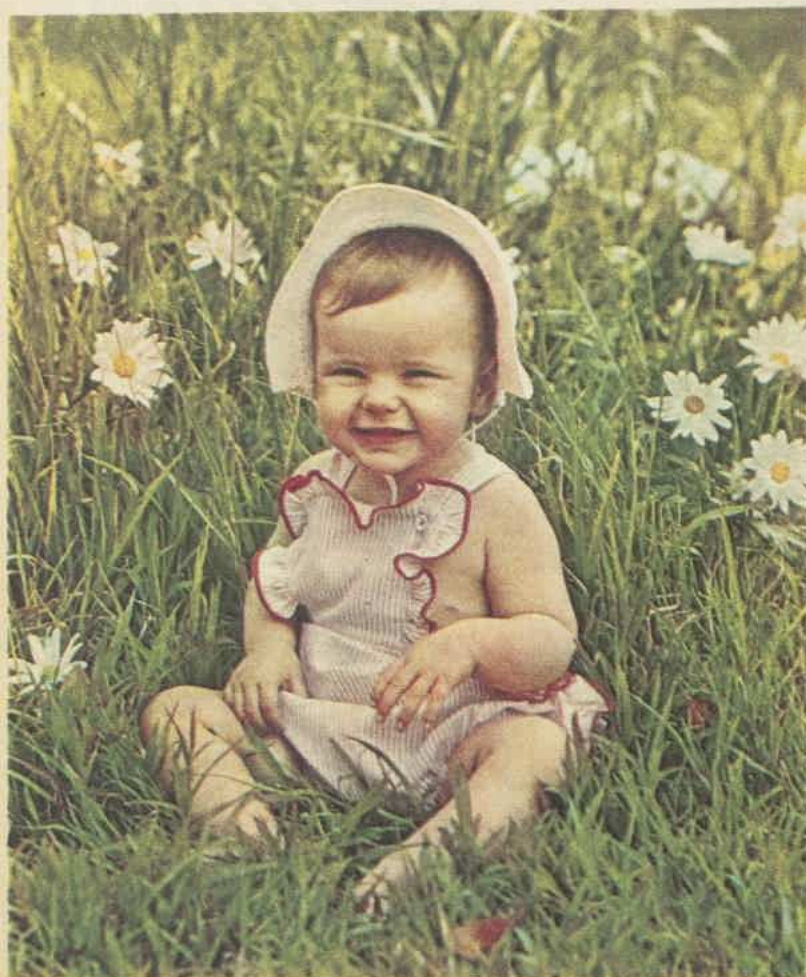
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During the first years your baby is more dependent on you than at any other time. You hold the key to baby's future well-being. It is now that you must be sure that baby has the right food, food that will ensure healthy, sturdy growth. Edgell-Gerber baby foods are scientifically prepared in the most modern kitchens from their own specially grown ingredients, and there are no preservatives added. They are all pure, fresh, natural-flavoured with the texture babies love.

Edgell-Gerber are proud of the fact that they prepare Australia's most nutritious baby foods for your baby.



best meals for baby ...
less work for you

MEMBERS OF THE EDGELL FAMILY OF FINE FOODS—
CAREFULLY PREPARED BY AN ALL-AUSTRALIAN COMPANY.
Page 32

Directions for SPRING

Each year when winter
creeps away

And spring comes dancing
through,

My heart starts making lists
of things

That it would have me do.

My heart says, "Wear a
daffodil!"

And sometimes, "Sing a
song

Of butterflies and daisies
And sunshine all day long!"

My heart thinks up fantastic
things

For me to do each day.

I wonder, if I've heard
aright—

They take my breath away.

I find it difficult to find

Ingredients for things

Like "Make yourself a hat
of flowers

And dreams and swallow
wings!"

One year my heart said,

"Make a gown

Of white and poppy-red.

And scatter it with daisy

chains

Around the hem," it said.

"And make a scarf of silver

stars,

A belt of soft moonbeams.

Put on a pair of dancing

shoes,

And lace them with your

dreams."

Last year my heart said,

"Take a rose

And wear it in your hair.

Let it be pink or white or

red,

But wear it everywhere!"

I find it easier by far

To do than not to do;

This spring my heart tells

me that I

Must fall in love with you.

—G. Grasse.



Continuing . . . MEMO TO MEN

from page 23

Bruce King, tall, lean, elegant, saturnine, stepped in and held Lisa at arms' length. "Little Lisa," he said softly, in that intimate voice that the wonders of stereophonic sound had brought to women the world over. And then, after a long moment, he released her and placed in her hands a box containing one perfect pink rose.

"Bruce, how exquisite!" She turned nervously and said, "Bruce, this is Adam."

Bruce gripped Adam's hand and said, "So this is the chap you threw me over for!"

"It's my red hair," Adam said. "She couldn't resist it."

"Adam," Lisa said, "why don't you get the cocktails?"

He hurried out to the kitchen and came back a few minutes later with a tray of cocktails and canapés, and a vase. Lisa was sitting by the fire holding the rose, and Bruce was talking softly to her.

Adam took the rose from her and put it in the vase. Then he passed the cocktails, raised his glass and said, "To the King. May he live long and prosper."

Bruce bowed slightly and said, "We thank you." Then he tasted his drink, and suddenly his eyes flared, and he put it down suddenly.

"What's the matter?" Adam asked.

"I thought I saw a black cat streak across the room," Bruce said nervously.

"That was Anthracite. Don't tell me you're superstitious!"

"Certainly not!" he said stiffly.

"Better put Anthracite out," Lisa said.

"A cat may look at a king," Adam said. He refilled their glasses, and Bruce tossed his drink down quickly, then, without any warning, cried "Ow!" leaped into the air and dropped his Swedish crystal glass—Lisa's pride and joy—on the hearth.

Adam, seeing Lisa's stricken look, smiled reassuringly at her, then gallantly tossed his own glass on the hearth, to join the shimmering fragments of the first one.

Lisa looked as if she were about to faint, and Bruce was frowning his ankle.

"Twinge of arthritis?" Adam asked solicitously.

"No, that blasted cat attacked me!"

"Oh, Bruce," Lisa wailed, "your ankle's bleeding and your sock is torn!"

Adam grabbed him by the arm. "Come with me, I'll put something on those scratches."

When they returned they were laughing over some joke, and Adam saw Lisa's brows go up when she noticed his best argyles on Bruce.

"Well, dinner's ready," she said, and they followed her into the dining-room. She had outdone herself, and the dinner was delicious, and the champagne Adam had bought was like golden nectar.

"This champagne isn't bad," Bruce said. "I see you know wine, Adam."

Finally, after dinner, Bruce left, kissing Lisa's hand and saying they must visit him in Hollywood.

After his car had purred off into the night, Lisa whirled on her husband. "Adam, you didn't have to get French champagne! It must have cost seven dollars!"

"Fifteen," he said smugly. "He really went for it."

She gasped. "Don't worry, I took it out of the vacation fund"—all during the year they saved dimes for their vacation—

"I knew nothing was too good for—"

"Don't you dare say that again! And how could you break one of my Swedish glasses, just showing off!"

"I did it so Bruce wouldn't be embarrassed."

Lisa was in tears now. "I spent three months knitting those argyle socks for your birthday, and you handed them over to Bruce as if they didn't mean a thing to you!"

"I never felt so sorry for anybody in my life. I'd give him the shirt off my back!"

"Are you crazy! Why, he has everything in the world!"

"Oh, no he hasn't."

"Just name one thing he hasn't got."

"You," he said softly.

She looked up at him suspiciously. Almost reverently, Adam touched the rose on the mantel.

"I suppose you'll want to press this and keep it for our grandchildren. Just think, a rose from Bruce King!"

"Oh," she wailed, "don't ever mention Bruce's name to me again! He's a tightfisted, stuffed-shirt bore and I hate him!"

"Honey, you've worked so hard over this dinner—it's

lucky our vacation's next week."

She looked stricken. "Oh, Adam, you took the champagne money out of the vacation fund, but I—I got this dress—it was awfully expensive, too—and now there's so little left we can't have a vacation."

Adam looked pensive and shook his red head. "Gosh, that's too bad when you're so tired, and it only comes once a year." Then his face brightened.

"Well, we could take that camping trip I'd mentioned. It would cost hardly anything. But no, I guess that wouldn't do. You've been counting so much on Strawberry Lodge and I know how you hate camping."

She looked up at him, her face relieved. "Why, I guess we could camp. I suppose it would be better than no vacation at all."

"I'll do the cooking so you can get a good rest."

"Adam, you're sweet," she said, coming into his arms.

He took the two clippings out of his pocket and over her shoulder once again glanced at the familiar words:

MEMO TO MEN

By

Cholly Hockenbeam

"Men, if your wife shies at the thought of that camping and fishing trip you've been longing for, spend some of the vacation money, or it will be better yet if she spends some of it, so that you'll have to take an inexpensive camping trip, rather than no vacation at all."

and

"Men, if the green-eyed monster rears its head when your wife's ex-boy-friends come to visit, try being the perfect host and go all out for the my-house-is-your-house routine. The results will surprise you."

With a satisfied look, Adam crumpled the scraps of paper and tossed them into the fire. Two birds with one stone. Good old Cholly. He laid his cheek contentedly against Lisa's soft hair and she murmured, "Then you really do forgive me for spending all that money and ruining our vacation?"

"Of course I do, honey," he said magnanimously, while visions of fishing rods danced in his head, "we'll make the best of the camping trip and I bet we'll even have fun, too."

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Lower Prices!
Better Value!*

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Quickly kills Flies, Mosquitoes and other Insect Pests

THIS CONTAINER IS AUTOMATIC
A sprayer is not required

MORE ECONOMICAL

Goes very much further than ordinary fly spray when used as directed.

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WILL NOT STAIN

5/11 SMALL SIZE

11/6 LARGE SIZE

13/11 JUMBO SIZE

7/11 REGULAR SIZE

Insist on Mortein . . . when you're on a good thing, stick to it!



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Australia's best-selling
15 denier nylons now at
NEW RECORD LOW!

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FULL-FASHIONED!

First-quality perfects.
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unless you're delighted!

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WOOLWORTHS

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THE IDEAL GIFT!

The Bulletin

THE MAGAZINE FOR
INTERESTING
PEOPLE!

ONE SHILLING EVERYWHERE

**terrified by
RHEUMATISM**



"For years I was terrified by rheumatism... steadily getting worse and in danger of becoming a permanent invalid. A friend recommended I try Mackenzie's Menthoids and my chemist confirmed his tremendous sales of Menthoids were recommendation enough. I tried Menthoids as a last hope. Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Menthoids and he replied, 'They certainly seem to be doing you good.'"

(Original letter in Head Office.)
That woman's secret story could be yours. If you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or muscular aches and pains. Don't suffer needlessly! Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 9/- (a month's supply), the economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 5/-.

**MACKENZIE'S
MENTHOIDS**



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

The "Mrs." complains

HAS anybody any suggestions to help me get my husband out of the habit of calling me and referring to me as just "Mrs."? Also, if I am not around and he wants me for something, he "whistles" me. He makes me feel we've been married for 20 years instead of 18 months. I've just about given up hope of ever hearing him use my Christian name again.

£1/1/- to "Margaret" (name supplied), East Maitland, N.S.W.

No sissy, but he cooks

THE old idea that cookery is strictly for girls seems to be losing ground. My son, although no sissy, is very interested in cooking and always watches with keen interest when I am preparing food. I believe in encouraging this attitude, as some knowledge of kitchen procedure may be useful for him (or his wife) later in life. He can already turn out successful scones and cakes and has been a real help preparing meals when I have been ill.

£1/1/- to "Mum" (name supplied), North Caulfield, Vic.

Displaying Christmas cards

WITH the festive season fast approaching, I would welcome a timely tip on an effective way to display Christmas cards in the house without having to attach them to the curtains or stick them on the walls, which is rather messy.

£1/1/- to "House Proud" (name supplied), Brisbane.

Her good companions

AM I an oversentimental mother because I enjoy having a child home from school with me? My youngest, now seven years old, has just had measles and it was a pleasure to be her willing slave after two years without a "pre-schooler." Until she started school I had not been without a "pre-schooler" in the house for 15 years—although I have had only five children.

£1/1/- to "Never Lonely" (name supplied), Fulham, S.A.

Making the money grow

A GROUP to which I belong has suggested a novel way of raising money for next year. We are each to receive 5/-, which we must use to "Make Our Money Grow." Some members plan to buy wool and earn money by knitting. What about the rest of us? Can anybody suggest more ideas, for our plan will fail if we all do the same type of work?

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. H. Vick, Brisbane.

Tuckshop sweets

I AGREE with "Pestered Mum" (Vic.) that school tuckshops should not be allowed to sell sweets. As many children spend their lunch-money on sweets, the answer lies with the parents. If parents supplied their children with a lunch instead of money, then tuckshops selling sweets would cease to function.

£1/1/- to "Another Mum" (name supplied), Manjimup, W.A.

WEEKS ago we stopped selling sweets and soft drinks in our tuckshops. We substituted fruit, and, despite early protests, we find the fruit much in demand and our small customers are happy. We sent notes home to the mothers, stating plainly that we considered sweets, etc., detrimental, and we didn't receive one parental protest. Other tuckshops should try this and perhaps parents would save on dentists' bills.

£1/1/- to "Tuckshop Mum" (name supplied), Prospect, N.S.W.

THE sight of other children with sweets will prompt children without sweets to ask for money. Once they have money they'll walk anywhere to spend it on what they want. I know this from my own experience as a child, and now as a teacher at a school without a tuckshop.

£1/1/- to Miss M. Barnden, Barmera, S.A.

I'VE heard it argued that a school tuckshop can't show a profit unless it sells sweets, yet here in our district we have proved the contrary. I would not have anything to do with a canteen or tuckshop which sells them.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. J. Parr, Campbelltown, N.S.W.

OUR school tuckshop sells well-filled rolls and sandwiches at a reasonable price, and also cakes, sweets, and soft drinks. We used to sell fruit—at a loss. If we didn't have our sweets counter—and assuredly much trade is carried on here—our purpose of providing the children with sound lunches would be defeated, as the children would seek sweets at shops outside the school grounds and not buy the sandwiches and rolls at the same time.

£1/1/- to Mrs. O. J. Dunstan, Goondiwindi, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE school fete was a success,
I am glad to report.

My wife got there on the dot at 10 a.m., when it opened, and was able to buy a nice sponge cake. The best cakes were snapped up quickly as usual.

Getting early to the cake stall is a basic point of fete-manship which my wife learned from experience.

We have been mixed up with school fetes for the past decade. Every year a child brings home a note, covered in crumbs from the bottom of a school case, asking us to do our bit for the fete.

My wife used to make chocolate cakes. She found it a nuisance having to cook cakes just before the fete, and switched three years ago to toffee, which can be stored longer.

Her first toffee was a disappointment. We had to use rock gads to break it. But the quality of her toffee has improved, and it rarely breaks anyone's teeth now.

My own record is less impressive. One year I was on the hoopla stall, telling people to roll up, but I did not yell loud enough. My diffident

TO EACH HIS FETE

nature made me unsuited to the work, and next time I was detailed for sweeping.

This year I volunteered to print signs with arrows on them saying, "Puppet Show," "Lucky Dip," "Men," "Ladies," etc. But my wife



took over the job, and did it very well, except for getting one arrow pointing the wrong way.

The general feeling was that the fete was strong in toffee-apples and needlework, weak in jams and junk.

The marmalade was not such a good color as in previous years. My wife takes the gloomy view that

the whole art of home jam-making is on the skids.

I had a poor day at the coconut shy, failing to knock down a single nut. Horrie Donkling, by contrast, got four. An experienced fete-man, he practises shying in his backyard beforehand.

The lucky dips gave satisfaction to customers. There were separate ones for boys and girls—a sound idea, as boys and girls want different things from lucky dips.

My son got a wristwatch which squirts water in your face when you look at it. I have not seen or felt a watch like it before. I am not sure that I want to feel one again.

Still, the fete made money, and there will not be another for a year.

Mr. Pimlott, in the next street, says we should worry. They have children at three schools, and are mixed up with three fetes.

• "Daddy, Are You Married?" a collection of Ross Campbell's writings, is now on sale at bookshops. Published by Ure Smith. Price, 17/6.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 21, 1962

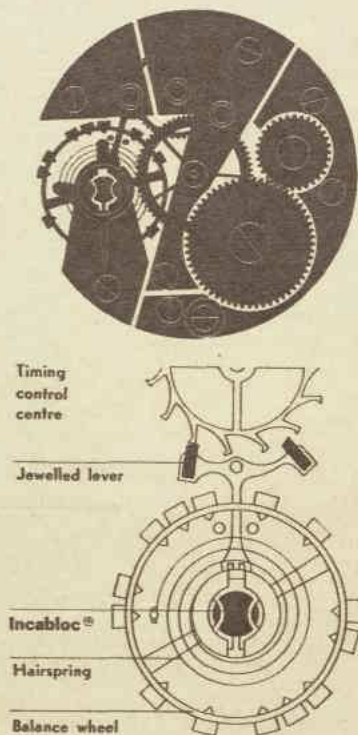
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How to tell a good Watch

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AWW 62

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● Sponge cakes are always a bit of a lottery for me. Sometimes they astonish me by coming out of the oven looking fit for the Royal Easter Show, and sometimes they come out looking like a cross between a sponge cake and a cork mat.

NOW, at last, I've discovered the perfect alibi for the occasions when something goes wrong.

I was standing in the grocer's shop one day this week waiting my turn with a large and very aggressive-looking young woman immediately ahead of me.

When her turn came she marched up to the counter and said, "I want four eggs, and they must all be exactly the same size."

The grocer explained to her, very patiently and politely, that he would do his best to give her four eggs of exactly the same size but that he couldn't guarantee their size and weight except by the dozen, because a dozen eggs had to be of such and such a weight.

"You're just wasting words," the customer said rudely. "I don't want a dozen eggs, and you're not going to talk me into buying them."

The grocer heaved a patient sigh and went off and rattled round in the egg compartment for a few minutes, then came back and put four eggs down in a straight line along the counter.

To my untutored eye they looked absolutely identical in size, but the customer peered at them from several different angles and then said, "Huh, do you call those uniform?"

"I do," he said. "That's the best I can do for you."

His stock of patience was obviously running out rapidly, which was not surprising, seeing that a shopful of customers was being held up by this pantomime.

"All right, I'll take them," the customer said. "But don't think you can fool me."

"I used to think it was my fault if my sponges didn't come out right."

"But then I had a talk to my mother-in-law about it, and she told me it wasn't my fault, it was yours—you'd been selling me small eggs."

"I only hope this one's a flop, too," the grocer said after she'd left the shop. "Then perhaps her mother-in-law will advise her to find herself another grocer."

"Neoteric Antipodean Occupants"

THREE loud cheers for the Local Government Association for rejecting the Armidale (N.S.W.) City Council move to replace the term "old age pensioner" by "senior citizen superannuance."

The idea that you alter the nature of things by altering their names seems to be one of the minor sorts of twentieth-century madness.

Suddenly, for no good reason that anyone can explain, the ordinary, everyday words for things become distasteful, and somebody has to think up some highfalutin bit of nonsense as a substitute.

That wouldn't matter a bit, I suppose, if the new names made the bearers of them any happier.

But do they?

Look at the migrant question.

In the middle thirties and through the years of World War II, when political and religious persecution was at its height under the Nazis, it was an honorable thing to be a refugee.

But time passed and the word got shortened to reflo and fell into disrepute, so people coming into the country began to be known as migrants.

A migrant, according to my dictionary, is a person who moves from one place to another.

What could be wrong with that?

Well, something was, because pretty soon people began agitating for another name to be found for these newcomers.

"New Australian" seemed to be the perfect solution.

It was descriptive, it was dignified, and the fact that it had the word "Australian" in it gave it a welcoming sound, suggesting that they became part of the country as soon as they set foot in it.

But that was years ago, and now people are beginning to say: "New Australian is an offensive term, and we ought to find a new name for it."

Any day now some idiot's going to suggest that we call them "Recently-arrived Overseas-born Prospective Citizens," or "Neoteric Antipodean Occupants."

The costumes mother used to make

I'M keeping my fingers crossed, but this seems to be the first year since our first child started school that I haven't had to make costumes of one sort or another for school plays.

Some mothers seemed to be able to whizz through the job, turning out costumes that looked fit for the professional stage.

Others (I was one of them) always seemed to have a nightmarish time with yards of gauze that wouldn't stay put, wings that went limp, tinsel crowns that fell off, and costumes into which the child had to be sewn to make them fit.

It always makes me laugh the way teachers regard mothers as half-witted nuisances for fifty weeks of the year, and geniuses who can do absolutely anything with a needle and thread for the other two.

No teacher who inflicted this torture on me ever thought of giving me a pattern, or even any instructions geared down to my level of understanding.

A general description, delivered with a few airy gestures, was all I ever got.

"Just something quite simple," I was told. "I want her to have huge leg-of-mutton sleeves, a slashed bodice that's laced up with ribbon, and great big panniers so that the skirt stands right out from the hips."

Or maybe a simple little thing like a head for a dormouse.

I copied that one year, for the tea-party in "Alice In Wonderland," and the entire house got littered with cardboard and gummed paper and pots of glue while I was doing it.

Oh, certainly, my darling daughter

ONE friend of mine was beautifully trapped into making fairy outfits this year.

When the question of making costumes came up for a class of nine-year-olds, the teacher said, "Some people's mummies just don't seem to be able to sew well enough to make things like that."

My friend's child, bursting with love and loyalty, piped up: "My mummy is a wonderful sewer—she can make anything."

So her mummy, who likes making costumes just about as much as I do, has been saddled with six to make, and is meekly doing them rather than let her daughter down!

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TABLETS**



How NOT to Kill Your Husband

Daily exercises will help him to live longer

● By fair means or foul every wife should see that her husband's day begins with exercises.



The last of
four articles
by
**A FAMILY
DOCTOR**

HUSBANDS who are too stubborn or too lazy to do the daily dozen should have their contours ridiculed by their wives until they lock themselves in the bathroom and quietly get on with it.

For exercises should be done by all sensible men.

They are specially important to men sitting in an office all day or driving all

day. Your husband's daily dozen is designed to tone up his circulation, keep him generally fit, and also to improve his posture and his figure.

Some men do not look their age until they strip.

Other men in their middle years may look every minute of their age when you only have their faces to go by, but when they strip off you see that they have always kept their bodies young by

regular exercise and good posture.

When doing exercises the body should always be made as tall as possible, or, if lying down, as long as possible.

"Concealed" exercises are those that your husband can do during his ordinary day without anybody else knowing — like wiggling his toes inside his shoes (very beneficial to the circulation of the feet).

Concealed abdominal exercises can be conveniently and inconspicuously performed in almost any position and while carrying out many other different activities. The benefits of walking are increased by doing concealed abdominal exercises at the same time.

To combat a paunch, the most important "concealed" exercise is repeated contraction and relaxation of the abdominal muscles, com-

bined with rhythmic rotary movements.

This helps to keep the abdominal muscles in good trim.

And now for some "formal" exercises to do regularly.

Morning exercises are best done in the bathroom wearing little or no clothing.

They should precede the morning bath, although some men prefer to do them after the bath to allow the

skin to "air" before dressing.

The first five of the following exercises are done lying flat on the back.

● The first exercise starts by raising the feet six inches from the floor, and they are not lowered beyond this point throughout the exercise.

The legs are raised to the vertical while breathing out, and then, widely separated,

Continued overleaf

If only wives knew more about GIVING HIM A HAPPY HOLIDAY

ONCE that point is settled, wives should see that the holiday is a time of both mental and physical recuperation for their husbands.

The first stage for a person completely wound up is a gradual process of unwinding.

Unfortunately, most people lead the wrong sort of life on holiday.

Their holidays are not merely an extension of all the bad things that they do for the rest of the year, but an actual intensification of them.

Men who spend much of their working time driving are very apt to pack the entire family, plus animals and luggage, into a large car and drive several hundreds of miles in a day before reaching their destination.

Holidays should be made to measure — made to the measure of your husband's life.

Husbands and wives lead such different lives that a holiday cannot be made to the measure of both, and, as in most cases a husband is under greater stress for the rest of the year, the holiday should be designed to give him the rest and relaxation he must have.

Sometimes a holiday which suits both husband and wife can be achieved merely by exchanging jobs.

The husband takes over the domestic side if, for instance,

● The first essential of a good holiday is that it should be long enough — as many weeks as you can get.

the family is camping, or in a furnished house, and looks after the children.

Some will say, "What holiday is that for a man?"

It is a complete holiday because it is the exact opposite of his life, and that is good.

Those people who are not under pressure during their work will find relaxation in a high-pressure holiday, but, generally speaking, professional men and businessmen should have holidays that are quiet, away from telephones, away from business or professional worries, with plenty of time for gradually getting used to the process of doing nothing.

They must ease off the tautness inside them before they can benefit from relaxation.

Dynamo-driven

Of course, the busiest man is just the man who will find a lazy time hard to achieve.

The very character that has made him a business success makes him a holiday failure.

The truth is that he has a dynamo inside him which drives him on, keeping his nose eternally to the grindstone. But both the dynamo and his nose need a rest.

During holidays you must take over. You must become your husband's taskmaster and insist that his dynamo is switched off.

A wife must be tough to achieve relaxation for her husband on holiday. The holiday he does not need is one of foreign travel and sight-seeing, or gay cruises, or night life in fashionable resorts.

He probably suffers from a self-inflicted stress complex, and what he requires is a peaceful time in a small country place, a coastal or lakeside place miles from anywhere.

Your husband's holiday should be a family holiday.

He probably does not see much of the children during the year.

If he says he cannot stand their bickering, it is time he got himself unwound and settled down to the realities of family life.

If your husband is having the type of holiday he needs, by the end of the first week he should be past caring what is happening at the office.

However worried he may have been about leaving, after a week away from the office you should, between you, have won for him a relaxed frame of mind and a

confidence that his business can manage without him.

If you allow one business call to intrude into this state of affairs, you have undone all you have gained in that week.

So whatever you do, learn to do without a telephone on holiday.

If you can only persuade your husband to take a restful holiday you will have made a major advance along the road toward keeping him alive.

Even so, many men who are set on shortening their lives as much as possible by their way of life only take a quiet holiday because it is inflicted on them by their wives.

They become thoroughly bored because they think that it is necessary to do nothing to relax.

The frustration of such a monotonous life does them more harm than good, and they spend the entire holiday champing at the bit.

They just can't wait to get back to another 11 more months of killing themselves as quickly as possible.

So it is better to have some activity, such as sailing a boat, or painting, or riding, or playing golf gently, or playing tennis with the children (so long as they are young enough for

father to win without any difficulty), or swimming, to keep the mind and body occupied.

All these occupations are restful and provide just sufficient exercise and interest to prevent a restless man from feeling that he is wasting his time.

Poor chap! If he only knew — he is gaining time.

His own boat

Deep down in every man, however much he is immersed in the affairs of modern industry, is the race memory of primitive pastoral pursuits.

If they can only release it, all men have a desire to do something their ancestors did.

A boat of their own or a tiny cottage in the country will always draw them back to a satisfying type of holiday they can return to year after year.

Mind you, however valuable the annual family holiday may be, husbands and wives desperately need regular honeymoons. Without them they tend to drift apart.

They need spells of being alone together to rediscover each other.

A week or perhaps just a long weekend completely lost to family and business ties will work wonders.

The ideal would be to have these honeymoons every three months or at least twice a year.

LADY PELACO 'LIDO' LOOK



Left: Gay cut-away shirt and frilly-dilly ya-ya play suit, both 49/11 Above: Revealing style in 'wild tiger' stripes 29/11.

'LIDO' MEANS BEACH TO YOU — and 'Lido' tops mean fun for you 'cos the 'Lido' look is new new new! They're such cool fun in hot, hot colours...wear them, you'll love them, all summer through.

LIGHTHEARTEDLY YOURS

Lady Delaco
LOVELIEST BY DESIGN

Exercises help him to live longer

they are slowly lowered and gradually brought together to reach the original position while breathing in.

The whole movement is repeated ten times before the feet are allowed to sink to the floor.

• The next exercise is similar, but the legs are kept close together as they are slowly raised and lowered.

• In the third the legs are raised separately — right and then left.

• In the fourth exercise the body has to be slowly raised to a sitting position while breathing out and slowly lowered to the floor again while breathing in.

After this, thirty seconds' rest and deep breathing is allowed.

All the foregoing exercises develop the abdominal muscles, but there is always a tendency for the muscles below the navel to sag, however much exercising a man does.

This is a very important area, because if it is allowed to be lax there is a tendency for the abdominal organs to slip downward.

Strength in the lower abdomen is also important as a means of preventing rupture.

The lower segment of the abdomen can be exercised thus:

• After completing the exercises already described your husband continues to lie flat on the floor.

In this position he forcibly contracts the muscles of the buttocks and at the same time draws the lower abdominal wall inwards.

This should flatten out the hollow of the back, tilt the pelvis forward, and strongly contract the lower abdominal muscles. (Exactly the same exercise can be carried out in the standing position.)

Your husband now stands up. Placing the hands so that they curve around the lower ribs with the fingertips touching in the middle line in front, he takes deep breaths.

To ensure that the lower ribs expand outward on breathing in, he should observe that the fingers move apart.

• The next exercise begins with your husband standing with feet apart.

With hands on hips, he ro-

tates his shoulder-blades ten times in one direction and ten times in the other.

He then stands and, with shoulders at rest, moves his head ten times in each of four directions — turning to face each side, tilting to left and right, nodding forward and backward, and rotating the head through a circle.

He then relaxes in the standing position and does deep breathing with hands testing the movements of the lower ribs.

• For the next exercise he stands with feet widely apart.

He then bends the torso ten times to right and left.

After that he rotates the torso as far as possible ten times in each direction.

Knees bend!

He then relaxes and breathes deeply, standing with feet apart and arms at the sides.

The arms are next raised in a wide circle above the head. The trunk then swings forward until the fingertips reach as near the floor as circumstances will allow.

• The next exercise in this section should be a quick series of "knees full bend."

In this your husband starts with his feet together, raises himself on his toes, and goes down with "knees outward bend" until he is sitting on his heels.

He then comes up and returns to the starting position and repeats the whole process ten times.

• Your husband stands once more with feet apart and with arms hanging loosely at the sides.

He then leans over to the left and while in this position he forcibly contracts the muscles on the left side of the abdomen six times.

He then repeats the process to his right, and so on until he has carried out the whole process five times to the left and five to the right.

• The next exercise is the hula-hula.

In this your husband stands with feet about 12in. apart and knees slightly bent.

The pelvis is now rotated through a horizontal circle ten times in each direction.

When the pelvis moves forward the abdominal muscles should be contracted and drawn upward.

The essence of this exercise is that all joints should be loose and should give naturally to the circular movement so that the effect, minus the grass skirt, is similar to the rhythmic swinging of the hula-hula dance.

This is a very important exercise in the battle of the bulge, as it is one of the few which develop the neglected southern regions of the abdomen.

If pressed for time your husband can perform the hula-hula while drying himself after the bath.

It may be that your husband has not the time to carry out all these exercises every day, but there should be a basic number which he always performs, and, to give variety, he should add two or three different exercises each day.

If he is in a good state of training he can do such strenuous things as push-ups and pull-ups.

It is important when doing

movement. Children tend to suffer less from car sickness when they sing.

This may partly be due to psychological reasons, but it is also due to the fact that the abdominal muscles are exercised when singing.

If your children cannot think of anything to sing about, tell them to draw their tummies in and out as a means of warding off car sickness.

I do not expect wives to make their husbands sing in the car.

But those men who find that they cannot work at papers while travelling in a car without having a headache or feeling sick will be pleased to exercise their tummies to avoid wasting the time completely.

• There are many more concealed exercises which your husband can work out for himself once he is accustomed to it.

Perhaps they cannot make much difference to muscular development, but it is a fact that if they are the type of movement which stimulates the circulation and prevents it becoming sluggish in various parts of the body, they will benefit your husband to

Slipped chest

• We hear quite a lot more about slipped discs nowadays, but I can assure you "slipped chest" is very much more common.

The ribs should form a bony cage to protect the lungs and give more room for expansion, but in "slipped chest" they are more like a cage which has been run over.

In this condition the ribs are allowed to slope sloppily down toward the protruding abdomen.

But the ribs should be held up actively so that you are capable of taking a chestful of air.

The abdominal muscles should be held in a position of semi-retraction; that is, they should be held in and drawn up.

The back should not be so hollowed that the buttocks stick out behind.

unnatural wear and tear on joints and ligaments, which in time may produce arthritis. In time, hard, painful nodules, or lumps, of fibrosis may form in affected muscles.

Another way posture can affect health is in the part it plays in correctly supporting internal organs.

• Normally man stands erect, but in this case it is the minority who are normal.

A wife's criticism of a man's posture is often not very acceptable, but if you

Thus, the movement of the hip joints should be supple and full and free, and the knees neither over-extended so that they curve slightly backward nor semi-flexed so that they are constantly bent forward.

The feet are the key organs of good posture.

The weight should be carried on the outer border of the feet and on the heels and toes.

The toes should take an active part in both standing and walking and they should

Singing's good for car-sickness

exercises for your husband to keep his body in the correct posture.

It is to avoid loss of altitude that he must remember to make himself as tall as possible.

It is probable that he will lose at least half an inch in height between the ages of forty and sixty, so that he cannot afford to lose more than necessary, especially if he has sons growing apace!

All movements should be carried out with vigor in a clean, precise manner. During his daily dozen your husband should be concentrating on the movements of the muscles he is exercising, so that there is a conscious connection between his brain and the muscle groups.

At the end of the session he should feel benefited by the time he has spent exercising his body.

I realise that wives have no means of forcing husbands to do exercises, but it is not unknown for wives to make suggestions to their husbands. Occasionally husbands carry them out!

• And here are some tips for the man who spends a great deal of his time travelling by car — and consequently suffers from too much sitting.

Car travel is a wonderful opportunity for doing the concealed abdominal exercise described previously.

Not only will this keep a "paunch" at bay, but it tends to ward off car sickness.

In many people travel sickness is due to the collection of air in the stomach due to lack of abdominal

a degree which is quite out of proportion to the effort they entail.

The feet themselves may be repeatedly flexed up and down at the ankle joints when sitting, but this is rather too noticeable when someone else is present.

But for such occasions repeated rhythmic contractions of the calf and thigh muscles inside the trousers will pass quite unnoticed.

These are very important movements in aiding the flow of blood through the veins and preventing the formation of varicose veins or thrombosis in the legs.

Posture

After spending ten or fifteen minutes contracting the leg muscles, a change should be made to moving the shoulder-blades up and down.

Your husband should vary these exercises often, so that no one of them becomes an unconscious habit.

• Correct posture is extremely important to your husband's health.

And you must tell him it is as important when he is sitting or lying down as it is when he is standing up.

Posture refers to the position of various parts of the body in relation to the whole. It affects health in several ways.

By assuming the correct posture many of the aches and pains which are commonly called rheumatism can be avoided.

Faulty posture results in

could persuade your husband to look in a mirror and find out for himself what is wrong with the way he stands, you may achieve something.

I think the best move a wife can make is to sell her husband the idea that he is going to look younger as a result of posture correction.

This is quite true, and it will certainly cut more ice with many men than appeals on the grounds of health.

When the posture is correct, the head is balanced centrally on the shoulders, upright, with the tip of the chin tucked in and the cervical spine (the vertebrae in the neck region) balanced in line with the lower parts of the spine.

When looked at from the side the spine has certain natural curves. In the neck region it has a slight curve forward, in the chest region it curves backward, in the loin it curves forward again, and finally the sacrum and tail curve backward.

But when looked at from behind, the spine should be in a straight line from skull to seat.

The shoulders should be level. (A very large number of people hold one shoulder higher than the other.)

Although the shoulders should be held well back and square, they should not be at all rigid.

In fact, whatever the posture, the muscles of the entire body should be held in a supple, alerted state; neither stiff nor slack.

have room to move freely in the shoes.

The arches on the inner side of the feet should be raised by muscular action.

In short, on looking in his mirror, your husband, at the age of forty-odd, should see the young man he is!

How to sit

• As your husband probably spends most of his life sitting down, it is obvious that his sitting posture is even more important than his standing posture.

One of the principle faults in sitting is a semi-recumbent position — too far forward on the seat and leaning on the back of the chair so that the spine stretches across the angle of the seat and chair back.

When sitting the buttocks should be right back in the angle of the chair. The spine should be upright and supported by the chair-back.

A small cushion or pad should support the natural curve of the lumbar spine.

The position of the head, shoulders, chest, and abdominal muscles should be the same as when standing.

It is very important to assume the correct sitting posture when driving a car — driver's backache is due to faulty sitting or faulty seats.

A common fault is that the seat is too far back so that the legs have to stick straight out to the pedals.

The worst possible driving position is semi-recumbent, with the back arching backwards.

THE END

Slipped disc

• It is easier to slip a disc than you think. I myself slipped one a few years ago by simply leaning over to wind up the window on the other side of my car while driving.

There is a disc between every two vertebrae in the backbone, and a "slipped disc" results if one is squeezed out of place by an awkward movement.

However — a straight back is a strong back. A back which is arched forward is a weak back.

When lifting heavy weights, bend at the hips and knees and squat down, keeping the back straight. Then lift with a straight back and straight arms.

It is impossible to slip a disc in this position.

Any force which is applied when you are off your guard in a twisted position may result in a slipped disc, but even this unexpected type of strain is less likely to cause harm to a back which is strengthened and made supple by regular exercises.

(Condensed from the book "How NOT to Kill Your Husband," by A Family Doctor, to be published by George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London.)



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There's an Addis brush for every room, every need!

REPORT FROM RUSSIA

From page 9



number of people along Gorky Street outside our hotel room windows. And with so relatively few cars there's no traffic problem. Many street corners, too, have underpasses.

The silence, the lack of razzamatazz everywhere, even in the heart of Moscow, is amazing. Small neon signs over doors give the name of a store or restaurant (PECTOPAH is RESTORAN in equivalent English spelling) and lights shine in the windows of the multi-storeyed hotels, flats, and office buildings, but there's never a lighted advertisement to tease the eye.

The people's steps, the trolley trams are silent. In two days I didn't hear a car horn disturb the quiet of this six-million-peopled city, didn't see a garage, didn't see (though heard that someone had seen) a filling station.

Even the voices of the small boys are quiet as they swarm toward the tourists chanting, "Chewing-gum... chewing-gum," trying to swop badges for it. Failing chewing-gum, then cigarettes. It becomes a game.

Many among these purposeful pedestrians are visiting Russians—stolid, thick-set out-of-towners, visiting on holiday this monument to the Revolution they brought off 45 years ago and the tomb of Lenin, the intellectual who blueprinted it. (No mention of Stalin; and it's Volgograd, not Stalingrad, now.)

Judging by looks, many Muscovites are blood relations of Mr. Khrushchev.

The men wear caps or hats and overcoats or dark suits. The women have overcoats or suits and utilitarian scarves with low, thick-heeled shoes or (more rare) the high heels and round toes fashionable ten years ago in the Western world.

Their faces have the underdone look all women's faces have without lipstick. Most have beautiful pale skin. Some are pretty, but only the young show style—a trench-coat slickly belted, a beret set at an angle, a pretty slender ankle above a neat shoe, feather-cut hair that flatters the features, soft make-up.

The Russians, generally, either don't care, don't care yet, or don't care to care about packaging, whether of goods or people.

This lack of packaging makes Moscow seem a city without temptation. There's no coquetry, no upward glances. Women look men in the eye.

People smile and talk—but not loudly. There's no teasing gaiety as you'd find in a Sydney street; no sunny, lots-of-time lingering as you'd notice in Brisbane.

There are clothes, but they're not attractive, not displayed to entice. The shop sells clothes. If you need clothes, go in.

This lack of jazz works well for the young. The sweetness of youth has a chance to come through. A girl of 21 looks 16, and a group of them reminds you of field flowers.

But what, I wondered, of women over 30 without the little cheer-ups that make life possible—a hair-set, a new lipstick, a hat. In eight days in Russia I never saw a woman's hat.

Australian department-store managers would wince at GUM. Once, I'm sure, it was the height of chic, where Prince Oblonsky's footman might have stopped by to fill the Prince's cigarette-case. Now it's a cross between a department store and Paddy's Markets, where you can buy toys and caviare, corsets and carpets, and everything in between.

But the prices! £3 for a cotton shirt the chain stores would put on a throwout table; £3 for a rayon scarf. My clothes, modest indeed by Australian standards, couldn't have been got. If they could I would have been wearing about £300.

(One of the travel agents, walking in the street, was accosted by a young man

and pleaded with to swop: even exchange shoes, plus the equivalent of £A20.)

But the Russians give a reason for this austerity. Not only is there the "inner beauty." They say, "first things first." Let us all have a roof over our heads. So every little while another enormous block of flats goes up. I was given various figures—one 600-flat block every month; 119,000 flats built last year in the Soviet Union.

Zhenya ("Jenny") Bulgakova, our attractive 24-year-old guide, told us the rooms target is: 1965, the number of people in the family minus one; 1970, number in the family plus 1. This is exclusive of bathroom and kitchen.

The target indicates the need.

The big blocks of flats line the wide avenues (some avenues were made by pulling back existing buildings and turning them 90 degrees). They are built in groups, and within each group is a courtyard garden and children's playground, plus shops, and often a cinema. And there's always a park nearby. Moscow's very big (even for Moscow) on parks.

The Russians' second civic target is transport.

Metros are being extended all over, cutting travelling time from, say, one hour to 15 minutes.

What need, they argue, of cars when there's cheap, fast transport for everyone? The equivalent of 3d. will take you anywhere on an electric tram, each stop clearly announced.

The Metro stations (6d. a ride anywhere) each have at their surface entrances a big M (helps confuse them with museums is my theory). Underground, they are mirrored, gilded, tiled, marbled, mosaic-ed, and otherwise art-galleried within an inch of their lives.

The hair-do

Adelie and I passed up a Metro ride in order to get our hair done.

The salon we went to is off the lobby of our hotel. Lack of fuss and glamor is an understatement.

You go through the men's barber shop (one barber a woman) into three connecting little rooms with faraway ceilings, green rubber floor, and wooden panelling.

There is a one-basin room with a manicurist's table, two setting chairs, and a formidable perm machine; a drying room with three dryers, table, and three hard chairs; a cubbyhole room in which sits a little lady who tidies up. The one hair-dresser is Alexandra Chulinskaya.

There's no junior. Alexandra does everything: washes, rolls up, puts under dryer, takes out, unpins, combs out—and she does it with the speed of light.

A wonderful wash with strong, firm hands. A bit of dumb show to indicate how I wanted it.

And after the dryer those hands went at my curls—stroke, brush, twist, stroke. I watched in the mirror, laughing, but without hope, except of the worst.

Seconds later, and without a word being said, I was beaming, peacocking round in the lobby, accepting the travel agents' compliments on what was JUST ABOUT THE BEST HAIRDO I'VE EVER HAD IN MY LIFE.

Most things are big in Moscow. The towels in our bathroom measured 14yd. by 1yd.

Adelie and I shared room 225 at the Hotel National, with windows overlooking Gorky Street.

The "Natch" is known to every Western visitor. It's of Edwardian style and Russo-Edwardian taste, heavy with chandeliers, marble, and wrought-iron.

Supplement to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Television

THE JOAN SUTHERLAND SHOW

**SOUVENIR
PROGRAMME**



● An operatic spectacular starring Australia's world-famous prima donna, "The Joan Sutherland Show" is the most ambitious and costly TV programme ever made for Australian audiences. The show was filmed in England by TCN, Sydney, and sponsored by Australian Fixed Trusts.

JOAN'S TRIUMPHANT DAY

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

● As the final credits faded on the studio monitor, the applause crashed in. It came from camera crews, wardrobe girls, technicians, and the entire London Symphony Orchestra.

AND it was given with love and admiration for the indomitable spirit and the unmistakable genius of an emotion-racked figure in a bloodstained nightgown.

Joan Sutherland created many a public myth in her meteoric rise, but few will be more lasting or more glowingly remembered than the private moment of triumph at the end of TCN's "The Joan Sutherland Show."

For those of us lucky enough to be working at Bristol T.W.W. studios throughout the day and night of Sunday, October 14, it was the culmination of a unique experience.

For more than 15 hours we had stayed hermetically sealed off from the outside world, bound together like a refugee family in an alien land.

We were surrounded by an enemy which tested all our strength, ingenuity, and determination. If we lost, we knew there would be no chance for a return fight. Our victory had to come by midnight or it would never come at all.

For the enemy was time.

Our battle began at eight o'clock on that misty Sunday morning.

While the rest of Bristol's population had a leisurely breakfast and prepared for church or picnics or family reunions, we drove from all over town to the pretty, modern building of T.W.W. studios — surrounded by its own flower gardens and next to a vast old cemetery.

"I wonder if I'll be digging my own grave before the night's out," joked producer Peter Benardos.

For five months he had been working on the toughest assignment of his career: the job of welding the technical and artistic talents of more than 100 people together to produce one hour of unsurpassed music on television . . . in one day.

Peter had been told it was impossible by everybody in his trade from Sydney to London.

"It has never been done before." "No voice could stand it." "One camera failure and you've had it." And a dozen more predictions which would have discouraged a less determined man.

For weeks before, he had worked: in Sydney with his plans, in Florence with his star, in London and Bristol with his crews — to ensure none of these predictions came true.

Only the night before, he had taken the camera and lighting boys through their paces with Sutherland herself mapping out her final moves.

But the essential factors of music, personality, and stamina could not be ordered in advance.

These were unpredictable. And these would either make a historic show

or a disastrous failure. No one could know, but each and every one of us was determined to do everything in our power to bring it off.

By 9 a.m., the entire London Symphony Orchestra — which had travelled from Wales for the day — was in position and tuning up.

Their dinner jackets and black ties had an incongruous, almost decadent, air at that hour.

Spruce as they looked, it was hard to believe they had not been up all night. (In fact, they had not had very much time for sleep and knew there would be little more in the night ahead.)

"Look! Waratahs!"

Yet as they rehearsed the overture to Offenbach's *La Belle Helene* for the first time under the baton of Joan Sutherland's husband, Richard Bonyng, the studio sprang to life.

At 10.45 a.m., Sutherland arrived with her drama coach Norman Ayrton and mezzo-soprano Margreta Elkins.

In spite of a bad night with interrupted sleep, she had a gay smile for everyone.

The smile almost melted to tears when she saw the dressing-room full of Australian wildflowers which had been specially flown from Australia.

"Look, Greta, look! Waratahs!" They were as excited as when they first met in a 1949 Sydney singing contest.

They reminisced nostalgically through an hour of hairdressing and make-up.

The studio make-up artist, young Patricia Browne, was astounded.

"I have been terrified for weeks," she told me later. "Some stars are so difficult it takes anything up to three hours to satisfy them."

"Miss Sutherland just said, 'You go right ahead. Do what you like.' We were finished in under an hour."

The unaffected Sutherland personality had begun to work its magic.

What other world-famous star would greet you with, "Oh, Betty, do you think you could find me a cup?" I haven't had time to clean my teeth yet this morning.

"No, don't go. Give me a hand with this hideous old thing."

It is with this sort of direct and mocking approach that she defeats the horror of "this hideous old thing."

For it is her armor-like surgical corset, without which she must never attempt a performance lest she do irreparable damage to her spine.

● Turn back to page 15 for Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the Week.

It is no fun to wear even for a three-hour stage appearance. To be encased in it for more than 12 hours must be unspeakable torture.

The Sutherland recipe for defeating torture is simple. You face it, and laugh at it. You may even be infuriated by it. But you never give in to it.

As Joan swept on to the studio floor a few minutes later in a graceful black velvet crinoline with a jet-beaded bodice she was relaxed and full of poise.

The musicians greeted her with the traditional clapping and tapping of bows against strings.

As delighted as a young girl at her first party, she waved gaily to them.

It was 2.30 p.m. before the rehearsal began, and, because of a missing harpist, we were nearly two hours behind time.

First round to the enemy. He was to gain another precious two hours before *O lieto suol*, an aria from Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots*, was in the can.

The dire prediction of a camera breakdown had come true. The hold-up had told on everyone's nerves.

Comper Michael Denison fluffed his lines, and Joan herself had forgotten a phrase.

"Good," said Ann Roughley, Ricky's aunt and Joan's nurse-secretary. "That'll make her mad. Now she'll sing divinely."

She did, and with such presence that we all used precious seconds to applaud.

Joan made a lightning change for the next item, Bellini's *Norma* duet, and it was fascinating to watch how often she gave place to her colleague and friend Margreta Elkins.

No break for Joan

Their personalities blend as effortlessly as their voices. *Norma* went on to tape in one take, no hitches.

The enemy had suffered a setback.

Union rules ordered a break at this point. For everyone but Sutherland. No one else had to change from a white "hideous thing" to a black one.

I poured half a cup of unsweetened black coffee from the vacuum flask which I tried to keep near her all day.

"Thanks, Betty. You keep the frogs out of my throat."

"I haven't heard one yet," I said.

"Thanks, but they start up at sunset, don't they?"

There was no sign of them through the complicated trills and cadenzas of Benedict's *The Gipsy and the Bird*, which Sutherland sang to her husband's piano accompaniment.

The shooting schedule announced a meal break at 6.30 p.m. It was 7.10 p.m.

The enemy was at bay, but we were still a duet behind.

The leader of the troops was asking, "Betty, do you think the studio might rise to scrambled eggs? Not just yet. I'll take a nap first."

And sleep she did, exhibiting a control over mind and body which any general might be proud of.

From the scrambled eggs onward, we all knew the enemy was routed.

The duet from Donizetti's *Linda di Chamounix* took less than half the time allotted to it, thanks to split-second teamwork.

But it was Sutherland's own favorite role of Violetta in Verdi's *La Traviata* which set the seal on victory.

"We will get this in one shot," said Peter Benardos, with the producer's instinct that Violetta's anguish in the last act must be spontaneous.

It was more. It was an inspired moment of music.

As Sutherland swooned to the floor, even the toughest technicians were surreptitiously wiping their eyes. Many of us were unashamedly weeping. Every one of us was grateful for the compulsory union break of one hour which followed, for the toughest trial was still to come.

Without a single stop, Peter Benardos was determined to shoot the 17-minute "mad scene" from *Lucia di Lammermoor* in one take.

It had to be done, as Lucia's final fall is dangerous and such a vocal test well-nigh impossible to repeat—even on stage. Far more after 12 hours of singing.

Sutherland went through all her moves, except the fall, during the orchestra rehearsal. She even helped by singing a great deal of it.

The challenge ahead brought out all Sutherland's mischief. Throughout the rehearsal, whenever she could see any sign of weariness in those around her, she guyed the role like mad until everyone was in stitches.

She even called, "Maestro," to catch Ricky's attention, and sang a wild trill while the make-up girl applied the last touch of powder.

But from the second the recording began we were watching another woman.

For the first time that day time itself became meaningless. We were in another world, ruled only by sound.

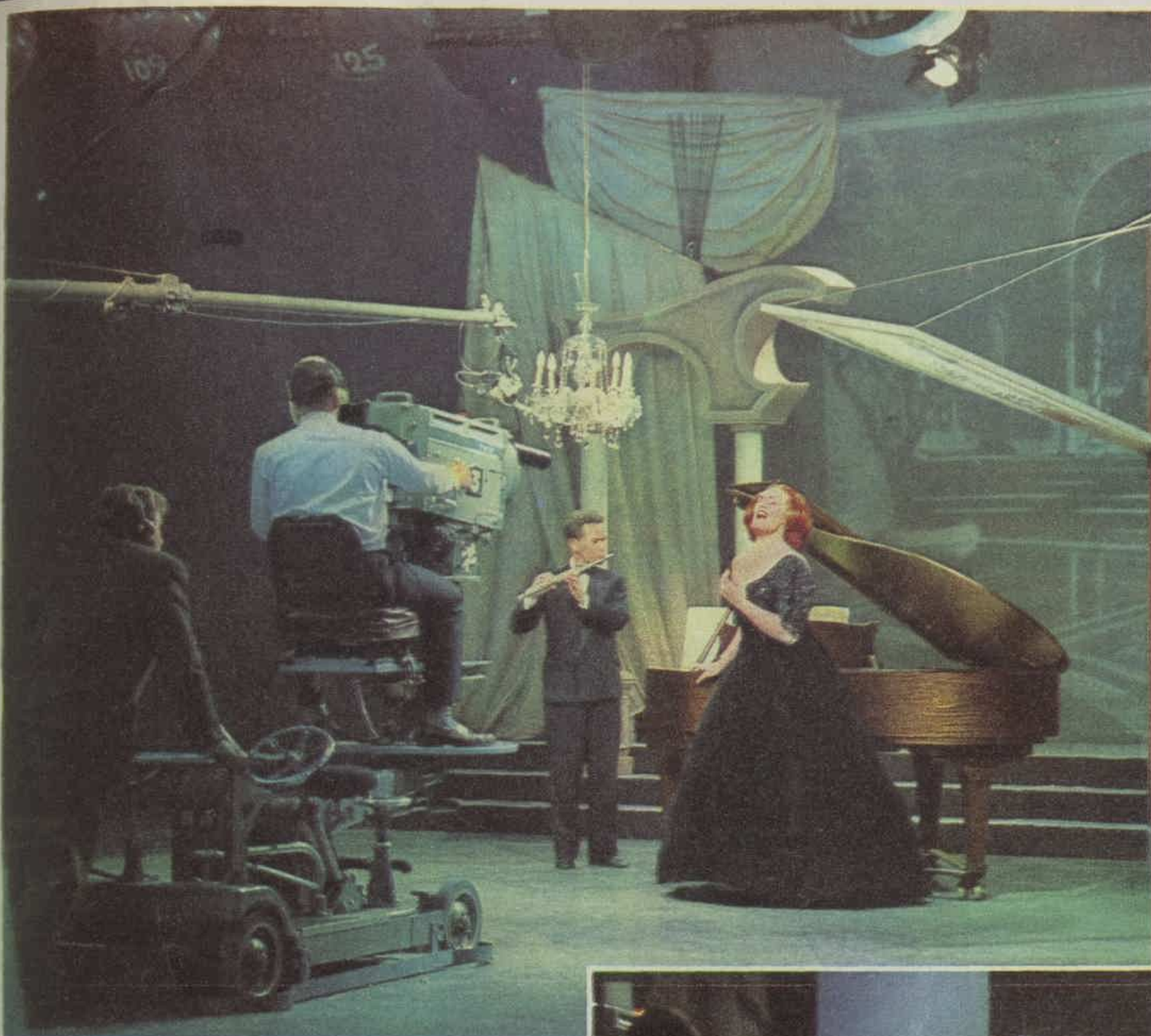
The only hint I can give of that magic is to say that everyone there knew how dangerous the final fall could be for Sutherland.

Yet when it came not one onlooker realised the moment of danger was past . . . for Sutherland had not fallen. Lucia had died.

What seemed hours later—but was, in fact, only the seconds in which the final credits appeared—Sutherland was helped up, had crossed the studio, and was mopping her husband's face with her "blood-stained" shawl.

Then the applause broke out and flooded the studio with triumph.

For Sutherland had not only beaten the clock—for a brief period she had given us all a glimpse of immortality.



ABOVE: At T.W.W. studios in Bristol, England, the TV cameras record Julius Benedict's ballad "The Gypsy and the Bird," which Sutherland sings to a flute obbligato and with her husband, Richard Bonyng, at the piano. BELOW: Compere Michael Denison, who recently visited Australia, introduces each aria and tells its story.



Page 3



DUET FROM BELLINI'S "Norma" was recorded in one take by Sutherland and her friend and colleague, the former Brisbane singer Margreta Elkins. Elkins won a singing award here six years ago and is now a leading mezzo-soprano at Covent Garden.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—November 21, 1962

WHEN TO WATCH

"The Joan Sutherland Show" will be screened in capital cities on these dates:

- Sydney — TCN9, Sunday, November 18, 8 p.m.
- Melbourne — GTV9, Sunday, November 18, 8 p.m.
- Brisbane — QTQ9, Sunday, November 25, 8 p.m.
- Adelaide — NWS9, Sunday, November 25, 8 p.m.
- Perth — TVW7, Sunday, December 2, 8 p.m.
- Hobart — TVT6, Sunday, December 2, 8 p.m.

Complete Programme -

- Our programme includes a brief story resume of each opera; the arias—sung in Italian—are here freely translated into English.

OVERTURE:

La Belle Helene (Offenbach) . . .

. . . London Symphony Orchestra



London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Richard Bonyngue.

O LIETO SUOL (O happy land) JOAN SUTHERLAND

Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots* is set in Paris, 1572, when the Roman Catholics massacred Protestants on St. Bartholomew's Eve. At a party with Catholic nobles, the young Huguenot Raoul reveals his love for a "fair unknown," and is jealous when he recognises her as the veiled woman who visits his host, the Comte de Nevers. Then Raoul is summoned before the Queen of Navarre. The second act begins with her aria, "O lieto suol" . . .

O happy land of Turena, O beautiful garden, O pleasant shore,
Clear and suave wavelet whose murmurs I can hardly hear,
Beside you I wish to dream . . .
The tender word is made alive by heaven and earth,

The echo from the shore repeats:

And the echo from the shore repeats: Love! Ah! yes, love!

The Queen asks Raoul to marry a Catholic heiress, Valentine, and help unite the warring faiths. He agrees, but Valentine proves to be his "fair unknown." Jealous of the Comte, Raoul renounces her, and the Catholics vow revenge. After Valentine marries the Comte, she overhears her father plotting Raoul's death and tries to warn him. He is ambushed, but escapes. Convinced he will die, Raoul farewells Valentine, who declares her love for him. In her house, Raoul hears the massacre being planned, and goes to join the Protestant leaders. In their last stand, he is joined by Valentine (a widow) and, as they kneel for a nuptial benediction, both are killed.

MIRA O NORMA (See, O Norma) . . Duet: JOAN SUTHERLAND, MARGRETA ELKINS

Bellini's *Norma* begins with the Druids praying that the people of Gaul may defeat the Roman occupation forces. The high priestess, Norma—guiltily and secretly in love with Roman pro-consul Pollione, the father of her two children—hesitates to give the war signal. But the faithless Pollione is now in love with Adalgisa, a Virgin of the Temple. Adalgisa confesses to Norma that she has fallen in love with a Roman; Pollione arrives, and the women realise they love the same man. Later, Norma is tempted to kill her "outcast" children but cannot; with Adalgisa (Elkins), Sutherland sings the famous "Mira O Norma" duet . . .

ADALGISA: See, O Norma, at your knees,
These darlings, your little children.

Ah, let pity for them move you
If you have no pity for yourself.

NORMA: Oh, why, why would you shake my resolve
With appeals to my tender feelings?
There is no more hope, no attraction

In life when the heart is dead . . .

ADALGISA: Ah, be persuaded.

NORMA: Deceive me not. His passion—

ADALGISA: Dies in repentance.

NORMA: And thine?

ADALGISA: In friendship. My love for him wears a more fitting sentence.

NORMA: Angel of Piety, this kindness—

ADALGISA: Shall restore thy husband, or with thee seek oblivion far from the haunt of men.

NORMA: Thou hast conquered, embrace me now, life is mine own again.

DUET: Yes, until my dying hour, you'll have me your companion,

To shelter us together, the world is amply wide,
With you I'll boldly face the insults of fate,

While I feel your heart beat side by side with mine.

Pollione rejects Adalgisa's plea to return to Norma and says he will take Adalgisa away, by force if necessary. Vengeful Norma declares war on the Romans; Pollione is taken prisoner and she offers him freedom if he will give up Adalgisa. He refuses. Norma tells the Gauls to build a funeral pyre, for a priestess has dishonored herself. Then, proudly, she cries that she is the dishonored one, and is led away to the fire. Pollione, his love rekindled, joins her in death.



Joan Sutherland and Richard Bonyngue.

THE GYPSY AND THE BIRD . . JOAN SUTHERLAND

The sole English-language item on the programme, *The Gypsy and the Bird* is by the Anglo-German composer Sir Julius Benedict—best remembered, perhaps, for his opera *The Lily of Killarney* (1862). Sutherland sings *The Gypsy and the Bird* to a flute obbligato, with her husband, Richard Bonyngue (pronounced "Bonning"), at the piano.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents November 21, 1962

Teenagers'

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

WEEKLY



**Pattern for
this Playsuit
— page 3**

***Savory recipes are
so simple — and you ...***

JUST PILE THEM ON BREAD

● For your next teenage party, here are a variety of savory recipes specially designed to appeal to the boys.

THE idea is to just pile them on top of loaves of bread or bread rolls.

ASPARAGUS LOAF

One loaf white bread, 2 or 3oz. melted butter, extra 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. flour, 1 cup milk, 1 can asparagus spears (reserve 1 cup of asparagus liquid for sauce), salt, cayenne pepper, 1 small can whole kernel corn (drained), 1½ to 2 cups chopped cooked chicken (rabbit or any other white meat desired), parsley, ½ cup grated tasty cheese.

Remove crusts from bread loaf and hollow out centre, so forming a case. Brush inside and out with melted butter and bake in a moderate oven until lightly browned and crisp (about 15 to 20 minutes). Meanwhile prepare filling, melt extra butter in a saucepan and stir in flour, cook 1 minute without browning. Add milk and asparagus liquid, stir over heat until sauce thickens.

Season with salt and cayenne pepper, add chopped asparagus (reserve a few spears for garnish), drained corn, chicken or rabbit meat, and grated cheese. Simmer 5 minutes or until piping hot. Fill into hot baked bread case. Serve on a heated platter garnished with reserved asparagus spears and parsley sprigs.

CHILLI BEAN SPECIAL

One loaf Vienna bread, 1 tablespoon oil, 1 finely chopped onion, 1lb. lean minced steak, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, few drops chilli sauce, salt, pepper, ½ cup water, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 can chilli beans (drained), 1 small can baked beans, cheese slices, chopped parsley.

Cut top off loaf, toast and butter lightly. Heat oil in pan, add onion and saute lightly, add

meat and cook until it changes color, stirring constantly. Add both sauces, chilli beans, salt, pepper, water, and parsley. Cover and simmer 20 minutes. Drain off any fat.

Pile on top of bread. Spoon over heated baked beans. Cut cheese slices in triangles and arrange in an attractive pattern on top of loaf. Place under grill and brown lightly, sprinkle with parsley and serve.

SAVORY SCRAMBLE

One loaf Vienna bread, ½lb. bacon rashers (rind removed), salt, cayenne pepper, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 hard-boiled egg (sliced), parsley.

Cut crusty top off bread loaf, stand aside. Chop all but 2 rashers of bacon into small pieces. Place eggs, milk, salt, cayenne pepper, and worcestershire sauce in a bowl and beat with a rotary beater. Saute chopped bacon in a pan until fat is transparent. Pour in egg mixture and parsley and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens.

Meanwhile toast loaf and saute remaining bacon rashers. Pile egg mixture on to loaf, top with bacon and egg slices, and serve at once decorated with parsley.

CORN FRANKS

Four long bread rolls, 4 long frankfurts, little lettuce, corn relish.

Place frankfurts in a saucepan of water and bring slowly to the boil. Meanwhile cut a slit in each bread roll and line with a little lettuce. Add a hot frankfurt to each and pile a little corn relish on top. Serve.

SALMON TIP TOPS

Four or six round bread rolls, 1 can salmon or tuna (drain off any oil and remove



PARTY DISHES with special appeal to boys. The savories on loaves are (from top) Asparagus Loaf, Chilli Bean Special, and Savory Scramble; those on rolls are Corn Franks and (bottom) Salmon Tip Tops.

skin and bones), 1½ cups mayonnaise, juice 1 lemon, ½ cup finely sliced celery, ½ cup finely chopped green pepper (cooked lightly in a little salted water), few drops tabasco sauce, salt, pepper.

Cut tops off each roll and hollow out centres. Combine chopped salmon with mayonnaise, lemon juice, celery, green pepper, tabasco. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Fill into bread cases, decorate with celery.

Place rolls on platter, arrange potato crisps, lemon and tomato wedges, and a little parsley around base.

CHUTNEY CHEESE BUNS

Six small bread rolls, 1 clove garlic, 2oz. melted butter or substitute, 12 slices processed cheese, 1/3rd cup chutney.

Cut the crusty piece off the top of each roll. Peel and crush garlic, mix into the melted butter. Brush each bread roll all over with this mixture. Top each with 2 slices cheese and a spoonful of chutney.

Place on an oven-slide and bake in a moderate oven until rolls are crisp and cheese lightly browned (approx. 10 minutes). Serve hot.

OPEN BEEF SANDWICHES

Nine slices bread cut slightly thicker than usual, butter, 1lb. fine hamburger mince, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, salt, pepper, 2 onions (sliced), 2 tomatoes (sliced).

Toast bread on one side only, spread other side with butter. Combine meat, egg, parsley, and sauces and spread right to the edges of buttered side of bread. Sprinkle well with salt and pepper and place tomato and onion slices on top. Place under a griller or in a moderate oven until meat is cooked through. Serve hot.

TORPEDOES

Four long bread rolls, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon mustard, ½lb. ham luncheon meat, 1 onion, 2 tomatoes, 4oz. tasty cheese.

Cut three slashes diagonally into each bread roll. Mix butter with mustard and spread both sides of each slash in the rolls. Insert sliced onion, ham, and tomato into these slashes and lay a piece of cheese across top of each roll. Bake in moderate oven until bread is crisp and filling hot.

STUFFED CHEESE LOAVES

Two French loaves, 2 cups chopped celery, butter, ½lb. cream cheese, little milk, seasoning, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 2 tomatoes (sliced).

Cut tops off loaves at a slight angle. Scoop out some of the inside to make plenty of room for the filling. Mix celery with butter, cream cheese, milk, and seasoning. Pile into loaves, top with slices of egg and tomato. Replace tops, serve in slices.

DEVILLED VEAL SANDWICHES

Four or six pieces veal steak (cut in ½in. thick slices), 8 or 12 slices bread or 4 or 6 bread rolls, 1 onion, ½ cup vinegar or lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon celery salt, pinch black pepper, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 clove garlic, 2oz. butter, lettuce.

Combine the finely chopped onion, vinegar, salts, pepper, sauce, and crushed garlic. Spread on to veal steaks and stand aside for ½ hour. Fry or grill to desired time on each side, place between slices of buttered bread and serve with little shredded lettuce sprinkled over the top of each.

LETTERS

Parents' attitude on careers

PARENTS get irritated with us because we won't make up our minds at 16 or 17 about our futures. The truth is that we often aren't prepared to tell them what we have decided on for fear of being ridiculed, sternly reprimanded for wasting our education on glamor careers, or kindly but none the less surely talked out of our ideas. Or if our initial ideas appeal to our parents they are apt to throw themselves so wholeheartedly into helping us realise our plans that we wouldn't be game to change our minds. So we just hold our tongues. — "Gay," Geelong, Vic.

Country life

AS a country girl I love the land and never grow tired of its everlasting beauty. It worries me to learn how ignorant some city people are about what goes on in the country. After talking to some people in the city or listening to their supposedly "knowledgeable" discussions on the country and its life, I give up in despair. Are the city dwellers so caught up in the hustle and bustle of that mighty machine that they consider themselves too busy to stop to think about country life? So many people seem to think that life in the country is all milk and honey. As an experienced country dweller, I can tell you that it certainly is not. — Miss C. Cowell, Woodside, S.A.

Screen test

WHEN a film has subtitles in English, why don't they put these at the top of the screen? Easier to read, and there'd be no more neck-cranning. — "Pam," Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Our cover

• Our cover this week is in black and white for technical reasons associated with the production of our eight-page color Souvenir Programme of the Joan Sutherland TV show. We'll be back to color next week with a pin-up of Rocky Gattellari, Australian flyweight champion, and his brother Lucky. THE PLAYSUIT our cover girl is wearing was made from a Candy Hardy pattern, No. 7760. The pattern, priced 4/6, is available in teenage sizes 30in. to 36in., and requires 3½ yds. of 36in. material. To get the pattern send 4/6 to Candy Hardy, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney, stating the size required.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

School saving

AT the school I attend, everybody brings sixpence or threepence once a week. At the end of the term the money is counted and a meeting is held to decide which charity our money will go to. Very few people miss their extra sixpence, especially knowing it is for a good cause, and at the end of the term it is a satisfying feeling when you have accumulated far more than you thought. If this was done in all schools there would be quite a considerable sum going toward people who are far worse off than we are. — L. S. Campbell, Castle Hill, N.S.W.

Verse-wise

"MARY loves John, John loves Kitty,
Kitty loves Bill . . . what a pity!
For Billy, contrariwise,
Is madly in love, Marywise."
— Norman Roy, East Balmain, N.S.W.

Kill-joys?

AS parents of a teenager we want to know if we should stay at home when teenager's friends have a party in our home. Some think we are "kill-joys" by doing so, but as host and hostess we consider we should stay home, not because of mistrust but to show our interest in the young people. By going out to a show we cannot think we are doing our duty. What do other readers think? — "Interested," Melbourne.

Summer hols.

AMERICANS ought to be congratulated for having the summer vacation idea. What a relief it would be to have one complete school season without those series of small holidays which play havoc with the educational system. And what a haven summer vacation would be to pupils, who, after hours at the school desk, could rest on sunny beaches, trouble-free from exams and homework for at least three months. — "Vacationer," Muswellbrook, N.S.W.

Good tactics

I HAVE always been rather untidy and inclined to put on weight, but recently my boyfriend started looking at another girl and I had to do something about it. Now I'm getting my fingernails tidy, treating my few pimples, trying to control my hair, and, most of all, I'm dieting. But I couldn't have done it if it hadn't been for the thought of the other girl. — "Jan," Forrest, A.C.T.

Vice-versa

"IT swept America, now it comes to you." Why do advertisers make it seem as if Australia is always behind America and accepts everything that has been popular, or made seem popular, there? Why don't we start a craze ourselves (e.g. boomerang-throwing), so that "It swept America, now it comes to you," can be changed to: "It swept Australia, now it comes to America"? — Rita Adamsons, Ballarat, Vic.



"He's written a book, man, about the greatest and most important thing of our time . . . Me!"

Boys' hobby

RECENTLY our school formed an unusual hobby for boys — domestic science classes. It may sound "sissy," but it proved otherwise when 30 boys, ranging in age from 16 to 18, enrolled in the class.

Our first cooking lesson consisted of scone-making, which proved to be a huge success. This was followed by a sewing lesson, during which we attempted to machine a seam. This was equally successful. — Richard Dennings, Toowoomba, Qld.

Selfishness condemned by all

• "M.C." (T.W., 24/10/62) wrote saying her father had been offered a good job in the country. She refuses to leave her friends in the city and asks if she is being too selfish.

WHAT a spoilt, empty-headed individual you appear to be! Have you ever been to the country? I'll bet you haven't, or otherwise you would not be carrying on with all this childish nonsense.

In case you don't know, the days of the kerosene lamp and bullock team have gone. The country has almost all the conveniences of the city. We people from the country, in the main, are individuals, and this is something rarely found in the city. You'll find no matter where you go through life you will have to make new friends, your own entertainment, and, most important, you'll have to learn to adapt, and there's no time like the present to learn.

Do as your father wishes and go to the country. What's a few years in a lifetime, anyway? You can always put it down to experience. If you go with the attitude that you will dislike your stay, you most certainly will. Make up your mind to enjoy it and, I assure you, you will. — "All for the Country," Belmore, N.S.W.

"M.C." is afraid of the country, but does not really know it. Doesn't she know that a whole new life will be offered to her; she will make new friends and join in activities which will be completely new? She must remember

that her father's position is much more important than her losing her friends. She is young and should be able to adapt herself to a new way of life easily. She can still make trips to the city and stay with her friends. And her friends will want to come and stay with her in the country, too. — "Country Girl," Woodside, S.A.

IT is appalling that such selfishness as "M.C." shows exists. It seems the limit that a child should dictate terms of this sort to her parents for no really good reason — not because it would interfere with end-of-year exams, etc., but because pleasure may be hindered. You have your whole future yet to pursue life and its excitements, whereas your father is striving hard for this important position to give you these pleasures you crave. Give in with good grace—you never know what country life may have in store for you. — V. Holzhain, Bondi, N.S.W.

THIS girl who is too young to stay in the city alone apparently does not realise that this promotion which obviously means so much to her father must also benefit her to some degree. She is being extremely selfish and, as she gets older and more mature, she will realise that there are more important

things in life than parties, sports cars, and surfing. Self-sacrifice can be most rewarding, even in matters such as these. Go to the country, "M.C.," and enjoy yourself. — "K.W.," Turner, A.C.T.

NATURALLY you don't wish to go and leave behind your friends and the things you enjoy most, but I think you are being a little selfish. Your father has probably worked hard to achieve this promotion and is doing his best to give you and the family everything he can offer.

I have recently come to live in another city and I know what it is like to leave behind the life you love; but, unless I made up my mind to enjoy a new life, things were not going to be easy for anyone.

You never lose a true friend, so you can still come to the city on vacation, and, who knows, you might have a wonderful time in the country. — "H.R.," Turramurra, N.S.W.

HE who gives shall always, in the end, be well rewarded, because there are plenty of golden days ahead, and when one is young time doesn't really exist. Don't stand in the way of your father's success; give him the happiness that he has given you. — Elaine Lee Chin, Rockhampton, Qld.

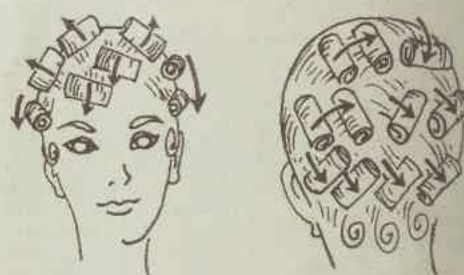
Pretty hairdos—from Paris, London, and New York

LONDON



FUN OF THE FAIR (above). If your hair is fairly long, how about this pineapple-with-leaves look for a big occasion? It's easy-as-wink with hair brushed up all the way round and tied firmly on the crown with a bow so that hair-ends spill over in a carefully casual way. **RIGHT:** Shining example of the girlish "little head" with sideswept bangs and raised crown. For this, follow how-to-set pattern closely and brush out with round-the-head strokes.

● These two new hairdos for day and evening are different enough to turn anybody's head. Both do wonderful things for girls of a petite persuasion.



PARIS



EVENING GLAMOR (left) created by Alexandre with short hair. Two smooth waves dress the face and a pin-on hairpiece falls down back in bunch of curls. **RIGHT:** For day, hair smoothed back from the forehead and a fluffy halo framing the face. **CENTRE RIGHT:** Carita designed this elegant, close-to-the-neck style with long barette on heavy side of hair. **FAR RIGHT:** Not-so-long hair carefully brushed and manipulated into a dramatic, fringed style for night.



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — November 21, 1962

● Some of the nicest, newest ways to crown your looks are shown on these pages. This crop of attractive hairdos gathered from hair-fashion centres in London, Paris, and New York are for short, medium, and demi-long hair—there's even one with pin-on curls—and they're for casual and glamor occasions. How-to-set sketches show you how to roll and set the simple styles; take the other pictures along to your hairdresser.

NEW YORK



SURVEYS show that teenagers love casual, daytime hairdos that look just like the two pictured above. If you have the suitable length of hair, set as sketched (far right); when brushed out it should fall into a rush of curl all round your head. RIGHT: The popular, medium-bouffant hairdo, given new lease of life with clear-browed, wide-waved look that wins raves.



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Is it luv?

"COULD you please tell me if I am really in love? I have been going with my steady for nine months and I am almost sure that I am in love with him. Sometimes, however, I notice a boy and think it would be nice to go out with him. I have never been out with another boy and I know my boyfriend would be jealous. Is this normal or does it mean that I do not love my steady?"

L.J., N.S.W.

How can you possibly tell if you love your steady when you've never been out with anyone else? You have no means of judging him at all. It would be so much better for you to go out with lots of boys and not to worry about love for a little while yet.

Sister's "ex"

"I AM 18 and have a sister aged 16. Recently she broke off with her steady, a boy of 19, although she still likes him, because she thinks 16 is too young to go steady. Now that he has broken off with her, this boy has started asking me out and I would like to go. My friends say that if I like this boy I should accept his invitations, regardless of my sister's feelings. What do you think?"

"Uncertain," N.S.W.

Ask your sister what she thinks. She will probably feel a bit hurt that he has asked you out, but she must realise that he's going to take out other girls, and why not you?

She was the one who decided to stop going steady and broke off with this boy, and she sounds sensible enough not to resent the situation.

Short and sweet

"I AM a girl of 15 and only 5ft. lin. I am very worried about my height because my sisters and brothers make fun of me and call me 'Shorty.' Do you think I can still grow taller until I'm 17?"

W.B.T., Vic.

Yes, you can still grow, even when you've passed 17, so try not to worry about your height. Think how lucky you are not to be taller than any of the boys your age. Some girls have a far worse problem because they tower over boys.

Even if you only grow another inch or so, you can wear high heels when you're older, and they'll add at least three inches to your height.

Medical advice

"DURING the past few months I have developed red and blue veins in my legs which are very noticeable. How did they come and is there anything I can do to stop them? I am extremely self-conscious about them and would like to have some sort of treatment."

"Self-conscious," Vic.

Consult your family doctor. I'm sure he'll be able to help you.

Prying pal

"MY best friend and I are interested in the same girl. Recently my friend told me that he had seen the girl with another boy. Is my friend making these things up so that he will have no competition, or should I believe him and give up the girl?"

"Unsure," Vic.

If you'd give her up as easily as that I don't think you can be very interested in her. You're not engaged, so she has every right to go out with any boy she chooses, including you.

Ask her out when you want to and ignore any reports from your friend.

Join the Navy

"I AM a 15-year-old girl and thinking seriously of joining the Navy. Could you please give me an address I could write to for further information?"

"Career Trouble," Vic.

Write to the Combined Services Recruiting Centre, 83a Queen's Gate, Queen's Road, St. Kilda, Vic., for information about the Army, Navy, and Air Force, or apply at the Combined Recruiting Centres in all capital cities.

To join the W.R.A.N.S., a girl should be between the ages of 17 and 30 and have a good average education, although no school or examination certificates are required. Applicants have a medical examination and a short test in Maths. and English, said to be about second-year high school standard.

Jobs in the Navy cover a wide field.

There are cooks, stewesses, radio operators, shorthand-typists, stores assistants, sick-berth attendants, radar plotters, and motor-transport drivers.

Girls enter the service as recruits. For their training period they are paid £7/18/1 a week if they are under 21, £9/6/1 if they are over 21. They have free board and lodging and are issued with free uniforms on joining. After this they are paid a uniform allowance.

After the recruit training is finished pay varies according to your job, from £10/8/3 a week to £13/6/7. (All rates of pay are subject to variation.)

Minimum engagement in the W.R.A.N.S. is for four years.

Bustline blues

"I AM a 17-year-old girl and my problem is that I have a tiny bust, which looks most unattractive under the latest tight elasticised swimsuits. Mother sent away for a pretty costume for me with firm plastic bra-cups inside, but they look terribly unnatural and rather ridiculous. I have tried numerous exercises for bust improvement, but they have made no difference. Now I have been told of creams which increase bust measurements. Could this be true?"

"Kay," Qld.

Creams cannot influence bust development, but good posture can help a girl to the shape she wants to be.

Standing round-shouldered with your head tucked down into your neck makes your breasts slide down into unbecoming curves. Perfect posture will actually lift your bosom and give it its best contours. You should stand and walk with your head held high, shoulders back, stomach in, and buttocks tucked under.

Exercises do help, but it's a long, long time before they show results and you have to keep them up for years. The exercises develop and strengthen the muscles which support the breasts. Here are a few which should be done regularly if done at all.

Sit down tailorwise with your legs crossed and your back against a wall. Pick up a book between your hands and fold it in front of you as if you were going to pray. Now, pressing hard with the palms of your hands

A word from Debbie



DON'T tell anyone I told you—but want a special neckpiece-brooch decoration free, exclusive to you and the greatest conversation piece since sliced bread?

All that is needed is a friend, a beach, a sunny day, and some decorative leaves. The leaves have to be strong. Ivy is good, so are tiny hibiscus leaves, or, perhaps best of all, some of the plastic variety from a chain-store.

Do your suntanning drill and then get your best friend to put the leaves where you want them—one each side of the base of the neck, a cluster to one side, what you will. They stick best with a bit of oil under them. Then lie still.

After your sunbath is over remove carefully and save. You should just be able to see the outline the first day. Next day the friend has to put the leaves back in the exact spot again.

The day after, the drill is the same, but suddenly you'll find you have permanent white ivy leaves on your gold, gold skin. Fab, eh?

against the book, turn the book away from you so that the tips of your fingers point straight ahead, then turn the book over so that your fingertips are pointing at your breastbone. All the time you are doing this press the palms of your hands hard on to the book so that you feel the pull of the pectoral muscles.

Next exercise is a dual-purpose one. Sit the same way, tailorwise, against a wall. Pick up your hairbrush and hold it in your hands with your elbows extended at shoulder level and brush your hair upward for 50 strokes and then 50 downward. A sort of up-and-over movement.

About your swimsuit—I'm afraid this style is simply not for you. What you need (it mightn't be the latest but is flattering) is a swimsuit with gathers or shirring across the bodice, a soft frilly look rather than a sleek-fitting line.

Don't stay home

"I AM 15 and like two boys equally well. One of them has asked me to a school dance and the other one is also going. I don't know whether to go or to stay at home because the other boy might think I don't like him as much as the boy who asked me. They sit next to each other in school and are very good friends, and this might ruin their friendship."

L.M., S.A.

You might like them equally well, but the boy who likes you best is the one who has asked you to the dance. So go and have a super time. By the way, boys rarely let girls break up their friendships.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Beauty in brief

BASIC EYE GROOM

IF you are the sort of girl who has never worn anything on her eyes, apart from a genuine teardrop, your first job will be to groom your eyebrows and lashes.

If your eyebrows are ragged or heavy, judicious plucking will give a real lift to your eyes, and, in some cases, remove a natural frown.

Spread ordinary petroleum jelly generously over the eyebrows—this diminishes the sting—and remove the strays only in a strong light. Work away until you get a smooth curve, tapering slightly at the ends.

If your brows grow too close to the bridge of the nose, trim them well back, and if they're so fair that they disappear somewhere between your eyes and hairline, then imitate real hairs by applying a grey pencil with short, feathery strokes along your browline.

Be sure to use grey pencil for this, unless you are a brunette, in which case use black or brown pencil.

There's no question that eyelashes look lusher with a touch of mascara;



if you've never worn mascara before you'd best stick to black mascara and apply it only to the top row of eyelashes.

The "cake" mascara is generally accepted to handle better—it also holds well—but again it seems to be a matter of taste whether you use the cream or liquid applicator type.

Use warm water to work cake mascara, and then apply a thin coat to the eyelashes. If the final effect looks a little lumpy, use a clean brush to separate the lashes.

—Carolyn Earle

ARCHITECTURE through the Ages

By Morton Herman

No. 19, French High Renaissance

The church soars over Paris

THE last few examples in this series showed buildings that were transitional between the Gothic and Renaissance styles of architecture.

By the 17th century in France, Gothic had almost completely disappeared and buildings now were of High Renaissance character designed on purely classical lines.

One of the great buildings of France is the church known as the Dome des Invalides in Paris. Built between 1680 and 1706, it is perhaps the masterpiece of the very great architect Jules Mansart.

He was no ordinary architect, but an important person in the Court of King Louis XIV. He was the royal architect, a very rich man, and a powerful politician.

The Invalides church is a fine building, square on plan at ground level, and from this rectangular base a tall, ornamental, cylindrical shape (architecturally known as a drum) rises to carry the ornate dome.

The main building is of stone, with richly carved columns and mouldings, all of them keeping strictly to the rules which bound all classical architecture.

The dome is really a double one; there is a stone dome inside the church, covered with painting on its underside, but the external

dome is constructed of lead mounted on an elaborate framing of wood.

The pinnacle at the top (called a lantern) is similarly constructed.

The surface of the dome is richly encrusted with sculptures in lead; these and the lantern are heavily gilded, giving an ornate and dazzling appearance to the top of the building. Everything in this design is intended to lead the eye upward.

Very carefully, too, no other buildings have been built close to the Invalides, so that its tall proportions may soar up to dominate the surrounding townscape.

If a building is to be a masterpiece of architecture, then the setting of it is quite as important as its design.

But only a few cities are as lucky as Paris in the generosity of open spaces, tree-lined boulevards, and great civic squares.

It is this consciousness of the importance of town-planning that has made Paris one of the most handsome capitals of the world; it is this same spirit that keeps the bulk of Invalides as a magnificent profile on the skyline.

It is a large bulk and a large profile. A glance at the entrance gates in the photograph will show a dark speck between them. This is a Frenchwoman in a black dress mounting the steps of the church.

NEXT WEEK: St. Paul's, London.



DOME DES INVALIDES, completed in 1706, was designed by Jules Mansart, the royal architect to Louis XIV. From "European Architecture in Color," by R. Furneaux Jordan (Thames and Hudson).



LISTEN HERE

Singer plans new band for the old rock

● Apart from members of his own family, hardest hit by Johnny O'Keefe's breakdown was probably Paul Wayne. Johnny was Paul's manager and had helped him perhaps more than he had any other young singer.

FOR the first few weeks Paul felt as though the bottom had fallen out of the world and just sat around wondering what to do.

"Then," Paul said, "I began to think how Johnny had told me how he'd made it alone, with little help at first, and I decided that I'd try to make it alone, too."

Before his crack-up Johnny had a plan for Paul to bring back rock to teenage audiences, and that's what Paul is going to try to do.

One of his first moves will be to get together a new, bigger band, and early in the New Year he plans to start on a circuit of Police Boys' Clubs. Paul's still a member of the South Sydney Club, where he learnt boxing, wrestling, and judo when he was a schoolboy.

Paul has also gone back to his composing, and says that in the future he hopes to be singing his own material and not recording cover versions.

He'll have a new single out soon. "The ballad side," he says, "is different, and I hope it shows I've got a bit of a voice." The flipside will be a Buddy Holly-type rocker standard.

QUITE overcome by everything that's happened to her is 16-year-old Kelly Green from Perth. Recently "Bandstand" flew her to Sydney for one guest appearance, and now they've asked her to stay on for more.

As well she's been given a

recording contract with Coronet Records.

"I'd only sung at local dances at home," Kelly said, "when Ian Turpie—he was in 'Bye, Bye, Birdie'—suggested I send a tape and a photo to Brian Henderson."

"I did and he asked me to come to Sydney. Things haven't stopped happening since."

"After my first 'Bandstand' appearance Coronet rang me and offered me a five-year contract."

Kelly is the first Australian girl to sign a contract with Coronet, who are trying to build up their group of local artists under contract. Sven Libaek, of "Windjammer" fame, is their new artists' manager.

At present Kelly is staying with friends at Whale Beach, near Sydney, but she hopes to find a flat as soon as everything settles down. Her family is selling up in Perth to come to join her.

BUSY making wedding plans is Sydney girl Patty Markham, of "Blue Star" fame. In February she'll marry Len Taylor, a young man she has known for about 18 months. They met while both were singing in a nightclub.

"I wanted a small wedding," Patty said, "but there are already about 250 people on the list!"

Her wedding ring was a made-to-order solitaire diamond in a star setting, held by two leaf shapes. The style is called Twist.

Patty plans to go on singing after she's married. Len,

too, will keep on singing in addition to his permanent clerical job.

A FAT contract with GTV Channel 9 in Melbourne has just been signed by Lana Cantrell, but she is still going to America before she starts her new TV work.

However, instead of working in the States as she planned, she will have a sightseeing holiday.

In January she'll move to Melbourne to begin her work for GTV as star vocalist. She'll also be working with Graham Kennedy in the "In Melbourne Tonight" series.

At 19, Lana will be the youngest member of the "on camera" staff at GTV. The Channel is going to give her extra tuition in speech, deportment, and dancing.

Local talent: The title "Vocally Yours" on the jacket of Rob E. G.'s new Festival EP is irritating and turned me off his Country and Western numbers. His singing lacks sparkle and his choice of songs is dull.

FOUR Warren Carr numbers can be heard on a new Leedon EP called "Rondo" after one of his best numbers. The piano is a bit TOO honky-tonk, but it doesn't matter greatly.

A GOOD collection of popular numbers can be found on "J. O.K. on Camera," a Leedon LP featuring nine Leedon stars, including Johnny O'Keefe, at their best. This would be a good present for a young teenager.

Jazz: Bound to sell like hot cakes at Christmas is the Festival LP of Graeme Bell and his All Stars with plenty of good Trad Jazz numbers.

THE new Ray Price Quartet has its first record out. It's a Coronet 45 with "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen" backed with "Shuffle Off To Buffalo." Everyone will love the "Bei Mir" side and it's sure to be a hit.

Pops: You'll like hearing Earl Grant "Learning The Blues" (Festival 45). His voice is pleasant, easy to listen to, much in the Sinatra style. Flipside is "Sweet Sixteen Bars" played on a jazz organ. It's interesting, but not so sweet.

QUITE O.K. for a few minutes' idle listening is Patsy Cline's new "Heartaches" (Festival 45), but it's no world-shaker.



KELLY GREEN, the Perth girl making a hit in Sydney.



PAUL WAYNE, who's planning a revival of rock-'n'-roll.

NOW, A SORT BACK 'N' SIDES!

● I see that mere snips of girls are moving into the men's barbering business in Britain.

IT seems that the Gentlemen's Hairdressing Academy has opened a course for cute clippers and lady latherers.

An official of the Academy justified the move: "Men," he said, "like pretty manicurists in barber shops—why not pretty barbers?"

Now, I agree with cute-icle manicurists, but what a hair-raising picture the barbering news paints.

I don't suppose the old male barber shop's name and appearance would be chic enough for a girl.

It would have to become a salon, run, of course, by a lady with a terribly French name.

The old sit-down-and-wait routine would go, too, in favor of appointments. Which is a nasty trend in male hairdressing. How could a bloke any more excuse his violin-length hair by pleading that the shop was always full?

I suppose barbelles would still pursue the traditional barber-shop conversation lines: world affairs and horse-racing.

But now, perhaps, the talk would be about MRS. Kennedy and fashion favorites—enough to make even a young shaver bristle.

About the only good thing I can see in the system is that it would be another way for boys and girls to get together.

A customer could say to his barber: "You're a little trimmer."

And she, in turn, could sing to him: "I want a curl just like the curl that married dear old Mum!"

Love in a barber shop, however, would probably end hopelessly.

A boy would never be able to scissor and hold her close—something would always comb between them.

And, naturally, there'd always be a parting.

I must say that an unsuccessful pass made at a barber during a shave could be fatal.

She could really cut you dead!

—Robin Adair

WORTH HEARING

BERLIOZ: Symphonie Fantastique

WHEN the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its conductor, Charles Munch, visited Australia in 1960, one of their most electrifying performances was of the "Symphonie Fantastique" of Berlioz. Listeners who want to recapture that experience and others who want to discover it can do so through an R.C.A. recording of the same orchestra and conductor in the same work, newly released. (Monaural and stereo.)

The work itself has been discussed here before. Berlioz, it will be remembered, wrote it when he was 26, under the influence of his romantic passion for the Irish Shakespearian actress Henrietta Smithson (whom he later married).

Berlioz's admirers may not regard it as his greatest work, but it is certainly his most popular, and it is certainly of great historical importance as one of the early landmarks of 19th-century musical romanticism.

When it appeared in 1830 no composer had ever written a "story symphony" like this one or abandoned himself so completely in a major work to the description of non-musical ideas through musical means.

Its historical importance apart, it remains a highly colorful work and a great test of an orchestra's virtuosity—a test that Munch and the Bostonians meet with superb skill and dash.

—Martin Long

THE JOAN SUTHERLAND SHOW

ADDIO DEL PASSATO (Farewell forever)

JOAN SUTHERLAND

Verdi's *La Traviata*, set in Paris about 1840, is the tragic story of a beautiful courtesan (Violetta) who falls in love with a young man (Alfredo) and abandons her former life to be with him. But after Alfredo's father says she is ruining his son's future, Violetta agrees to give him up and tells Alfredo she is returning to her old life. Later, when she is desperately ill with consumption, Alfredo discovers her sacrifice and wants to see her to beg forgiveness. But Violetta fears he will not come in time and she sings the pathetic "Addio del passato" . . . then Alfredo arrives and she dies in his arms.

Farewell then forever
To the daydreams I cherished.
My roses are faded,
My fair hopes have perished;
Without Alfredo's love all my
life is too dreary,
Without him beside me my spirit
is weary . . .

My spirit is weary. Ah!
Yonder my errors may yet be
forgiven,
Though men are relentless
There's mercy in Heaven!
Ah! For me the end is nigh,
For me the end is nigh, is nigh!



Sutherland with TCN producer-director Peter Benardos.

AL BEL DESTIN (To the beautiful destiny)

Duet: JOAN SUTHERLAND,
MARGRETA ELKINS

Donizetti's *Linda di Chamounix* is set in mid-18th-century France. Linda is a farmgirl and her father has mortgaged their home to a marchioness who owns the Chamounix village. Linda loves a young painter, Carlo—in reality, the marchioness' son. But to escape the attentions of Carlo's wicked uncle, Linda's father sends her to Paris with a young boy, Pierotto. In Paris Linda lives in a rich apartment provided by Carlo; they plan to marry. Rejoicing in her happiness, Pierotto (Elkins) visits Linda (Sutherland) . . .

PIEROTTO: To the beautiful destiny which you awaited,
Linda, I, too, smiled, ah!
As your tenderest brother I share your pleasures over none;
I shall pray Heaven that so beautiful a day shall come soon . . .

DUET: (Linda) (Pierotto)
Ah! yes, my good Pierotto, Such a beautiful day—
Yes, pray it, Heaven may bring sooner,
God will listen to you— A prayer to Heaven, a prayer
Ah, yes, God will listen to Heaven, Heaven, I want to
you . . . pray.

PIEROTTO: I can imagine the joy of parents in embracing you;
All the valley in happiness come out to meet you;
I can imagine the joy of parents in embracing you, ah!
To the beautiful destiny which you awaited,
Linda, I, too, smile, ah!
As your tenderest brother—I share your pleasures.

DUET: (Linda) (Pierotto)
Ah! yes, my good Pierotto Such a beautiful day —
Yes, pray it, May Heaven bring soon,
God will listen to you . . . Pray to heaven, pray . . .
Farewell! Pierotto, My Linda, farewell —
Ah! yes, God will listen to you. Ah! yes, I want to pray.

Then Carlo arrives, and tells Linda his mother is forcing him to marry a girl of his own rank. When Pierotto later brings news that a marriage is taking place in the marchioness' palace, Linda loses her reason. With Pierotto, she returns to Chamounix.

MAD SCENE from Lucia di Lammermoor

JOAN SUTHERLAND

Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, set in 18th-century Scotland, is the tragic love story of Lucia and Edgardo. Lucia's ambitious brother wants her to marry another man, Arturo. So he tricks his sister into thinking Edgardo is unfaithful, and she agrees to marry Arturo. Then Edgardo charges Lucia with infidelity. Her marriage to Arturo takes place — but that night Lucia goes mad and kills her bridegroom with a dagger. In the middle of the wedding festivities, Lucia appears in a bloodstained nightgown for the dramatic "Mad Scene" . . . crazily radiant, she imagines she is marrying Edgardo; then, almost clear-minded, realises she is dying. When Edgardo hears of the tragedy, he stabs himself.

His voice enthralled me with its music so tender,
Ah! That sweet voice has to my heart descended.
Edgardo! To thee I am plighted,
Yes, I am thine, love
For I have fled from all that hate thee!
My bosom with a tremor is thrilled —
Here by the fountain, come, let us sit together
Alas! See there a phantom arises and seeks to
part us.

Alas! Edgardo!
Oh, dreadful phantom, do not
part us!
Here let us kneel, Edgardo, before
the altar;
'Tis strewn with roses —
Sounds of celestial music!
Say, dost thou hear them?
Ah! The bridal anthems are
pealing!
The ritual is now preparing —
Oh, joy unbounded! Edgardo!
Oh, ecstasy and rapture —
Oh, endless joy and rapture
beyond all telling!
Incense is burning!
Shining are holy symbols, priests
are awaiting —
Give me thy right hand;
Oh! Day of gladness!
At last thou art mine, love,
Given to me by merciful Heaven—
Henceforth will our lives become
a smile from Heaven . . .

Cast on my grave a flower,
But let there be no weeping
When 'neath the turf I am
sleeping,
Let not an eye grow dim.
For 'mid the fields of azure,
I go to wait for him.
Yes, in Heaven, I go to wait for
him





IN HER FAVORITE ROLE, as Violetta in Verdi's "La Traviata," Sutherland chose the heart-rending aria "Addio del passato" from the last act. The dying Violetta receives a letter saying her lover is hurrying to her bedside, but she fears he will not arrive in time. With this aria, "Sutherland reduced the entire studio to tears," said Betty Best, of our London staff, who watched the historic TV show being made.

The immortal from our own backyard

Joan Sutherland grew up in Sydney's Woollahra; and when she dies she will become one of civilisation's immortals.

AS long as there are people around who want to talk of great singing or drop great names, Sutherland's voice will be discussed and Sutherland's name, even 200 years hence, will be dropped.

It's a strange thought really. One doesn't really expect immortals to come from one's own backyard.

Absurd, of course, to say so, because there's absolutely no reason why the next Nijinsky shouldn't come from Dubbo, the next Rembrandt from Townsville, the next Voltaire from Oodnadatta, and the next Sutherland from Toorak . . . or even what used to be Adaminaby.

No reason at all, the way Australians are busting out all over at everything nowadays; but not really to be expected. One never fails to be surprised at the accident of immortality occurring in one's own neighborhood.

Still, Sutherland occurred in ours, as Melba did; and it's a sobering thought that, though Australia undoubtedly had a Prime Minister when Melba sang, the world today remembers only Melba and has no idea who that Prime Minister was.

Just as sobering to realise that, though a hundred years hence, the world will certainly have forgotten Robert Menzies and Harold Macmillan and Konrad Adenauer—and possibly even John Fitzgerald Kennedy as well—Sutherland, like Melba, it will remember.

What Churchill was to 20th century politics, Bradman to 20th century sport, and Hitler to 20th century evil, Sutherland, with Callas, will be to 20th century operatic art.

Callas from number 61 via Pattison, Athens; Sutherland from Woollahra. Both immortal.

Mark you, immortality is much harder to come by nowadays, because immortality needs legends to nourish it—and modern methods of recording

and transmission are murder on legends.

For today's singers there can be no escape from the harsh evidence of modern technology indeed their fame and their incomes depend largely upon recordings which anyone may buy and to which all, sitting in judgment, may listen.

So that, to achieve international fame in spite of gramophone records, singers must first achieve near perfection.

The fact that Sutherland's records sell in astounding numbers all over the world (they are particularly popular in Japan!) is a guarantee both of her great art today and of her certain survival for posterity.

Such a recorded survival the majority of the world's legendary sopranos have not had to provide.



By RUSSELL BRADDON, the well-known Australian author ("The Naked Island"), who is Sutherland's biographer. He describes the Australian prima donna as "the most lovable woman I ever met."

Up to the time of Melba we accept that all allegedly great singers were great even though we have never heard them; and the voice, as recorded, of Melba herself, all hoots and wobbles, we charitably ignore, accepting the legend instead.

For all we know, Patti and Malibran, and Grist, those greats of

the early 19th century, may have sung flat on their E flats in alt and blended the lower with the middle register abominably.

But legend doesn't say so, so we refuse even to contemplate such heresies.

On the other hand, when Sutherland sang *Beatrice di Tenda* at La Scala in Milan, her performance was broadcast by the B.B.C. to anyone who cared to listen—or criticise.

And doubtless also it was taped; so that, whatever men in later years may say of that performance, the actual sounds will always be available, a dispassionate recorded argument against exaggeration.

Likewise, as sets of long-playing discs are issued of Sutherland singing entire roles in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Rigol*

• To page 8

Behind the Joan Sutherland show

By Charles Allerdice

GENERAL MANAGER OF THE AUSTRALIAN FIXED TRUSTS GROUP

THE Joan Sutherland show will run exactly one hour, but behind it lie months of work and planning.

The show had its beginning in April this year, when the Board of Directors of Australian Fixed Trusts discussed the possibility of persuading Miss Sutherland to come to Australia in person for a concert series.

However, our enquiries showed that it was not practicable, at least for a year or two.

Miss Sutherland's back injury has made it painful for her to remain seated for lengthy periods. This ruled out a long air flight from Europe to Australia, which would have been a hazard to her health.

We then set out to arrange the next best thing to a personal appearance—bringing her back to the Australian people through the medium of television.

We discussed this with the management of TCN and were delighted to find they were as enthusiastic about the idea as we were.

TCN undertook to negotiate for Miss Sutherland to be recorded abroad, and succeeded in a remarkably short time. The next step was the detailed planning

of the production, which TCN conducted with impressive skill.

The Joan Sutherland show to us at Australian Fixed Trusts is the realisation of an ideal. To understand this you have to know something about us. We are an Australian unit trust management organisation. Unit trusts are a form of co-operative investment which we pioneered here 26 years ago.

They provide what we might call "investment for the people."

Each of our trusts holds many—sometimes many hundreds—of different stock exchange investments. The value of a trust's investments may run into millions of pounds.

The money for these investments comes from people who buy "shares" or, as we call them, "units," in the trusts. Each unit is a share not only in one investment but in all a particular trust's investments put together.

This gives every unit holder, even the smallest, all the massive advantages which only the very big investor ordinarily can have.

As trust managers, our job is to see that the money subscribed is invested wisely to give unit holders the best return for their money with the highest degree of security.



JOAN SUTHERLAND (right) and Margreta Elkins rehearse a duet at the Studios of TWW Bristol before the recording of the Joan Sutherland show.

It requires expert investment management, involving not only initial selection of investments but continual assessment of the best investment combinations available, and the skill to secure them.

We at Australian Fixed Trusts believe we have provided a public service in this way. Our belief is supported by the fact that 80,000 Australians are now A.F.T. investors, sharing in investments valued at £55 million.

We feel we are also doing a public service by sponsoring the Joan Sutherland

show and thus bringing the golden voice of one of Australia's celebrated daughters back to her own people.

A.F.T.'s Joan Sutherland show will be televised from all Australian capital cities. Also we are making it available to all country television stations whose viewing areas are outside those of capital cities.

In this way we will give every Australian viewer the opportunity of enjoying it. And we are sure they will.

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● From page 6

etto, Alcina, Sonnambula, and Traviata (all of which she will have completed before these words go to print) and as other discs are released of her singing the classic arias for voices like hers, any and every fool will be able to listen and decide for himself whether Sutherland, to him, is great.

In the meantime, there are plenty of people around who would, if they could, prejudice the listener before he even listens.

Human nature being what it is, not all who remember Sutherland as a Woollahra girl in the forties take pleasure in her international stardom of the sixties.

To a mean-minded few who knew her from suburban concerts before she left Australia, there is still pleasure to be derived from telling how loudly she sang — forgetting entirely that since those days her voice has been lifted from steely soprano to purest coloratura and that now she sings quite differently.

Likewise, in London, not all those critics who watched her being gradually transformed, both physically and vocally, from lumpish anonymity into the great star of today's opera take pleasure in the transformation.

This because it was her Australian husband, Richard Bonyng, who, more than anyone else, was responsible for the transformation; because he had always told these critics that his wife would be a great singer—and because they had never believed him.

They were not pleased when Bonyng proved himself right and them wrong.

Still sniping

Nowadays there are not a few of the gentry who, infuriated by Bonyng's success as his wife's maestro, snipe endlessly at Sutherland's achievements.

Strangely, in Italy and America she is spared this kind of pettiness.

Confronted with a tall, rather statuesque redhead who sings like an angel, the Americans care nothing for the less glamorous days of her past — and the Italians frankly relish the glamor of the present.

To walk with Sutherland through the streets of Rome is to experience the whole gamut of wolf whistles and Italian extroversion.

To attend a Sutherland performance in either Milan or New York (provided one is lucky enough to get a ticket) is to realise how wholeheartedly an audience can enjoy great art when it is not distracted by the Anglo-Saxon's aptitude for envying the famous.

Great artists are made by great audiences.

A sore point, of course, this, to raise in Australia, where Sutherland has not been heard in person at all since 1949; yet the explanation is simple.

Sutherland sang her way to success through ten years of chronic poisoning from infected sinuses and antrums.

In 1959 she achieved stardom

—and paid for it with incipient arthritis.

By early 1962 she had constantly to receive the support of a steel corset and today she has to be at all times within a few days' travel of doctors who know her history, in either London or New York.

Thus she could not fly to Australia this year because each leg of the flight was too long; and she could not travel there by ship because no ship, in the event of a sudden need for medical help, could get her back to her doctors in time.

Consequently, nowadays she performs much less than she did from 1959-1961, and records far more.

Pure Australian

When she does perform, she flies in short hops to the opera houses of Europe, or takes a ship to New York for her work in America. But whether she performs or not, travels or not, her back hurts all the time.

"And since it does," she comments, "I might just as well sing as mope around thinking about it."

And, as she says it, one forgets entirely that she's due for immortality and becomes instead very aware of Woollahra. Sutherland may sing like something from heaven, but she talks pure Australian. Close your eyes and you hear not a diva but a Sydney girl who's a good secretary and knows all about fighting her way on to a train (but not getting a seat) every weekday morning and night, and who's probably saving up for a trip to England.

Actually you're not so far from the truth. Miss Sutherland was once an excellent secretary and can still bash out a letter with the fastest of them, back straight in the best secretarial posture, fingers flying.

Will she be able to go on singing, then, with the bad back and the corset and the pain? It seems she will. If her back gets no better nowadays, at least it gets no worse.

But then there were the others — mainly those nagging critics who were more dismayed than overjoyed by her triumph in 1959 — who say that it's not her health that will give out but her voice.

What of Sutherland's voice? Here I can only report that I have asked this question of many experts and that no two give the same answer. Some say the glorious Sutherland voice will give out next year, others say it will last for 20 years.

Her throat specialist says that her vocal cords are still the most perfect he has ever seen.

Her recording company says that her latest discs reveal more vigor in the voice than at any time since 1959.

And her husband—whom all the experts have contradicted for years (always to their fury, mistakenly) — announces blithely: "She's as strong as an ox. She's got perfect technique. She'll be knocking spots off everyone else when she's 60."

Which means, most likely, that Woollahra will have to wait at least another 25 years before it gets its first real win in the Immortality Stakes.

Somehow I don't think Woollahra will mind.



AS PATHETIC, MAD LUCIA in Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," Sutherland begins the most famous scene in her most internationally famous role. Here, Lucia has just killed her bridegroom (Arturo) and grief for her lost love (Edgardo) clouds her brain. As Lucia, Sutherland's voice shows her "awesome, unassailable technique," says Russell Braddon; it was as Lucia she conquered the world's great opera houses.

• Queue (left) at Lenin's Tomb, a daily sight in Moscow. At right, the spire on the Admiralty, Leningrad.

In the lobby are two mirrored lifts with grilled, outswinging doors. To let you in, the uniformed male driver opens the door and steps out. You get in, he gets in, closing the door, and away you go. At your floor he opens the door, gets out, waves you out.

You are then at a desk (relic of a bygone age of space and elegance), at which you soon learn you must leave your room key.

There's a desk to each floor, and a maid, usually capped and aproned, sits at it knitting or listening to the radio. She pulls open a drawer, selects your key, and gives it to you.

Russian-style, it's 5in. long. Our room had two keys — the big one for the bottom lock in the double wood-and-frosted-glass doors; the yale-type one for the top lock. Until you mastered this double situation, you needed help to get into your room. Help used to follow you (resigned or beaming, according to temperament) down a seeming mile of carpeted marble corridor, past the lady plasterer who was among the workmen refurbishing the rooms opposite. And with many a "Pazhalsta" (meaning all at once "please," "not at all," "excuse me") and "Spasibo" (thank you), which constituted my Russian vocabulary, we were in our room.

This had a couch, six chairs, wardrobe, dressing-table, desk (to arouse a dealer's interest), Persian carpet, polished wood floor, floor-to-ceiling (some drop this!) lace curtains at the double windows, and in a curtained alcove twin beds.

Off an entrance corridor in the room was our bathroom, unchanged, surely, since 1905, white-tiled, with long, high white bath. It was madly inconvenient—no shower, no shower curtain, no room for toilet things, the pegs impossibly high, the mirror a tiptoe job, and when you used the hair-washing-type hand spray the walls, so narrow, threw the water back until the floor was awash.

Room 225, like the whole Natsch, has everything wrong with it, according to the Western creed of streamlining and convenience and the lowest-common-denominator of comfort. But it has that unbuyable commodity, grandeur. And I loved it.

If Anna Karenina had (anachronistically) come swaying in through the double doors in black velvet with pansies in her hair, I wouldn't have been surprised. My greeting would have been—you guessed it—"Pazhalsta!"

Teenagers' view

Our clothes and make-up were of great interest to people in the street. But I never got the impression that older people envied us. However, among the young is a great hunger for Western "luxuries."

One university student, aged 19, stopped me to chat in a park (many people stop and speak to you in English when they're



at leisure). He was tall and dark, his English excellent.

He looked at me in amazement when I said I didn't know of Gerry Mulligan, that my knowledge of pop singers stopped at Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald. The film "The Glenn Miller Story" had been in Moscow and he had seen it 25 times.

Pause while he sang "Chattanooga Choo-Choo" in perfect American.

He was fascinated that most Australians live in houses with their own gardens; that every third person owns a car.

Could we get copies of "Life" and "Time"? Papers and magazines from all over the world? "Wonderful," he breathed.

Did I have any chewing-gum? No, I said, but have a cigarette.

Why, I asked, this great yearning for chewing-gum? We thought of it as something for children.

"Well, we can't get it here," he said with a smile.

"Why not manufacture some," I teased. "You'd make a fortune."

"It's not allowed here to have your own factory."

"Then, make some at home—in the bathroom."

"Oh, yes," he said, laughing. "And then the police come and—" He pulled at his collar indicating being hauled off to gaol.

Later I asked what he'd wish for if he could have three wishes.

He pondered a while.

Then, with a faraway look in his bright, black eyes, he said slowly, ponderingly, and rather shyly:

"A good wife . . . a good job . . . and a nice home."

I didn't ask his name. He didn't ask mine. But, Nikita or Dimitri or whoever you are, I hope your wishes come true.

How Moscow lives

Adelle and I found out a little of how Russia lives, when, by request, Intourist arranged for us to go to the flat of Mrs. Yevdochia Nicolaevna Kosticheva with interpreter Mrs. Nelly. It is about eight miles from the Kremlin: Flat 197, 7th floor, No. 4, First Street of Builders.

The entrance to the block of flats is daunting: A lift that carries no more than four at once; cement corridors and steps that were never gay and now need repainting even if only in their original drab. You don't need to be told that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people live there.

Turn overleaf

• Pushkin Museum, near Leningrad, formerly the Tsars' summer palace.



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REPORT FROM RUSSIA

From previous page

Mrs. Kosticheva's flat consists of a bedroom, a living-room, lobby, kitchen-dining-room, and bathroom. In it live Mrs. Kosticheva, her husband, sons 16 and 15, and daughter 13. One thing Russia is not big on is living space.

Mrs. Kosticheva is 40, short, brunette, and roly-poly, with a merry smile. Her husband was at the office. He is a designer in a book-publishing house. She doesn't go to work now, although she and her husband met when she managed the laboratory where he was a designer. She has retained her maiden name.

He is paid 250 roubles (about £A125) a month. (Ballerina Strichkova gets 500 a month, a department store salesgirl 90-110.) He works from 9 to 5, six days a week, and gets one month's leave a year.

He gives his wife all his pay.

"They spend it together, consulting each other," Mrs. Nelly translated.

This is how it goes every month:

Rent, 11 roubles (about £A5/10/-).

Food, 150 roubles (about £A75).

Gas, 30 to 40 kopeks (about A4/-).

Light, 2 roubles (about £A1).

As for the remaining £A44 a month:

Education is free. She couldn't estimate how much went on clothing. They buy books, spend nothing whatever on cosmetics. They own a TV set, vacuum-cleaner, refrigerator, and furniture.

Their amusements are the cinema, theatre, and TV. Her new hobby is a sewing course costing about £A2 a month.

On birthdays and holidays they might celebrate with friends and a little vodka, but mostly she and her husband just "like to be together and watch TV."

We refused coffee on the score of being pressed for time. In fact, I felt uneasy that we had interrupted the household. Mrs. Kosticheva would be wanting to get back to her sewing-machine, daughter Margarita to her book, and the elder boy to his German study at the only desk in the house. In that home just one visitor would shatter what privacy there is.

Lovely Leningrad

Moscow is like a Red Army song, and it looks, frowning, at now and tomorrow. Leningrad is Tchaikovsky, and it looks, with a smile, to the past.

It is the former St. Petersburg, the shrine of the Russia that once was, preserved by the resolution of Lenin.

We flew there and returned by train, leaving in mid-afternoon, travelling on a line as straight as a string. ("Where do you want the railway built?" they asked the Tsar. "Like this," he said, drawing a straight line from Leningrad to Moscow.) Train time is about 6 1/2 hours.

The country is a monotony of green fields, wooden houses, and beautiful woods, and in the sunset glow it took on plaintive quality that made me understand why expatriate Russians get homesick to the point of despair.

We stayed at the Astoria, built 1912, where Hitler, we were told, planned to hold his victory dinner in the early 1940s.

The city (three million people) is not intimate, but it is very beautiful, with mile upon mile of baroque and classic buildings, often heavy but always elegant, the people seeming prettier, lighter built than the Muscovites. Groups of charming children in woollen caps and stockings play in the parks, and women walk home with bouquets of golden leaves.

Everywhere is evidence of the Tsars, from Peter the Great, who raised it from the marshes, through Elizabeth and the German Catherine the Great, who glorified it, to the last, sad, stupid Nicholas.

The bedroom of Nicholas' poor, ailing Tsarina "Alicky" is on view at the Winter Palace, but her bed is no longer there.

Catherine ran out of walls for her art treasures and built the Hermitage on to the Winter Palace. It is still a gallery, continually refurbished, although it needs a Romanoff purse to make it come alive with scent and laughter. Still, who needs scent with 25 Rembrandts.

Under the pictures of religious subjects—

● Section of the outside of the block of flats, typical of Moscow.



● Only bedroom of Mrs. Kosticheva's flat. It is about 10ft. x 12ft. She is with daughter, Margarita, 13.



● Living-room, about 10ft. x 16ft. Beside Mrs. Kosticheva is Nina Chadrina, flats manager.



● Kitchen-dining room, about 12ft. x 6ft. All of the rooms lead off a lobby about 4ft. x 6ft.



● The Kremlin. The fortress walls were rebuilt in the 15th century. Its churches are now museums; new and remodelled buildings are government offices.

a pieta, the crucifixion — is a little card printed in Russian. Our pretty, slender, golden-haired guide, Ella Goroshenko, said that it explained the story to the many young people who had never heard of it.

Leningraders sing rather small about their Metros ("only 14"), but I got the impression that they do it from tact, for nowhere in Moscow is there anything to match an inch of Peter's "window on Europe."

Returning in the train we chatted (through "Jenny," who, plus her chief, Victor Alexeev, had accompanied us to Leningrad) with a high-ranking Red Army officer. He had shirt not tucked in, high boots, and many medals from World War II.

It started well with his hope for peace between our countries. Then he beat one of the men in our group at chess. Another man took him on. When he lost the first time he stopped laughing. When he lost the second time he brushed aside the chessmen and stalked off, scowling. We didn't see him again.

A happier memory is buying a balalaika — to the great joy of Victor Alexeev, who encouraged me in my folly, barely able to keep a straight face.

I can't play it—don't even know how to tune it—and it was sheer murder to carry on and off aircraft, looking the while like the beginnings of a vaudeville turn.

Never mind. It is a permanent souvenir of three days in a lovely city, a reminder that while there are Russians who can't bear to lose at chess, there are also Russians, like Victor, who know how to laugh.

who said
Christmas cake
was hard
to make
?

It isn't — if you use this recipe! It takes a *little* time and *no* trouble and gives you a *real*, old style *rich* fruit cake that will last for months and taste delicious to the very last crumb. Here's what you need to make it.

one 8 inch round cake tin
1/2 lb. Sultanas
1/2 lb. Seeded Raisins
1/4 lb. Currants
1/4 lb. Mixed Peel
2 oz. Crystallised Cherries
(or maraschino cherries)
1/4 lb. Blanched Almonds
4 tablespoons Brandy
(or Whisky or Sherry)
1/2 lb. Butter
1/4 lb. Brown Sugar
1/4 lb. White Sugar
4 Eggs
10 oz. Plain Flour
1/2 level teaspoon Mixed Spice
1/2 level teaspoon Baking Powder
1/2 level teaspoon Nutmeg
one good pinch Salt

Stage 1 Prepare the fruit the day before you make the cake, by chopping the raisins and almonds into uniform sized pieces. Remove the sugar from the cherries and

mixed peel. Combine the fruit and nuts, sprinkle with half the brandy and set aside until the following day.

Stage 2 Line the 8 inch cake tin with two thicknesses of white paper and two of brown paper — extending the paper one inch above the top of the tin.

Stage 3 Beat the butter and sugar to a soft cream, (this will be easier if you stand the bowl in warm water for a few minutes). Add the unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating the mixture well after each one. Add half the fruit and the remainder of the brandy, and stir them in.

Stage 4 Sift the flour, spices, baking powder and salt together and gradually add half to the mixture. Add the remainder of the fruit and then gradually the remainder of the flour. Stir them in.

Stage 5 Place the mixture in the prepared tin in the lower half of a slow oven, and bake at 300° gas or 325° electric for about three hours; test after two and a half hours.

Stage 6 Turn the cake out of the tin to cool. Then replace it in the same tin upside, down. Completely wrap in brown paper for storage. Decorate about a week before the cake is to be cut.

P.S. You might like to try this icing on your cake. 1 pkt. Almond Paste, Egg White (or

apricot jam), 1 pkt. Soft Icing, Icing Sugar.

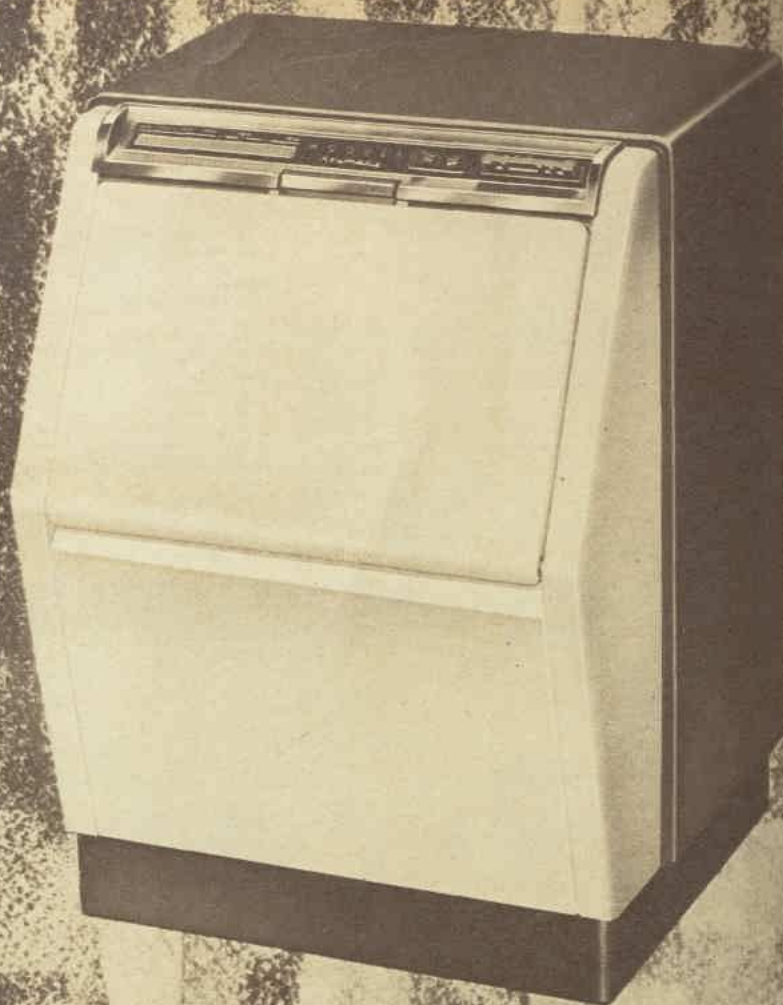
Roll the almond paste into a circle to fit the top of the cake. Brush the top of the cake with egg white (or sieved apricot jam). Place the almond layer on the cake and trim the edges. Allow this to stand for a day or two. Then take the soft icing and roll it out on a board sprinkled with icing sugar. Lift on to the cake and smooth with the palms of the hands. Trim the edges and pinch a frill around the edge. Decorate as desired.



We hope this recipe will make your Christmas merrier. With best wishes from the Australian Dried Fruits Association.



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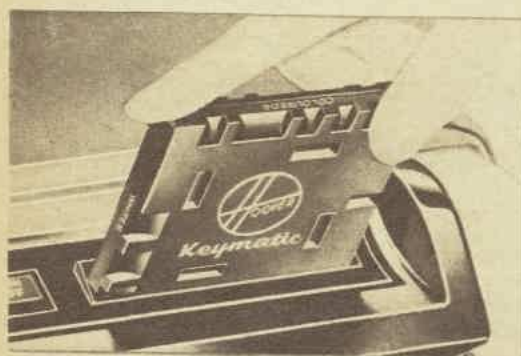


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process is automatically controlled. Water temperatures at all stages, the correct washing action, rinsing and spin-drying times—the Keyplate does it all! No more guesswork, no fear of mistakes. Just click in the Keyplate and your washing is over.

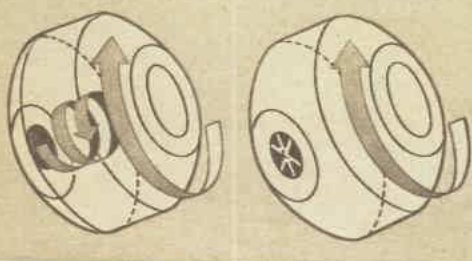
Keymatic has 2 completely different washing actions

Not just two speeds, but two entirely different washing actions. For robust, everyday washing (linen, cotton, etc.) Keymatic uses the famous "Boiling Action" pulsator that bubbles suds through every garment—getting out even the most stubborn dirt. For gentler washing, Keymatic has a unique "tilted tumble" action that gently rotates and flexes delicate fabrics as the tub slowly turns. Only Keymatic has these two separate washing actions—automatically controlled to suit the fabric.

KEYMATIC HAS EVERYTHING . . .

8 separate washing programmes. Every type of fabric gets perfect handling in its own individual washing programme. For example: heavily soiled clothes are vigorously washed by the famous "boiling action" pulsator—proved in over 500,000 Australian homes. After this they are specially rinsed and then spin dried. Delicate woollens get gentle "tilted tumble" washing in lukewarm water and are then given three reduced temperature rinses to avoid shrinkage. Keymatic has eight separate washing programmes to give a perfect wash to every fabric. Just match the

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2. Gentle Action.
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The amazing Hoover Keymatic—the washer that thinks for itself!

A FATHER writes a READER'S STORY:

"My wife and I had a 'second family' in middle life"

● My wife and I have just celebrated our 32nd wedding anniversary. Nothing unusual in that—except that for us it has meant nearly 31 years of having at least one child in the house.

FOR you see we had two children early in our marriage, then a second family of two when we were in our forties.

I believe it is given to only a few couples to experience the joys and almost divine blessings of having a family late in life as we did.

Our first daughter, Patsy, was born the first year after our marriage in 1930, our second daughter, Annette, two years later.

While she was still at high school at 13, Carol, our third daughter, arrived, and two years later Helen, who is perhaps (if I dare say it) the most beautiful of them all, was born.

For my wife, now in her fifty-sixth year, Helen is the baby at 15.

It was only natural at the time that our friends told us we were crazy starting a family over again and asked why, made some wisecracks, and so on.

Of course, they knew it wasn't a question of creed with us. They knew us well.

I think that perhaps today some of these same people who were amazed at us are the lonely ones in middle age and secretly envy us!

For whatever we have had

to forgo in worldly possessions through our second venture into parenthood we have gained in the joy and happiness that only the young ones can bring into our lives.

Of course, life has not been easy for us over these years.

Carol was in poor health for the first three years of her life, and in our forties we had our first taste of sleepless nights on end—and it was at this time that my wife got her first grey hairs.

By F. C. CHAPMAN,
Taranna, Tasmania

Today the silver there adds to her natural beauty and charm, and few people will believe her when she tells them her age.

One of a large family of thirteen children, she learnt the need for self-denial.

She also has her natural unselfishness, and thus had the inner strength to cope with problems that would have daunted many a younger mother.

And our needs during our life together were always met. We have never known unhappiness.

For my first two children I do not think I was an ideal father.

In the depression days

my work took me away from home for nearly half the year and my wife had the upbringing of these children more or less on her own.

I did not really see much of them even when I was home, as they were in bed at 6 p.m. and I was really too wrapped up in my work to bother with them.

I did not realise then what a capable and good wife I had.

Sure, I gave them a good education, but I don't think I ever made any real sacri-

fices, as I always seemed to put my own pleasure first.

Over one particular period of years I don't think I ever missed a race-meeting at the weekend, although I did occasionally take the family out on Sunday afternoons.

Only on very rare occasions were the children sick and I had a pretty carefree life as a father.

With the advent of my second family I felt I was given another chance as a parent. My work then seldom took me away from home, and I was able to, and wanted to, devote most of my spare time to my wife and babies.

My head was balding considerably now, but I did more than my share of "pram-pushing," and I enjoyed and derived much benefit from the exercise entailed!

As the children have grown up I have given them more love and affection and especially my time.

Time is something that children really need from their father, especially in the present-day era when so many people are always too busy (although of necessity more often than not) chasing the extra pound.

Children seldom ask for our "time," but if we miss the opportunity to give of ourselves to them I feel we lose something we can never recapture later on.

A gap, however small, is made between parent and child that can never really be bridged.

This is a mistake and I proved this with my first two daughters.

With Carol and Helen, in giving, I have also received much more.

For a man of 60 to have his daughter of 15 embrace him at night and say, "I love you, Daddy, so much," is something almost divine.

Then again I am always learning something new from my children, and when I am low in spirits their faith and youthful laughter will quickly renew my interest in living in these difficult years.

If there is a "freedom" to be looked forward to, when education and the responsibility of having young children are finished, I am sure my wife and I have only postponed that day.

Perhaps in the not-too-far-distant future we will have that holiday together that we have had to put off.

Perhaps fate might even decree that I visit my native London after 40 years of absence. Who knows? Sometimes dreams do come true.

My two eldest children are now married and we have six grandchildren.

Dad helps

But our responsibilities as parents are not really finished in this sphere, as they often seek their mother's help and advice like most young marrieds with families.

They don't seem to ever ask or need father's advice, though. If he's able to help financially now and then he's still a "good sort," however!

But they are two wonderful women and my greatest desire would be to be able to help them more, as it is no easy task for any woman bringing up a family in these days of inflated prices for every necessity.

They are lucky, though, to have two babysitters almost "on call"; and Carol and Helen are glad of the extra pocket-money they can earn this way.

I am glad that my two eldest daughters are having their families while still young, even though my wife and I have our "second" family as well as our "first."

In conclusion to this story of my life as a parent I sincerely hope I have not taken any credit away from my wife for the two beautiful teenage daughters we now have.

Any woman willing to start another family in her forties richly deserves all happiness that comes her way, and I hope that she will enjoy the excellent health she has now for many years.

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Ideal gift for Christmas

● The complete parentcraft book "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A., is recommended as a wonderful Christmas present for young mothers and mothers-to-be.

It is especially appreciated by country mothers in isolated places, or mothers living on islands where there is no local Baby Health Centre.

All aspects of mothercraft are dealt with, including full details on the pre-natal and post-natal months (with the special exercises clearly described and illustrated) and how to care for a baby during its first year.

Hints on the correct diet and management of the pre-school child are also given.

The enlarged and revised sixth edition of "You and Your Baby," illustrated and completely indexed, can be obtained from leading bookshops in the capitals or from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 15/-, plus 10d. postage.

Please print names and addresses clearly when ordering.

MEALS OUTDOORS



TO make life easier this summer, this cookery feature gives recipes for all types of dishes suitable for outdoor eating, from cool, refreshing summer drinks and tasty main-course dishes to mouth-watering desserts.

Some of the recipes can be prepared in ovenproof dishes carried straight to the table and served as a fork-buffet meal. Others are served ice-cold in contrast to the warm sunlit surroundings. All are guaranteed to provide appetising substantial food for hearty outdoor appetites.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes.

MAIN-COURSE DISHES

SUMMER SALAD TOSS

One cooked beetroot, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 small whole lettuce, 1½ cups finely chopped ham, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 2 shallots (chopped, including green section), 1 cup finely chopped celery, ½ cup grated cucumber, 1 tablespoon chopped gherkins, 1 tablespoon chopped stuffed olives, ½ cup French dressing.

Peel and slice cooked beetroot, soak in sugar and vinegar several hours. Drain, place round edge of large salad bowl with lettuce which has been torn into pieces. In separate basin combine ham, hard-boiled eggs, shallots, celery, cucumber, gherkins, olives. Add French dressing, toss. Pile into centre of salad bowl. Serves 4.

CONTINENTAL LUNCHEON DISH

Two tablespoons bacon fat, 1 small onion (sliced), 2 cups cubed and cooked ham or corned beef, 1 cup tomato sauce, 2 teaspoons rich prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 cup sour cream, 6 cups hot cooked rice.

Melt fat in pan. Sauté onion until yellow and tender; add ham. Blend together tomato sauce, mustard, paprika. Stir into ham, simmer 30 minutes. Add sour cream; heat, but do not boil. Serve over cooked rice. Serves 4 to 6.

TERIYAKI

One cup soy sauce, 1-3rd cup sherry, or sake if available, 1 in. piece fresh or 1 teaspoon powdered ginger, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 3 tablespoons grated onion, 1 clove garlic, 18 in. squares (½ inch thick) of sirloin steak, 12 cubes canned pineapple, 12 mushroom caps (sautéed), 1 tablespoon cornflour, 2 tablespoons water.

Combine soy sauce, sherry or sake, ginger, brown sugar, onion, garlic in bowl. Mix well. Marinate steak in sauce 2 hours. Drain steak, strain marinade and reserve. Grill steak under very hot grill 2 minutes on each side. On 4 to 6 skewers, alternate steak, pineapple, and mushrooms, starting and ending with steak. Set aside to keep warm or cool as desired. Mix cornflour and water to smooth paste in saucepan. Add marinade mixture gradually. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until smooth and thick. Serve this as hot sauce with the teriyaki. Serves 4 to 6.

SUNNYSIDE MEDLEY

Two onions (sliced), 1 cup sliced celery, 2 tablespoons butter or oil, 1½ lb. minced veal, salt, pepper, ½ teaspoon chilli powder, 1 can red kidney beans (drained), 1 small can whole kernel corn (drained), 1 large can tomato puree, 1 cup grated cheese.

Sauté sliced onions and celery in heated butter or oil until soft but not brown. Pour off any extra fat from pan, add meat. Stir over medium heat until browned evenly all over. Season well with salt, pepper, chilli powder, fold in kidney beans, corn, and tomato puree. Fill into large greased casserole, cover and bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Remove from oven, top with cheese before serving. Serves 4 to 6.

AFRICANA MINCE

Three tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup chopped onion, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, ¼ cup milk, 2 lb. minced steak, 1 egg, 1 to 2 dessertspoons curry powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon plum jam, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ¼ cup minced or finely chopped almonds, 2 bayleaves, lemon slices.

In small pan melt butter, add onion, sauté until golden. Soak breadcrumbs in milk. Thoroughly combine meat, egg, onion, curry powder, salt, plum jam, lemon juice, almonds, and breadcrumb mixture. On base of ungreased 8 in. pie-plate place broken bayleaves. Pat meat mixture on top. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour, then drain off any excess moisture. Serve in wedges with lemon leaves arranged round edge of dish and lemon wedges or slices on top. Serves 4 to 6.

SET A TABLE on patio, porch, or verandah and enjoy a summer meal outdoors, like the buffet lunch above. Main dish is *Sunnyside Medley* (see below). Picture by Keith Barlow.

SEAFOOD LOAF TARTARE

One and a half pounds flaked salmon or tuna, 1½ cups medium-thickness white sauce, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, ¼ cup diced cooked celery, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons diced parboiled red pepper (optional), 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, hard-boiled eggs (2, 3, or 4, as desired), 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 2 or 3 gherkins, 12 capers, 1½ teaspoons gelatine dissolved in little hot water.

Combine fish, sauce, breadcrumbs, celery, salt, cayenne pepper, diced red pepper, lemon juice, and parsley. Fill half into greased loaf-tin. Arrange hard-boiled eggs along centre. If only 2 eggs are used, chop them and mix with the fish mixture. Add remainder of fish mixture. Cover with greased paper, stand loaf-tin in warm water, bake in moderate oven ¼ to 1 hour. When half cold, turn carefully on to serving-platter. Leave until quite cold. Mix mayonnaise, onion, chopped gherkin and capers, and dissolved gelatine. When beginning to thicken, spoon slowly over loaf. Chill. Serves 4 to 6.

SUNSET FISH PATTIES

Two cups cooked flaked fish, 1½ cups mashed potato, 1 teaspoon minced shallot, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, salt, pepper, egg glazing, breadcrumbs, fat.

Combine fish with potato, shallot, lemon rind and juice, mustard, salt and pepper. Mix all ingredients well together. Shape into flat cakes. Coat with egg glazing, roll in breadcrumbs. Fry until golden brown in very hot fat.

Sauce: Two tablespoons tomato puree, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ cup water, 1 dessertspoon flour, ½ teaspoon curry powder, salt and pepper to taste.

Blend flour and curry powder with little cold water. Place remainder of ingredients into saucepan, bring to boil. Remove from heat, pour on to blended dry ingredients. Return to heat, stir until mixture thickens. Serves 4 to 6.

● Brilliant sunshine, blue sky, a wisp
of white cloud and it's time
to take full advantage of the Australian
summer by eating in the open air
as often as possible. Recipes
on these pages are for simple,
delectable outdoor meals.

RECIPES

FROM

OUR

LEILA

HOWARD

TEST

KITCHEN

LUSCIOUS DESSERTS

MELON WONDER GLAZE

Two or 3 medium-sized ripe rockmelons, 1 cup peeled and sliced oranges, 1 cup peeled and sliced fresh peaches, 1 cup peeled and diced pineapple (fresh or canned), 1 cup peeled and sliced bananas, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup skinned grapefruit sections, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup fruit juice (made up from the various fruits), 1 to 2 tablespoons sweet sherry.

Cut each rockmelon in halves crosswise, remove seeds. Scalloped or picot the edges; chill. Prepare all fruits; chill. Mix sugar and fruit syrup together, stir over low heat until sugar dissolves, chill, then add sweet sherry. To serve, pile prepared mixed fruits into rockmelon halves and pour over the chilled syrup. Top each with scoop of ice-cream if desired. Serves 4 to 6.

CREAM PEACH SHORTCAKES

Half pound self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh peach pulp (or canned), 2oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 egg-white, cream, sliced peaches, extra milk.

Sift flour and salt together, rub in butter. Peel and mash ripe peach or drain canned peach pulp. Add to butter mixture with lemon rind and sugar; mix well. Add beaten egg-yolk and milk and mix to scone consistency, adding little milk if necessary. Knead lightly on floured board, press out to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness. Cut into $\frac{3}{4}$ in. circles, brush with milk, place on greased oven-slides. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. While still hot brush over with egg-white, dust with mixture of brown sugar and cinnamon. When cold split open, fill with whipped cream, sliced peaches. Serves 4 to 6.

CITRUS PEACH SWEET

Two oranges, 2 lemons, sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, pinch ground cloves, pinch nutmeg, 4 to 6 large ripe peaches (or use canned peach halves), glaze cherries.

Squeeze juice from oranges and lemons; place in saucepan. Add all the spices, sweeten to taste with sugar. Bring to boil, simmer 3 minutes. Strain and cool. Peel fresh peaches, cut into slices (if using canned peaches, slice). Fill into 4 to 6 sweets glasses, pour over the spiced syrup. Top with small pieces of glaze cherry, serve well chilled. Serves 4 to 6.

Note: When using canned peaches, add some of the syrup to the spice mixture before boiling.

BLACK AND WHITE LAYERED PIE

One 8in. cooked biscuit pastry case.

Chocolate Layer: One and a half cups milk, 2 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons cornflour, 4 teaspoons gelatine, 4 tablespoons cold water, 4 squares chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Cream Layer: Two egg-whites, pinch cream of tartar, 1-3rd cup sugar, 2 teaspoons rum, whipped sweetened cream, grated chocolate.

Beat egg-yolks, add cornflour and sugar, stir until smooth. Add warmed milk, stir over gentle heat until boiling. Simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Cool slightly, stir in vanilla and gelatine softened in water. Melt chopped chocolate over boiling water, stir in half custard mixture. When cold and beginning to thicken, fill into pastry case, chill until firm. Beat egg-whites to meringue consistency with cream of tartar and sugar. Fold in remainder of custard flavored with rum. Pour on to chocolate filling, chill until firm. Top with grated chocolate and whipped cream. Serves 4 to 6.

BERRY MALLOW

Half pint cream, 1 cup marshmallows (bought or home-made), 1 egg-white, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup crushed strawberries, raspberries, or any other berry fruit desired.

Whip cream in chilled bowl until stiff. Fold in marshmallows (which have been chopped into small pieces). In separate bowl whip egg-white with salt, gradually beat in sugar until mixture is smooth and of meringue consistency. Fold into cream; chill. Just before serving fold in the crushed berries. Fill into small sweets dishes, serve. Serves 4 to 6.

PINEAPPLE MADEIRA

One large pineapple, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup madeira wine. Cut pineapple in halves lengthwise, leaving top on each half. Cut out all pineapple to form 2 shells. Dice fruit, return to shells in layers with sugar, piling high. Pour madeira over, chill 2 hours before serving. Serves 4 to 6.

LEMON-BANANA DESSERT

Pastry: Half pound plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 5oz. butter or substitute, 2 egg-yolks, 3oz. sugar, juice of half lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add egg-yolks, lemon juice, vanilla. Work in sifted flour and baking-powder. If necessary, add little water. Roll on board dusted with flour and ground rice. Roll to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness, line 8in. tart-plate, prick well. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes.

Lemon Butter: One and a half lemons (grated rind and juice), 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, 2 egg-yolks, 2oz. sugar.

Heat lemon juice, rind, sugar, and butter to boiling point. Remove from heat. Pour on to beaten egg-yolks, cook in double boiler, stirring constantly until thick. Cool.

Banana Mixture: Half dozen bananas, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Custard: Two egg-yolks, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons sweet sherry, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons castor sugar.

Add sugar to beaten egg-yolks. Beat until dissolved and mixture is thick and creamy. Add warmed sherry and continue heating over hot water until thickened.

To Assemble Sweet: Spread thick layer of lemon butter over base of pastry case. Add thick layer of mashed bananas and lemon rind. Pour cooled custard over bananas. Decorate top with whipped sweetened cream and cherries. Serves 4 to 6.

FROSTY SUMMER DRINKS

CHILLED TOMATO COCKTAIL

Three to 4 cups tomato juice, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon grated celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon horseradish, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, dash Worcestershire or tabasco sauce, pinch paprika, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, finely chopped parsley for decoration.

Combine all ingredients, except parsley, in large screw-top jar and shake well. Chill. Shake again, then pour into small glasses and top with finely chopped parsley. Serves 4 to 6.

STRAWBERRY CUP

One pound strawberries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, juice of 1 lemon, juice of 1 grapefruit, 2 pints boiling water, iced soda water or lemonade, ice-cubes.

Wash and hull strawberries, mash with fork. Add sugar (more if required), lemon juice, grapefruit juice. Pour boiling water over, stir until sugar dissolves. Leave to stand 5 to 6 hours. Strain if desired. Half fill strawberry mixture into tall glasses, top with chilled soda water or lemonade. Add few ice-cubes to each glass and serve. Serves 4 to 6.

HONEY TINGLER

Six tablespoons honey, 6 oranges, 3 lemons, ice-cubes. Shred rind from 3 oranges, squeeze juice from all oranges and lemons. Place honey in jug, add fruit juices, stir briskly. Place ice-cubes in glasses, pour mixture over. A little iced water can be added if desired. Sprinkle shredded orange rind over top of each glass. Serves 4 to 6.

Continued overleaf

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PRIZE RECIPE

THIS week's prize of £25 is awarded to Mrs. J. Cochran, 64a Braund Road, Prospect, S.A., for a recipe for unusual savory tidbits to serve with drinks.

Spoon measures are level.

CHIVE CHEWS

Three ounces grated cheese, 15 small round dry biscuits (rolled into fine crumbs), 1 tablespoon chopped chives, 2 gherkins (finely chopped), 1 tablespoon mayonnaise.

Place all ingredients into basin, mix together thoroughly. Form into small balls the size of marbles. Makes about 3 dozen. Will keep indefinitely in screw-top jar in refrigerator.

MEALS OUTDOORS . . . continued

VARIED SAVORY DIPS (for parties on the patio)

THESE savory dips can be made beforehand, stored in the refrigerator, and served later with assorted breads or biscuits at informal serve-yourself patio parties.

PATE PARISIENNE

Half lb. liverwurst, 2 dessertspoons tomato paste, 1 teaspoon tomato ketchup, 1 tablespoon sour cream, 1 tablespoon brandy, salt, black pepper, 1 small can mushrooms, 1 hard-boiled egg.

Mash liverwurst, beat in tomato paste, ketchup, cream, brandy.

Season to taste with salt, black pepper. Drain mushrooms, chop finely, fold into mixture. Serve piled into ramekin dish with garnish of sieved hard-boiled egg-yolk and shapes of egg-white.

GREEN MIST

Half cup thick mayonnaise, 2 avocado pears, dash tabasco sauce, 1 to 2 tablespoons lemon juice, salt, pepper, chopped chives.

Remove flesh from avocados, mash. Combine with mayonnaise, season to taste with tabasco sauce, lemon juice, salt, pepper. Cover,

chill before spooning into ramekin dish. Sprinkle with chives.

Note: A little green food coloring may be necessary to give misty green color to mixture.

DEVIL'S DELITE

Four lamb's kidneys, 2 tablespoons chopped shallot, 3 chopped mushrooms, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons brandy, 1 bayleaf, 1 cup stock or 1 cup water and 1 bouillon cube, 1 tablespoon cornflour blended with little extra stock, 2 teaspoons worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, chopped parsley.

Wash, skin, and chop kidneys. Sauté with shallots and mushrooms in butter 5 minutes. Heat brandy, set alight, pour carefully over kidneys. Stir in bayleaf, stock, cornflour, worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper. Simmer 10 minutes, remove bayleaf. Spoon into heated ramekin dish, serve sprinkled with parsley.

MEXICALE FARE

One onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 lb. minced steak, 1 tablespoon oil, 1 cup canned red kidney beans or baked beans, 1 tomato, 1 to 1 teaspoon chilli powder or sauce, 1 teaspoon oregano, salt, pepper.

Chop onion and garlic roughly, combine with minced steak, sauté in heated oil until browned. Drain off surplus fat, stir in beans, skinned and chopped tomatoes, chilli powder or sauce, salt, pepper, oregano. Cover, simmer 20 to 30 minutes. Spoon into heated ramekin dish, serve.

CRABMEAT TARTARE

Two 4oz. packages cream cheese, 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 8oz. can crabmeat, 1 tablespoon capers, 2 tablespoons chopped gherkin, salt, cayenne pepper, lemon wedge, parsley.

Mash and beat cream cheese with mayonnaise and lemon juice until smooth consistency. Cut crabmeat into small pieces, fold into cream cheese mixture with capers, gherkin. Season with salt, cayenne pepper if necessary. Spoon into ramekin dish, garnish with lemon wedge, parsley sprig.

TOSCANA

One cup well-seasoned thick white sauce, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 9 stuffed olives, 2 teaspoons anchovy paste, 1 teaspoon tomato paste, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce.

Shell and chop hard-boiled eggs. Slice stuffed olives, reserve few pieces for garnish. Add anchovy paste, tomato paste, worcestershire sauce to thick white sauce. Fold in eggs and olives, spoon into heated ramekin dish. Serve piping hot with garnish of reserved olive slices.

RANCH-O-DIP

One 4oz. package cream cheese, 1 14oz. can meat paste (ham or chicken-flavored), 1 teaspoon onion juice, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2 teaspoons milk, dash worcestershire or tabasco sauce.

Bring the cream cheese to room temperature. Add meat paste, onion juice, salt, cayenne pepper, milk, and worcestershire sauce to the cream cheese in a large bowl. Blend until smooth. Chill in the refrigerator. Spoon into small ramekin dish and serve with potato chips or savory-flavored cracker biscuits.

this week's SUNDAY



Whispering Shells

One 15oz. can Golden Circle crushed pineapple, 1 tray ice-cream (strawberry flavor), meringues.

Meringues: Two egg-whites, half cup sugar (makes approx. 24), garnishings.

Spoon crushed pineapple into a shallow dish. Place large scoop strawberry ice-cream in centre, surround with button meringue "shells," dust over with green shredded coconut and place seagull-shaped jube on top. Quantities above serve 6.

It's delicious! Garden Salad Mayonnaise

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1. Easy 2-Minute Recipe

1 tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk; 1 teaspoon Salt; 1 cup Vinegar; 1 teaspoon Keen's Mustard. Mix all the ingredients thoroughly and stir until mixture thickens. Allow to stand for a few minutes to stiffen, then test for your individual taste. Unlike factory-made mayonnaise, you can vary it to your own taste as much as you like. Deliciously different! And so economical!

2. Delicious Party Recipe

1 tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk; 1 pint Salad Oil; 1 pint Vinegar; 2 Egg Yolks; 1 teaspoonful Salt; 1 teaspoonful Keen's Mustard; and a dash of Cayenne. Place ingredients in a bowl and beat well until mixture thickens. That's all. And it can be stored in a cool place for a very long time.

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Readers' Home Hints

● These useful hints sent in by readers save time and money in your housework. Each one wins a £1/1/- prize.

KEEP parsley in your refrigerator for months by placing chopped parsley in an ice-cube tray, then pouring boiling water over it. Place in freezer. A cube can be put into soup, stew, etc., when needed.—Mrs. F. J. Fitzgerald, 50 Moulder St., Orange, N.S.W.

Save tops from old soft-drink bottles and tack them firmly in rows to wooden board. They make a cheap, effective bootscraper outside the back door.—Mrs. M. A. Noll, 4 Walsh St., Dalby, Qld.

If you coat the soles of new leather shoes with linseed oil, they will last twice as long.—Miss R. M. Miceli, 50 McLeod Rd., Carrum, Vic.

Glamorise home-made ice-cream by giving it a marbled effect. After filling trays with the beaten ice-cream, use a medicine dropper to sprinkle food coloring over surface. Then swirl with spatula and freeze. One color can be used, or several for a special occasion.—Mrs. W. F. Thompson, 69 Limestone Ave., Braddon, Canberra, A.C.T.

To prevent accidents from used razor blades in the bathroom, keep a money-box on the shelf. It's easy to drop old blades in and keeps them safe from children.—Mrs. B. Henley, Dunmore Terrace, Auchentree, Brisbane.

For easily installed holders for cotton-reels, hammer nails upward through the bottom of your sewing-machine drawer and slip the cotton-reels on.—Mrs. L. Rogulas, 86 Napier Crescent, Essendon, Vic.

When you have some strong black coffee left over, heat it up and strain it down the sink. It will disperse any unpleasant odors such as cabbage or fish.—Mrs. M. Stewart, 23 Wesley St., Lutwyche, Brisbane.

To stop a slipping zip-fastener, sew a large hook just above the top of the fastener and hook the runner to this. Saves buying a new zip for an old garment.—Mrs. P. M. Ziegler, 411 Liverpool St., Hobart.

To make an attractive shower curtain for a seaside home, use white plastic covered with fisherman's net and sew shells all over it.—Mrs. H. Coppard, Kingaroy, Qld.

For a quicker job when slicing greens for salad, roll the spring onions or shallots in the lettuce leaves and slice all together.—Mrs. I. M. Connell, Kader St., Bargo, N.S.W.

A thin coat of glue painted on to the wrong side of a coconut-fibre mat will stop fibres falling out.—Mrs. J. Eaglesham, 34 Walgett St., Katoomba, N.S.W.

When cutting school and work lunches, prepare one for yourself. Add a vacuum flask of tea and you'll save yourself a lot of time on busy days.—Mrs. W. Wilson, 24 Graham Ave., Eastwood, N.S.W.

When storing away your best china teapot, put an old glove-thumb over the spout to stop it being chipped or broken.—Mrs. Doreen Tarmour, 69 Girraween Rd., Girraween, N.S.W.

A delicious change when making mutton stew: Add only half the usual amount of water, then 15 minutes before serving add a tin of tomato soup and 1 tablespoon rice. Thicken in usual way if necessary.—Mrs. D. Scrags, 178 Flamborough St., Scarborough, W.A.

Here's an easy way to paint the wrought-iron on a screen door: take the door off its hinges and lay it on top of two boxes; slip a piece of cardboard between wrought-iron and screen, then paint, moving the cardboard as you go. You can use any size of brush, the method is quick, and no paint will get on to the screen.—Mrs. C. G. Langdon, 28 Amiens St., Gladesville, N.S.W.

Don't play hunt the thimble on sewing days! Glue a small medicine-bottle cork to the inside of your sewing-drawer and always put your thimble on it when you finish sewing. Saves frantic minutes of searching.—Mrs. Gordon, 42 Waller St., Lathlain Park, Perth.

When sewing on snap-fasteners, sew all required down one side of the opening. Rub chalk or talcum powder on the fasteners and press them to the other side of the opening. This leaves a clear impression for the correct placing of the corresponding halves of the fasteners.—Mrs. G. R. Schmid, Hale St., Renmark, S.A.

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* Delicious Dips recipe in Cookery Section

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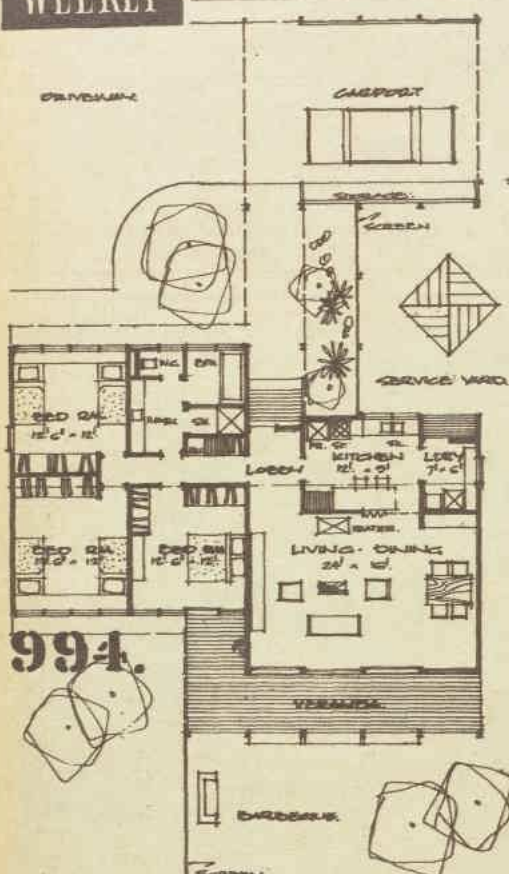


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Home Plans Service



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FLOOR PLAN. Note three large bedrooms, spacious living area, and efficiently planned bathroom.

● Our Home Plan this week is a compact 12.75 square house specially designed for a family with four children.

THERE are three spacious bedrooms, each with built-in wardrobes. The master bedroom has a built-in dressing-table, too. The bathroom is well planned and there is plenty of outdoor living space.

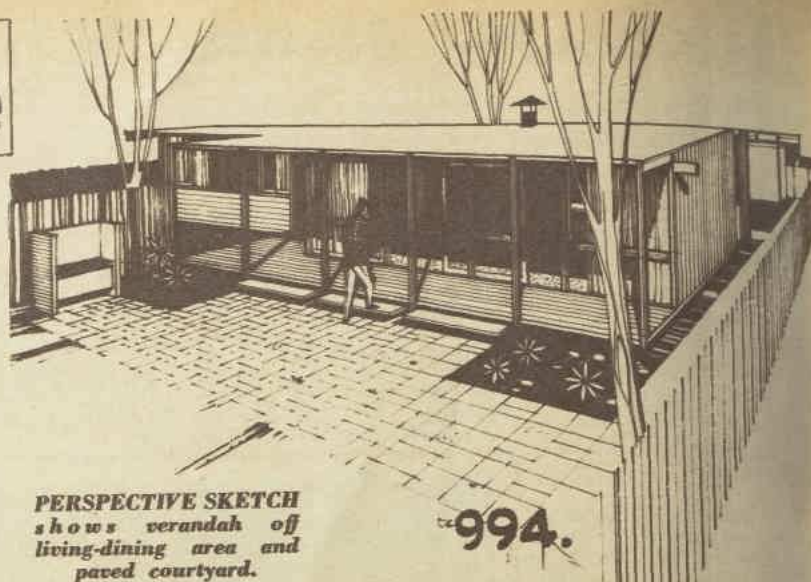
Plan No. 994 has been designed in two distinct sections — the bedroom wing, which includes the bathroom, and living area.

Entrance to the house is from the double carport. A covered walk is screened from the service yard by a trellis and garden plot.

The living-dining area, 24ft. by 16ft., opens on to a verandah and paved courtyard. The barbecue (see floor plan) is screened from the street.

The kitchen is divided from the living-dining area by a wide bench and can be completely separated by using concertina screens. A compact laundry has a door to a small porch.

The bathroom has each section separated from the other and includes separate toilet, shower-recess, and full-size bath. The hand-basin is set in a 7ft. 6in. vanity bench.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows verandah off living-dining area and paved courtyard.

994.

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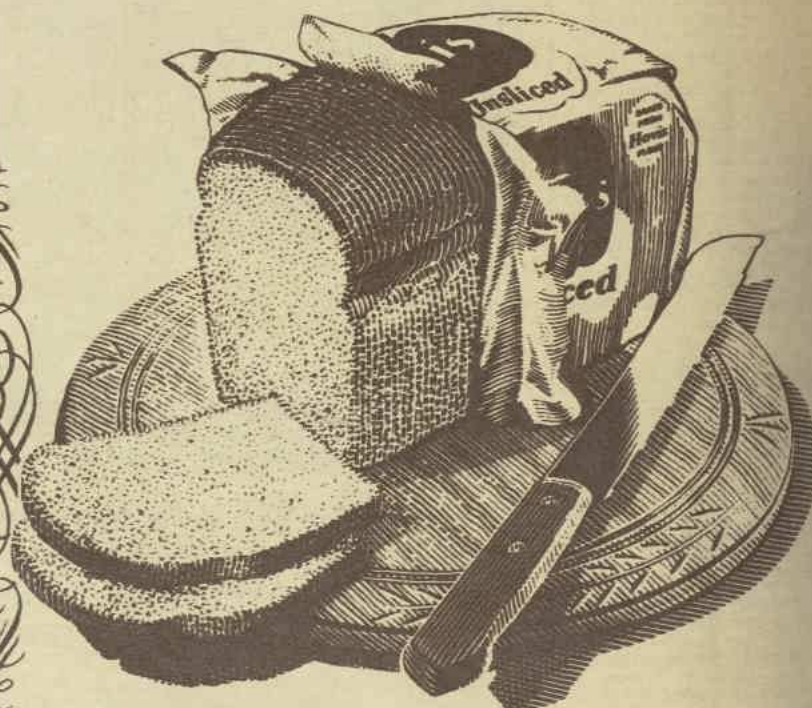
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HONG KONG vacation

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It is 398½ square miles of contrast, of British rule and Asian people, of glorious panoramic views and crowded streets. Numerous day and night tours fill the tourist's agenda from the time he or she disembarks until that touching moment of farewell.

And in between the time spent touring the sights there are so many shops to visit. Being a tax free port Hong Kong can offer you a wide range of goods often at cheaper prices than in the country of their origin. For the adventurous gourmet, Hong Kong offers delights of the palate beyond expectation. Over and above specialities such as Peking duck, the most tender sweet and sour pork in the world and Hong Kong's famous seafood, one has a choice of Japanese, Russian, French, Portuguese and many other types of food. NB. Fresh oysters, meat and vegetables are flown in from Australia four times each week.

The Chinese love festivals and many are held, in every season, throughout the year. At these times the streets, especially at night, are festooned with brightly lit lanterns, busy with people, and noisy with firecrackers. And of course almost every festival has its dragon dance. All are steeped in tradition, from the solemn Tin Hau celebrations to the more joyous moon or harvest festival.

Hong Kong, which extends from the actual island itself through Kowloon to the New Territories, will provide a fascinating study for the tourist. And for the sports-minded there are golf, tennis and swimming with an occasional surf rolling onto the brilliant white sands of Big Wave Bay. Whatever your choice, unforgettable scenery will imprint itself on your mind. To cap it all there is accommodation to suit your every need, from a single room to a luxurious suite.

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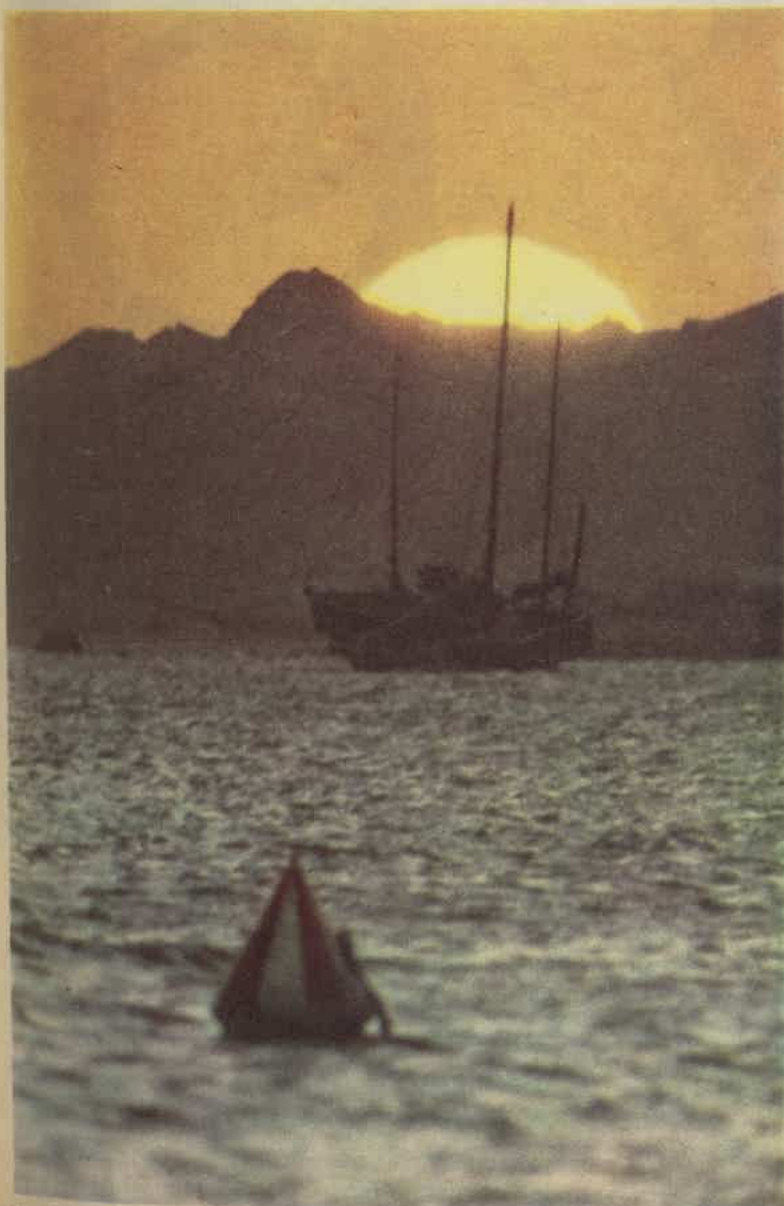
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 21, 1962

Continuing . . . LOUISA, PLEASE...

from page 25

rained and they couldn't use the garden, and I just closed the front door behind me and started off.

There was only one bad minute, when Paul saw me; Paul has always lived next door and Carole hates him worse than she does me. My mother always used to say that every time I did something to make the family ashamed of me Paul was sure to be in it somewhere. For a long time they thought he had something to do with my running away, even though he told them over and over again how hard I tried to duck away from him that afternoon when he met me going down the driveway.

The papers kept calling him "a close friend of the family," which must have overjoyed my mother, and saying that he was being questioned about possible clues to my whereabouts. Of course, he never even knew that I was running away; I told him just what I told my mother before I left: that I was going to get away from all the confusion and excitement for a while; I was going downtown and would probably have a sandwich somewhere for supper and go to a movie.

He bothered me for a minute; he wanted to come, too. I hadn't meant to take the bus right there on the corner, but with Paul tagging after me and wanting me to wait while he got the car so we could drive out and have dinner at the inn, I had to get away fast on the first thing that came along, so I just ran for the bus and left Paul standing there; that was the only part of my plan I had to change.

I took the bus all the way downtown, although my first plan had been to walk. It turned out much better, actually, since it didn't matter at all if anyone saw me on the bus going downtown in my own home town, and I managed to get an earlier train out. I bought a round-trip ticket; that was important, because it would make them think I was coming back — that was always the way they thought about things. If you did something you had to have a reason for it, because my mother and my father and Carole never did anything unless they had a reason for it. So if I bought a round-trip ticket the only possible reason would be that I was coming back.

Besides, if they thought I was coming back they would not be frightened so quickly and I might have more time to hide before they came looking for me. As it happened, Carole found out I was gone that same night when she couldn't sleep and came into my room for some aspirin, so all the time I had less of a head start than I thought.

I knew that they would find out about my buying the ticket; I was not silly enough to suppose that I could steal off and not leave any traces. All my plans were based on the fact that the people who get caught are the ones who attract attention by doing something strange or noticeable, and what I intended all along was to fade into some background where they would never see me.

I knew they would find

out about the round-trip ticket, because it was an odd thing to do the day before your sister's wedding, but it was the last unusual thing I did. I thought when I bought it that knowing about that round-trip ticket would be some consolation to my mother and father. They would know that no matter how long I stayed away at least I always had a ticket home. I did keep the return-trip ticket quite a while, as a matter of fact. I used to carry it in my wallet as a kind of lucky charm.

I followed everything in the papers. Mrs. Peacock and I used to read them at the table over our second cup of coffee before I went off to work.

"What do you think about this girl who disappeared over in Rockville?" Mrs. Peacock would say to me, and I'd shake my head sorrowfully and say that a girl must be really crazy to leave a handsome, luxurious home like that, or that I had a kind of notion that maybe she didn't leave at all—maybe the family had her locked up somewhere because she was a homicidal maniac. Mrs. Peacock always loved anything about homicidal maniacs.

ONCE I picked up the paper and looked hard at the picture. "Do you think she looks something like me?" I asked Mrs. Peacock, and Mrs. Peacock leaned back and looked at me and then at the picture and then at me again and finally she shook her head and said, "No. If you wore your hair longer and curlier and your face was maybe a little fuller, there might be a little resemblance, but then if you looked like a homicidal maniac I wouldn't ever let you in my house."

"I think she kind of looks like me," I said. "You get along to work and stop being vain," Mrs. Peacock told me.

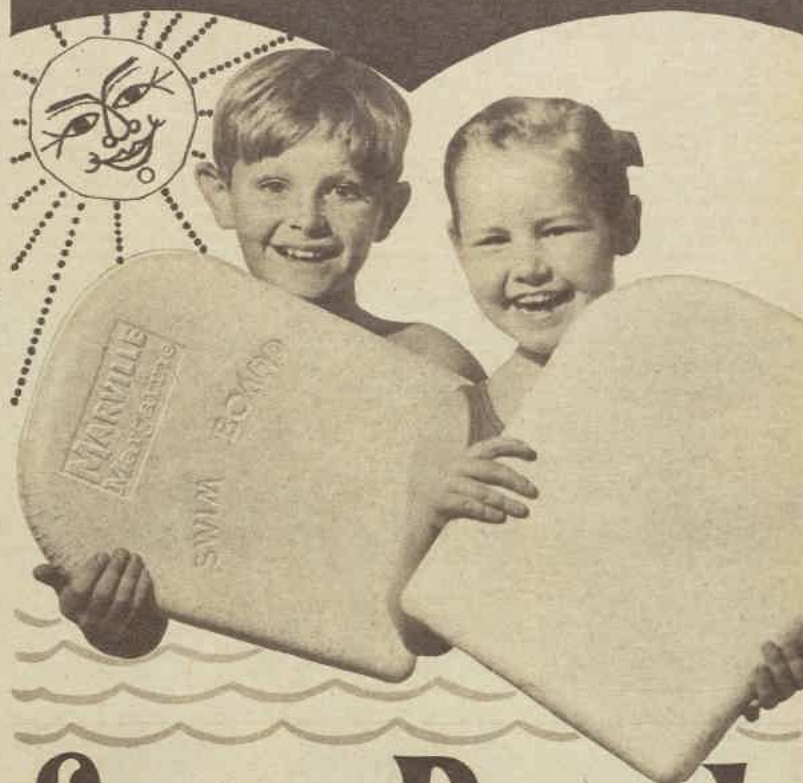
Of course, when I got on the train with my round-trip ticket I had no idea how soon they'd be following me, and I suppose it was just as well, because it might have made me nervous and I might have done something wrong and spoiled everything. I knew that as soon as they gave up the notion that I was coming back to Rockville with my round-trip ticket they would think of Crain, which is the largest city that train went to, so I stayed in Crain only part of one day.

I went to a big department store where they were having a store-wide sale; I figured that would land me in a crowd of shoppers and I was right: for a while there was a good chance that I'd never get any farther away from home than the ground floor of that department store in Crain.

I had to fight my way through the crowd until I found the counter where they were having a sale of raincoats, and then I had to push and elbow down the counter and finally grab the raincoat I wanted right out of the hands of some old monster who couldn't have used it, anyway, because she was much too fat. You would have thought she had already paid for it, the way she howled. I was smart enough to have the exact change, all six dollars and eighty-nine cents, right in my hand, and I gave it to the salesgirl, grabbed the raincoat and the bag she wanted to put it in, and fought my way out again before I got crushed to death.

To page 54

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Page 53

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 21, 1962

That raincoat was worth every cent of the six dollars and eighty-nine cents; I wore it right through until winter that year and not even a button ever came off it. I finally lost it the next spring when I left it somewhere and never got it back. It was beige, and the minute I put it on in the ladies' room of the store I began thinking of it as my "old" raincoat; that was good. I had never before owned a raincoat like that and my mother would have fainted dead away. One thing I did that I thought was kind of clever.

I had left home wearing a dark short coat, almost a jacket, and when I put on the raincoat, of course, I took off my dark coat. Then all I had to do was empty the pockets of the dark coat into the raincoat and carry the dark coat casually over to a counter where

they were having a sale of jackets and drop it on the counter as though I'd taken it off a little way to look at it and had decided against it. As far as I ever knew, no one paid the slightest attention to me, and I saw a woman pick up my jacket and look it over; I could have told her she was getting a bargain for three-ninety-eight.

It made me feel good to know that I had got rid of the dark coat. My mother picked it out for me, and even though I liked it and it was expensive it was also recognisable and I had to change it somehow. I was sure that if I put it in a bag and dropped it into a river or into a garbage truck or

something like that sooner or later it would be found, and even if no one saw me doing it it would almost certainly be found, and then they would know I had changed my clothes in Crain.

That dark coat never turned up. The last they ever saw of me was someone from Rockville who caught a glimpse of me in the train station in Crain, and she recognised me by the dark coat. They never found out where I went after that; it was partly luck and partly my clever planning.

Two or three days later the papers were still reporting that I

was in Crain; people thought they saw me on the streets, and one girl who went into a store to buy a dress was picked up by the police and held until she could get someone to identify her. They were really looking, but they were looking for Louisa Tether, and I had stopped being Louisa Tether the minute I got rid of that dark coat my mother bought me.

One thing I was relying on: there must be thousands of girls in the country on any given day who are nineteen years old, fair-headed, five feet four inches tall, and weighing nine stone. And if there are thousands of girls like that there must be, among those thousands, a good

number who are wearing shapeless beige raincoats; I started counting beige raincoats in Crain after I left the department store, and I passed four in one block, so I felt well hidden. After that I made myself even more invisible by doing just what I told my mother I was going to do—I stopped in and had a sandwich in a little coffee shop, and then I went to a movie. I wasn't in any hurry at all, and rather than try to find a place to sleep I thought I would sleep on the train.

It's funny how no one pays any attention to you at all. There were hundreds of people who saw me that day, and even a sailor who tried to pick me up in the movie, and yet no one really saw me. If I had tried to check into a hotel the desk clerk might have noticed me, or if I had tried to get dinner in some fancy restaurant in that cheap raincoat I would have been conspicuous, but I was doing what any other girl looking like me and dressed like me might be doing that day.

The only person who might be apt to remember me would be the man selling tickets in the railroad station, because girls looking like me in old raincoats didn't buy train tickets, usually, at eleven at night, but I had thought of that, too, of course: I bought a ticket to Amityville, sixty miles away, and what made Amityville a perfectly reasonable disguise is that at Amityville there is a college, not a little fancy place like the one I had left so recently with nobody's blessing, but a big, sprawling, friendly affair, where my raincoat would look perfectly at home.

I told myself I was a student coming back to college after a weekend at home. We got to Amityville after midnight, but it still didn't look odd when I left the train and went into the station, because while I was in the station, having a cup of coffee and killing time, seven other girls—I counted—wearing raincoats like mine came in or went out, not seeming to think it the least bit odd to be getting on or off trains at that hour of the night.

Some of them had suitcases and I wished that I had had some way of getting a suitcase in Crain, but it would have made me noticeable in the movie, and college girls going home for weekends often don't bother; they have pyjamas and an extra pair of stockings at home, and they drop a toothbrush into one of the pockets of those invaluable raincoats. So I didn't worry about the suitcase then, although I knew I would need one soon.

WHILE I was having my coffee I made my own mind change from the idea that I was a college girl coming back after a weekend at home to the idea that I was a college girl who was on her way home for a few days; all the time I tried to think as much as possible like what I was pretending to be, and, after all, I had been a college girl for a while.

I was thinking that even now the letter was in the mail, travelling as fast as the U.S. Government could make it go, right to my father to tell him why I wasn't a college student any more; I suppose that was what finally decided me to run away, the thought of what my father would think and say and do when he got that letter from the college.

That was in the paper, too. They decided that the college business was the reason for my running away; but if that had been all I don't think I would have left. No, I had been wanting to leave for so long, ever since I can remember, making plans till I was sure they were fool-proof, and that's the way they turned out to be.

Sitting there in the station at Amityville, I tried to think myself into a good reason why I was leaving college to go home on a Monday night late, when I would hardly be going home for the weekend. As I say, I always tried to think as hard as I could the way that suited whatever I wanted to be, and I liked to have a good reason for what I was doing. Nobody ever asked me, but it was good to know that I could answer them if they did.

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Modess *because*



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Continuing . . . LOUISA, PLEASE...

I finally decided that my sister was getting married the next day and I was going home now at the beginning of the week to be one of her bridesmaids. I thought that was funny. I didn't want to be going home for any sad or frightening reason, like my mother being sick, or my father being hurt in a car accident, because I would have to look sad, and that might attract attention. So I was going home for my sister's wedding.

I WANDERED around the station as though I had nothing to do, and just happened to pass the door when another girl was going out; she had on a raincoat just like mine, and anyone who happened to notice would have thought that it was me who went out. Before I bought my ticket I went into the ladies' room and got another twenty dollars out of my shoe. I had nearly three hundred dollars left of the money I had taken from my father's desk, and I had most of it in my shoes because I honestly couldn't think of another safe place to carry it.

All I kept in my purse was just enough for whatever I had to spend next. It's uncomfortable walking around all day on a wad of bills in your shoes, but they were good solid shoes, the kind of comfortable old shoes you wear whenever you don't really care how you look, and I had put new shoelaces in them before I left home so I could tie them good and tight. You can see I planned pretty carefully, and no little

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detail got left out. If they had let me plan my sister's wedding there would have been a lot less of that running around and screaming and hysterics.

I bought a ticket to Chandler, which is the biggest city in this part of the State and the place I'd been heading for all along. It was a good place to hide, because people from Rockville tended to bypass it unless they had some special reason for going there: if they couldn't find the doctors or orthodontists or psychoanalysts or dress material they wanted in Rockville or Grain, they went directly to one of the really big cities, like the State capital.

Chandler was big enough to hide in, but not big enough to look like a metropolis to people from Rockville. The ticket-seller in the Amityville station must have seen a good many college girls buying tickets for Chandler at all hours of the day or night because he took my money and shoved the ticket at me without even looking up.

Funny. They must have come looking for me in Chandler at some time or other, because it's not likely they would have neglected any possible place I might be, but maybe Rockville people never seriously believed that anyone would go to Chandler from choice, because I never felt for a minute that anyone was looking for me there.

My picture was in the Chandler papers, of course, but as far as I ever knew no one ever looked at me twice,

and I got up every morning and went to work and went shopping in the stores and went to movies with Mrs. Peacock and went out to the beach all that summer without ever being afraid of being recognised.

I behaved just like everyone else, and dressed just like everyone else, and even thought just like everyone else, and the only person I ever saw from Rockville in three years was a friend of my mother's, and I knew she came to Chandler only to get her poodle bred at the kennels there. She didn't look like she was in a state to recognise anybody but another poodle fancier, anyway, and all I had to do was step into a doorway as she went by, and she never looked at me.

TWO other college girls got on the train to Chandler when I did; maybe both of them were going home for their sisters' weddings. Neither of them was wearing a beige raincoat, but one of them had on an old blue jacket that gave the same general effect.

I fell asleep as soon as the train started, and once I woke up and for a minute I wondered where I was and then I realised that I was doing it, I was actually carrying out my careful plan and had got better than halfway with it, and I almost laughed, there in the train with everyone asleep around me. Then I went back to sleep and didn't wake up until we got into Chandler at about seven in the morning.

So there I was. I had left

home just after lunch the day before, and now at seven in the morning of my sister's wedding day I was so far away, in every sense, that I knew they would never find me. I had all day to get myself settled in Chandler, so I started off by having breakfast in a restaurant near the station, and then went off to find a place to live, and a job.

The first thing I did was buy a suitcase, and it's funny how people don't really notice you if you're buying a suitcase near a railroad station. Suitcases looked natural near railroad stations, and I picked out one of those stores that sell a little bit of everything, and bought a cheap suitcase and a pair of stockings and some handkerchiefs and a little clock, and I put everything into the suitcase and carried that. Nothing is hard to do unless you get upset or excited about it.

Later on, when Mrs. Peacock and I used to read in the papers about my disappearing, I asked her once if she thought that Louisa Tether had got as far as Chandler, and she didn't. "They're saying now she was kidnapped," Mrs. Peacock told me, "and that's what I think happened. Kidnapped, and murdered, and they do terrible things to young girls they kidnap."

"But the papers say there wasn't any ransom note."

"That's what they say," Mrs. Peacock shook her head at me. "How do we know what the family is keeping secret? Or if she was kidnapped by a homicidal maniac, why would he send a ransom note? Young girls like you don't know a lot of the things that go on, I can tell you."

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Fashion FROCKS

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Continuing . . . LOUISA, PLEASE...

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"I feel kind of sorry for the girl," I said.
"You can't ever tell," Mrs. Peacock said. "Maybe she went with him willingly."

I didn't know, that first morning in Chandler, that Mrs. Peacock was going to turn up that day, the luckiest thing that ever happened to me. I decided while I was having breakfast that I was going to be a nineteen-year-old girl with a nice family and a good background who had been saving money to come to Chandler to take a secretarial course.

I was going to have to find some kind of job to keep on earning money while I went to school;

courses at the business school wouldn't start till autumn, so I would have the summer to work and save money and decide if I really wanted to take secretarial training. If I decided not to stay in Chandler I could easily go somewhere else after the fuss about my running away had died down.

The raincoat looked wrong for the kind of conscientious young girl I was going to be, so I took it off and carried it over my arm. I think I did a pretty good job on my clothes, altogether. Before I left home I decided that I would have to wear a suit, as quiet and

unobtrusive as I could find, and I picked out a grey suit, with a white blouse, so with just one or two small changes like a different blouse or some kind of pin on the lapel, I could look like whomever I decided to be.

Now the suit looked absolutely right for a young girl planning to take a secretarial course, and looked like a thousand other people when I walked down the street carrying my suitcase and my raincoat over my arm; people get off trains every minute looking just like that. I bought a morning paper and stopped in a drugstore for a cup of coffee and a look at the rooms for rent.

It was all so usual—suitcase, coat, rooms for rent—that when I asked the assistant how to get to Primrose Street he never even looked at me. He certainly didn't care whether I ever got to Primrose Street or not, but he told me very politely where it was and what bus to take. I didn't really need to take the bus for economy, but it would have looked funny for a girl who was saving money to arrive in a taxi.

"I'll never forget how you looked that first morning," Mrs. Peacock told me once, much later. "I knew right away you were the kind of girl I like to rent rooms to—quiet and well-mannered. But you looked scared of the big city."

"I wasn't scared," I said. "I was worried about finding a nice room. My mother told me so many things to be careful about I was afraid I'd never find anything to suit her."

"Anybody's mother could come into my house at any time and know that her daughter was in good hands," Mrs. Peacock said, a little huffy.

But it was true. When I walked into Mrs. Peacock's rooming-house on Primrose Street and met Mrs. Peacock I knew that I couldn't have done this part better if I'd been able to plan it. The house was old and comfortable and my room was nice, and Mrs. Peacock and I hit it off right away.

SHE was very pleased with me when she heard that my mother had told me to be sure the room I found was clear and that the neighborhood was good, with no chance of rowdies following a girl if she came home after dark, and she was even more pleased when she heard that I wanted to save money and take a secretarial course so I could get a really good job and earn enough to be able to send a little home.

Mrs. Peacock believed that children owed it to their parents to pay back some of what had been spent on them while they were growing up. By the time I had been in the house an hour Mrs. Peacock knew all about my imaginary family: my mother, who was a widow; and my sister, who had just got married and still lived at my mother's home with her husband; and my young brother, Paul, who worried my mother a good deal because he didn't seem to want to settle down.

My name was Lois Taylor, I told her. Actually I think I could have told her my real name and she would never have connected it with the girl in the paper, because from then on she was feeling that she almost knew my family, and she wanted me to be sure and tell my mother when I wrote home that Mrs. Peacock would make herself personally responsible for me while I was in the city and take as good care of me as my mother would.

On top of everything else, she told me that a stationery store in the neighborhood was looking for a girl assistant, and there I was. Before I had been away from home for twenty-four hours I was an entirely new person. I was a girl named Lois Taylor who lived on Primrose Street and worked down at the stationery store. I used to type letters from my imaginary sister in the stationery store and bring them home and read them to Mrs. Peacock.

I read in the papers one day about how a famous fortune-teller wrote to my father offering to find me and said that astral signs had

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try changing
a woman's mind
when her
heart's set on
the best



One of the nicest things about being a woman is you know what you want. When you decide you want only the finest decorative surfacing, the brand you choose is Laminex. You know tests have proved Laminex surfacing more resistant to wear, stains and heat. You know Laminex was first on the market and today — 15 years later — it's still first choice with Australian women. (There must be good reason for that!) When you've set your heart on genuine Laminex brand surfacing, surely nothing can change your mind.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 21, 1962.

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2 WONDERFUL RECIPES!

NEW! THE RICHEST EVER HOMEMADE

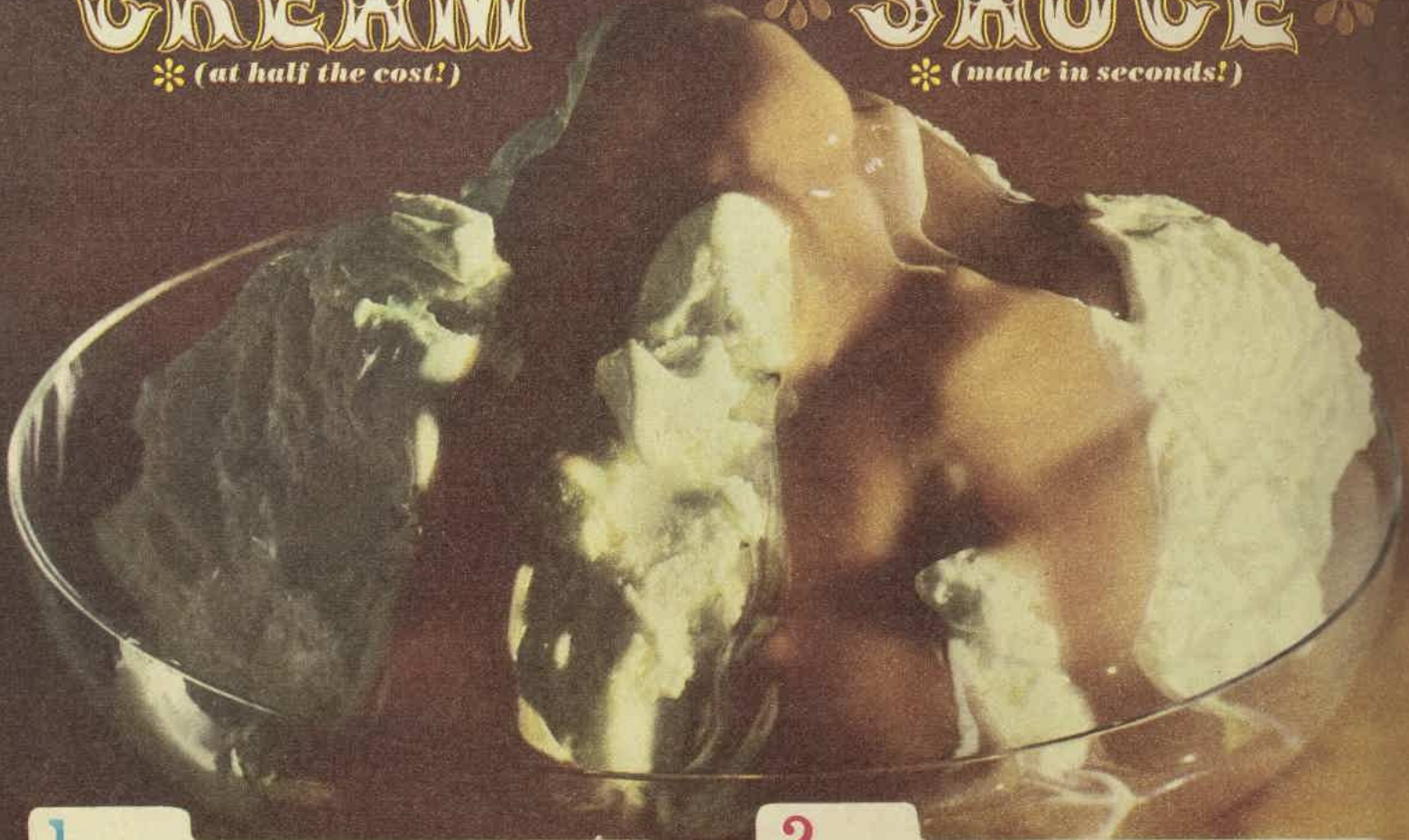
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(at half the cost!)

TOPPED WITH YOUR FAVOURITE CREAMY

CARAMEL SAUCE

(made in seconds!)



1 IDEAL ICE CREAM — NEW, RICH, CREAM-SMOOTH!

6 oz. Nestlé's IDEAL Evaporated Milk, 4 oz. Nestlé's REDUCED CREAM, 2 oz. sugar, 1 level tsp. gelatine, 1½ tsp. vanilla essence.

1. Turn refrigerator control to maximum. Allow the gelatine to swell in 1 tablespoon cold water. Add 1 tablespoon boiling water and thoroughly dissolve.

2. Mix IDEAL and REDUCED CREAM together. Add the sugar and vanilla and then dissolved gelatine.

3. Pour into freezer trays, cover (with wax paper or foil) and place in freezer. When the mixture is consistency of cream, remove from trays, and beat until double in quantity. (Approx. 5 minutes with electric beater.) Turn refrigerator control to normal, replace ice-cream into the trays and return to freezer.

Makes 1½ pint trays. Add flavouring as desired.

2 CARAMEL SAUCE — DELICIOUS, EXTRA CREAMY!

All you do. Melt 1 level tablespoon of butter and 1 cup brown sugar in a saucepan on low heat. Add one 4 oz. tin of delicious Nestlé's Reduced Cream and stir in well until the cream has dissolved. So easy! So money-saving! And it keeps in your refrigerator.

Country-style Nestlé's Reduced Cream — ready whenever you need it — in 2 handy sizes, 4 oz. and 8 oz.

P.S. It's wonderful what you can do with Nestlé's Ideal Milk. Just pierce the tin and pour straight onto canned fruit and breakfast cereals, into Nescafé or Ricory, for use in soups and sauces, for whips and all kinds of desserts.

Ideal's the most pure milk you can buy . . . concentrated, creamy . . . more than twice as rich!



Continuing . . . LOUISA, PLEASE...

from page 56

noticed him that I would be found near flowers. That gave me a jolt, because of Primrose Street, but my father and Mrs. Peacock and the rest of the world thought that it meant that my body was buried somewhere. They dug up a vacant lot near the railroad station where I was last seen, and Mrs. Peacock was very disappointed when nothing turned up.

Mrs. Peacock and I could not decide whether I had run away with a gangster to be a gun moll or whether my body had been cut up and sent somewhere in a trunk. After a while they stopped looking for me, except for an occasional false clue that would turn up in a small story on the back pages of the paper, and Mrs. Peacock and I got interested in the stories about a daring daylight bank robbery in Chicago.

When the anniversary of my running away came around, and I realised that I had really been gone for a year, I treated myself to a new hat and dinner downtown, and came home just in time for the evening news broadcast and my mother's voice over the radio.

"Louisa," she was saying, "please come home."

"That poor, poor woman," Mrs. Peacock said. "Imagine how she must feel. They say she's never given up hope of finding her little girl alive some day."

"Do you like my new hat?" I asked her.

I had given up all idea of the secretarial course, because the stationery store had decided to expand and include a lending library and a gift shop, and I was now the manager of the gift shop and if things kept on well would some day be running the whole thing.

Mrs. Peacock and I talked it over, just as if she had been my mother, and we decided that I would be foolish to leave a good job to start over somewhere else. The money that I had been saving was in the bank, and Mrs. Peacock and I thought that one of these days we might pool our savings and buy a little car, or go on a trip somewhere, or even a cruise.

What I am saying is that I was free, and getting along fine, with never a thought that I knew of about ever going back, and I had been gone three years now. It was just plain rotten bad luck that I had to meet Paul. I had got so I hardly ever thought about any of them any more, and never wondered what they were doing unless I happened to see some item in the papers, and then there must have been something in the back of my mind remembering them all the time because I never even stopped to think; I just stood there on the street with my mouth open, and said "Paul!"

He turned around and then, of course, I realised what I had done, but it was too late. He stared at me for a minute, and then frowned, and then looked puzzled; I could see him first trying to remember, and then trying to believe what he remembered; at last he said, "Is it possible?" He said I had to go back. He said if I didn't go back

he would tell them where to come and get me. He also patted me on the head and told me that there was still a reward waiting there in the bank for anyone who turned up with conclusive news of me, and he said that after he had collected the reward I was perfectly welcome to run away again, as far and as often as I liked.

Maybe I did want to go home. Maybe all that time I had been secretly waiting for a chance to get back; maybe that's why I recognised Paul on the street, in a coincidence that wouldn't have happened once in a million years; he had never even been to Chandler before, and was there for only a few minutes between trains; he had stepped out of the station for a minute, and found me.

If I had not been passing at that minute, if he had stayed in the station where he belonged, I would never have gone back. I told Mrs. Peacock I was going home to visit my family. I thought that was funny.

Paul sent a telegram to my mother and father, saying that he had found me, and we took a plane back; Paul said he was still afraid that I'd try to get away again and the safest place for me was high up in the air where he knew I couldn't get off and run.

I BEGAN to get nervous, looking out the taxi window on the way from the Rockville airport; I would have sworn that for three years I hadn't given a thought to that town, to those streets and stores and houses I used to know so well, but here I found that I remembered it all, as though I hadn't ever seen Chandler and its houses and streets; it was almost as though I had never been away at all. When the taxi finally turned the corner into my own street, and I saw the big old white house again, I almost cried.

"Of course I wanted to come back," I said, and Paul laughed. I thought of the return-trip ticket I had kept as a lucky charm for so long, and how I had thrown it away one day when I was emptying my purse. I wondered when I threw it away whether I would ever want to go back and regret throwing away my ticket.

"Everything looks just the same," I said. "I caught the bus right there on the corner; I came down the driveway that day and met you."

"If I had managed to stop

you that day," Paul said, "you would probably never have tried again."

Then the taxi stopped in front of the house and my knees were shaking when I got out. I grabbed Paul's arm and said, "Paul . . . wait a minute," and he gave me a look I used to know very well, a look that said, "If you back out on me now I'll see that you never forget it," and put his arm around me because I was shivering, and we went up the walk to the front door.

I wondered if they were watching us from the window. It was hard for me to imagine how my mother and father would behave in a situation like this, because they always made such a point of being quiet and dignified and proper; I thought that Mrs. Peacock would have been halfway down the walk to meet us, but here the front door ahead was still tightly shut. I wondered if we would have to ring the doorbell; I had never had to ring this doorbell before.

I was still wondering when Carole opened the door for us. "Carole!" I said. I was shocked because she looked so old, and then I thought that of course it had been three years since I had seen her and she probably thought I looked older, too. "Carole," I said, "Oh, Carole!" I was honestly glad to see her.

She looked at me hard and then stepped back and my mother and father were standing there, waiting for me to come in. If I had not stopped to think I would have run to them, but I hesitated, not quite sure what to do, or whether they were angry with me, or hurt, or only just happy that I was back, and, of course, once I stopped to think about it, all I could find to do was just stand there and say "Mother?" kind of uncertainly.

She came over to me and put her hands on my shoulders and looked into my face for a long time. There were tears running down her cheeks and I thought that before, when it didn't matter, I had been ready enough to cry, but now, when crying would make me look better, all I wanted to do was giggle.

She looked old, and sad, and I felt simply foolish. Then she turned to Paul and said, "Oh, Paul — how can you do this to me again?"

Paul was frightened; I could see it. "Mrs. Tether —" he said.

"What is your name, dear?" my mother asked me. "Louisa Tether," I said stupidly.

"No, dear," she said, very gently. "Your real name?"

Now I could cry, but now I did not think it was going to help matters any. "Louisa Tether," I said. "That's my name."

"Why don't you people leave us alone?" Carole said; she was white, and shaking, and almost screaming because she was so angry.

"We've spent years and years trying to find my lost sister and all people like you see in it is a chance to cheat

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Quilted Coordinates

This year the prettiest Christmas boxes come from Hollywood! Especially BLOSSOMTIME, the newest and most luxurious bedspread ever to bear the Hollywood name. It's in printed nylon—new, lavish and practical . . . right down to the Turnatop with the delicate frilled edging. Completely washable, drip-dry and in glorious decorator shades of Pink, Lilac and Blue on a white ground. Single, £18/10/-; double, £22/10/-.

DIANA, our glamorous new hostess line gown, is supremely elegant, too. High fashion colours include Sapphire Blue (above), Jade, Chinese Red, Tropical Coral, Blossom Pink, White. Sizes 32"-38". £11/19/6. And you'll love PUSSY FOOT, our thick, cloud-soft rug in miracle-wearing acrylic. In Pink, Blue, Green, Red, Grey, White. From 75/-.

Prices vary slightly in each State.

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Page 59

RIVETS



Absolutely heavenly:
PEACH CREAM PIE

Creamy chiffon whip and glowing peaches in pastry . . . easy as pie to bake and make!



PEACH CREAM PIE



Bake one 8 or 9 inch pie case from your favourite recipe. Place 1 large can evaporated milk in coldest part of the refrigerator. Drain syrup from 1 large can peaches. Dissolve 1½ teaspoons or ½ envelope Davis Gelatine in ¼ cup hot syrup, add sufficient cold syrup to fill the cup, then add 2 teaspoons lemon juice. Whip evaporated milk until thickened and fold in syrup and gelatine mixture. Arrange half the peach slices in base of pie case, spoon creamy mixture over (reserving about 1 cup) and allow to set. Decorate top with remaining peach slices and reserved filling. Chill well before serving.

Tall beauties at the back

● Tall and showy plants, like the tallest girls in the ballet, are usually given a back place in the garden.

THERE are dozens of these tall growers, mostly perennials, to make a wonderful display of color in summer and autumn.

You can start alphabetically with *Acanthus mollis* (oyster plant) and go through *achilleas* (or mill-foils), *alstroemerias*, *amaranthus*, *astilbes* (lovers of moist, rich soil); take in the *Canterbury bells* and the *Sims carnations*, which often have 3ft. stems if grown in good ground; and then find *delphiniums*, of every shade from white through yellow, pink, blue, and purple, to make a contrast and a color pageant.

If the soil is unusually fertile and well limed, you'll find *delphiniums* will prove skyscrapers. In some rich limestone country the spikes may be 6ft. tall, with flowers covering at least 45in. of their height.



AMARANTHUS

Gardening Book — page 51

Hollyhocks (*althaeas*) are, of course, the real giants of the plant world; they often top 8ft. They can be raised from seed sown in summer and autumn.

Most of the others to be mentioned are best raised from divisions, rooted cuttings, or advanced seedlings to bloom in summer or autumn.

Lupins are bright, beautiful, and fragrant, and the *Russell* varieties have few equals. They do best in deep, rich soil, but, unlike the old perennial lupins, they don't like lime.

Dictamnus purpureus, a strange perennial plant also known as burning bush, dittany, fraxinella, and gas plant, will grow well in all States.

The flower-heads reach 3ft., and on calm, hot evenings give off a peculiarly fragrant gas which will burst into brief flame if a match is held over them.

Globe thistles, or *echinops*, are decorative spiny plants which grow easily from seed sown in spring or autumn and produce blue flowers on 3ft. stems lasting many weeks.

Eremurus come into the lofty range of plants, some of them growing to 4ft.

They have lilac-purple, orange, white, or yellow flowers on tall spikes.

They can be raised from seed sown in spring or from root divisions which should be taken in autumn from old plants. They appreciate a rich, light, sandy loam and must have good drainage and a sunny position.

Among **pentstemons** the *gloxinia*-flowered variety, which is beautifully spotted in the throat of each flower, is easily the best to buy. Grow them from seedlings or divisions of old plants; being perennials, they would not flower from seed until well into the next season.

Kniphofias, or red-hot poker, are favorites with most gardeners, and are now obtainable in a fairly wide range of colors — reds, red and yellow, gold and red, orange-red, coral, scarlet, and apricot-yellow. They should be obtained as advanced plants, as they take several seasons to become acclimatised.

Other tall-growing plants that will flower in summer or autumn are *chrysanthemums* of most kinds, *thalitrums* (lavender shower), *helianthus*,



MEADOWSWEET



PENTSTEMON

Gardening Book — page 52

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



HOLLYHOCK, the old English favorite. There are double and single varieties to choose from.



CANTERBURY BELLS (long-flowering annuals) can be sown in autumn or spring. They grow to 2ft.

Gardening Book — page 53

Japanese anemone, *Phlox paniculata*, *Senecio tanguticus* (a yellow-flowering shrub about 7ft. high), and *solidago* (golden rod), a Canadian weed with a bright yellow flame. This grows to about 8ft.

Day-lily, or *hemerocallis*, is also a tall grower needing a back or middle position in a spacious bed. It sprawls, developing a middle-aged spread early, and dislikes being disturbed. The old yellow and orange shades are being rapidly displaced today by hybrid seedlings from America which are of almost every color but blue.

The reds, maroons, bronzes, and many bicolors of these shades, which may be mixed with cream and pale yellows and the very attractive pinks and mauves, have taken America by storm,

but day-lilies have never been popular here, mainly because their blooms last only one day.

Don't forget, though, that the bud clusters keep flowering, often for many weeks, a few blooms at a time.

Meadowsweet (*Filipendula purpurea*) is not very well known, although obtainable. The flowers are pink or purple and the plants are 2ft. to 4ft. high. They do well in open, sunny borders or in wild or naturalistic areas, and flower in autumn. They are hardy herbaceous perennials, often listed as *Spiraea palmata*.

Inulas also are not much grown in Australia, although their crinkled petals of yellow and rich gold are most attractive. They are hardy herbaceous perennials.

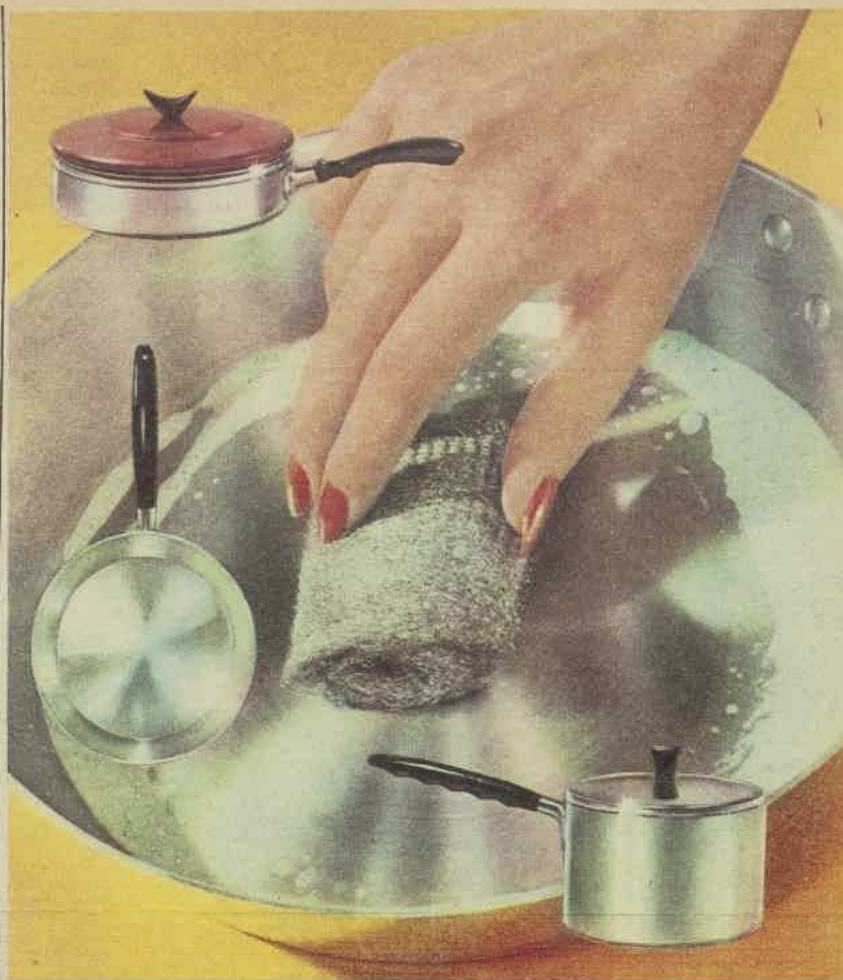


KNIPHOFIA



ACANTHUS

Gardening Book — page 54



All steel wools are not the same

STEELO

is finer and softer

that's why it keeps your pots and pans smoother as well as brighter

STEELO cleans and shines but doesn't leave any abrasive marks because it is finer and softer. Be sure and say STEELO — especially if you have new saucepans. Even new saucepans get burnt bottoms — inside and out. Keep them smooth as well as shining by using STEELO — the finest, softest steel wool.



* Have you tried new

STEELO Soap Pads



Billions of Steelo "scrub bubbles" cut grease so fast you scarcely need to scrub. All the fineness and softness of regular Steelo plus coconut oil soap. So kind to your hands as well as your pans.

KY503

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY Selection of Holiday Music

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C49	E177	E198	E231	E270	
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us out of the reward — doesn't it mean anything to you that you may think you have a chance for some easy money, but we just get hurt and heartbroken all over again? Why don't you leave us alone?"

"Carole," my father said, "you're frightening the poor child . . . Young lady," he said to me. "I honestly believe that you did not realise the cruelty of what you tried to do. You look like a nice girl; try to imagine your own mother—"

I tried to imagine my own mother; I looked straight at her.

"—if someone took advantage of her like this. I am sure you were not told that twice before this young man"—I stopped looking at my mother and looked at Paul—"has brought us young girls who pretended to be our lost daughter; each time he protested that he had

been genuinely deceived and had no thought of profit, and each time we hoped desperately that it would be the right girl.

"The first time we were taken in for several days. The girl looked like our Louisa, she acted like our Louisa, she knew all kinds of small family jokes and happenings; it seemed impossible that anyone but Louisa could know, and yet she was an impostor. And the girl's mother—my wife—has suffered more each time her hopes have been raised."

He put his arm around my mother—his wife—and with Carole they stood all together looking at me.

"Look," Paul said wildly, "give her a chance — she knows she's

Continuing . . . LOUISA, PLEASE...

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Louisa. At least give her a chance to prove it."

"How?" Carole asked. "I'm sure if I asked her something like—well—like what was the color of the dress she was supposed to wear at my wedding—"

"It was pink," I said. "I wanted blue, but you said it had to be pink."

"I'm sure she'd know the answer," Carole went on as though I hadn't said anything. "The other girls you brought here, Paul—they both knew."

It wasn't going to be any good. I ought to have known it. Maybe

they were so used to looking for me by now that they would rather keep on looking than have me at home; maybe once my mother had looked in my face and seen there nothing of Louisa, but only the long, careful concentration I had put into being Lois Taylor, there was never any chance of my looking like Louisa again.

I felt kind of sorry for Paul; he had never understood them as well as I did, and he clearly felt there was still some chance of talking them into opening their arms and crying out, "Louisa! Our long-lost daughter!" and then turning around and handing him the reward; after that, we could all live happily ever after.

While Paul was still trying to argue with my father I walked over a little way and looked into the living-room again; I figured wasn't going to have much time to look around and I wanted one last glimpse to take away with me; sister Carole kept a good eye on me all the time, too.

I wondered what the two girls before me had tried to steal, and wanted to tell her that if I ever planned to steal anything from that house I was three years too late; could have taken whatever I wanted when I left the first time. There was nothing there I could take now, any more than there has been before.

I realised that all I wanted was to stay — I wanted to stay so much that I felt like hanging on to the stair-rail and screaming, but even though a temper tantrum might bring them some fleeting recollection of their dear lost Louisa, hardly thought it would persuade them to invite me to stay. I could just picture myself being dragged kicking and screaming out of my own house.

"Such a lovely old house," I said politely to my sister Carole, who was hovering around me.

"Our family has lived here for generations," she said, just a little bit.

"Fingerprints," Paul was shouting. We were going to get a lawyer I gathered, or at least Paul thought we were going to a lawyer and I wondered how he was going to feel when he found out that we weren't.

I couldn't imagine any lawyer in the world who could get my mother and my father and my sister Carole to take me back when they had made up their minds that I was not Louisa; could the law make my mother look into my face and recognise me?

I THOUGHT there ought to be some way I could make Paul see that there was nothing we could do, and I came over and stood next to him.

"Paul," I said, "can't you see that you're only making Mr Tether angry?"

"Correct, young woman," my father said, and nodded at me to show that he thought I was being a sensible creature. "He's not doing himself any good by threatening me."

"Paul," I said, "these people don't want us here."

Paul started to say something, and then for the first time in his life thought better of it and stamped off toward the door. When I turned to follow him, my father came up behind me and took my hand.

"My daughter was younger than you are," he said to me very kindly, "but I'm sure you have a family somewhere who love you and want you to be happy. Go back to them, young lady. Let me advise you as though I were really your father — stay away from that fellow, he's wicked and he's worthless. Go back home where you belong."

"We know what it's like for a family to worry and wonder about a daughter," my mother said. "Go back to the people who love you."

"Just to make sure you get there," my father said, "let us help toward your fare." I tried to take my hand away, but he put a folded bill into it and I had to take it. "I hope some day," he said, "that someone will do as much for our Louisa."

"Goodbye, my dear," my mother said, and she reached out and patted my cheek. "Very good luck to you."

"I hope your daughter comes back some day," I told them. "Goodbye."

The bill was a twenty, and I gave it to Paul. It seemed little enough for all the trouble he had taken and, after all, I could go back to my job in the stationery store. My mother still talks to me on the radio, once a year, on the anniversary of the day I ran away.

"Louisa," she says, "please come home. We all want our dear girl back, and we need you and miss you so much. Your mother and father love you and will never forget you. Louisa, please come home."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 21, 1962

Around the world with 8 pairs of

BOND'S

"Cottontails"

THIS IS THE TRUE STORY of Kay Lambert, a 19-year-old Melbourne stenographer, who sailed for London on the "Oceania" last May with 8 pairs of BOND'S "Cottontails."

Travelling or at home, "Cottontails" are the most practical briefs. They give a smooth fit under the slimmest dresses . . . the "action gusset" gives freedom and comfort. There's a replaceable elastic waistband, and whether you boil them or wash by hand, "Cottontails" never need ironing.

BREEZEWEIGHT 7/6
Girls' from 5/11

INTERLOCK 7/11
Girls' from 6/3



"London! Spent the first few days sightseeing. Houses of Parliament, Nelson's Column . . . then on to Edinburgh for the weekend. Packed my 'Cottontails'. So easy to wash out at night . . . and you never need to iron them."



In breezeweight or interlock cotton, sizes SSW-OS, girls' sizes 3-13. Both in white, grey, navy, fawn, bottle green . . . breezeweight or interlock.



"Arrived Singapore this morning. Loved this fascinating city. Walked and walked, but even in the sultry heat 'Cottontails' felt cool."



"Three whole days in Rome! Feel a million in my new red sheath . . . and it fits beautifully over sleek 'Cottontails' (they never wrinkle)."

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and work swiftly, considering her heart condition, with a minimum of discomfort to her. He could picture the men, after the deed, fumbling the jewels from the limp body and stealing furtively away.

By this time the burglars were so lifelike that it was all he could do to remember that they would, in fact, merely be himself.

And what of him? At the time of the crime, of course, he would have to be far away in some definite place where there would be unimpeachable witnesses to his presence.

It seemed obvious that his Bonifoot promotion scheme should somehow provide the alibi. The

scheme was a simple publicity stunt which the company had never tried before but they had been impressed with John's idea, and if his first tests proved successful they were considering adopting it throughout the nation.

Every day for a week John was going to stand at a busy midtown intersection taking note of all the wearers of Bonifoot models who passed him on the sidewalk. Every tenth individual who walked by wearing Bonifoot shoes would be stopped, asked his or her name and address, and then given a coupon entitling the lucky person to a free

pair of Bonifoot shoes at any of the local stores. As a final twist, every hundredth Bonifoot patron would receive a coupon for five pairs of shoes.

Yes, if the burglars were to kill Amy next Thursday afternoon, John would be standing with his notebook at the corner of 15th and Market.

But how? That was the kernel of the problem. How could he be at 15th and Market and at his home three miles away simultaneously?

It was the thought of Harry Shipley that clinched it. Harry's blank, nondescript face with its typical salesman's grin came into

his mind—and suddenly John Flint saw his way.

He called Harry on the phone. "Hi, Harry. Still interested in that loan?"

"Johnny, old horse!" Harry's voice was thick with eagerness. "I knew it. I knew old Johnny-boy wouldn't let me down."

"Fine. How about coming over to the office right now. I've got a little proposition."

While he was waiting for Harry, John Flint surveyed his own reflection in the mirror behind his desk. He had always disliked his face.

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the point? It would only make her feel guilty, make her feel more of a drag on him than she felt already. If only she could be cured! He had a little nest-egg put away. And then there were her jewels. Wasn't there some specialist — New York? Even London? But he knew this was only idle dreaming. Dr. Jepson had made that abundantly clear many times. There was nothing that could be done for her condition.

Against his will he started to think about Harry Shipley. Harry was divorcing his wife, beginning a new life. Divorce . . . But how could he divorce Amy? She had no one in the world but him. And it wasn't her fault that she was sick. What had she ever done to him except try to be as little trouble as possible?

"John." Her whispering voice came from the other bed. "Are you awake?"

"Yes, dear."

"I hate to ask . . . but could you please get me a glass of milk?"

John scrambled out of bed as he had done a thousand times before and turned on the bedside lamp. Amy blinked up at him. She had forgotten to take off the earrings. They glittered with incongruous splendor beneath her untidy hair. Because John had loved her and knew that it was his duty to go on loving her, he had not for years really thought about her or even looked at her. But now he had been jolted from his anesthetising habit-pattern and he saw with merciless clarity the rough skin under the defeated eyes, the sharp angles of her cheekbones, the withering neck. She was suddenly a stranger, something infinitely removed from the solemn, fresh young girl he had married . . .

So it's this, he thought, almost wonderingly, that stands between me and everything that matters. It's this pointless woman who is chaining me for ever to this grim little house, this suburb, this awful town.

He went down to the pretty kitchen. As he was pouring milk into a glass, the thought came, sudden, shocking, unlike any other thought he had ever had.

If she would die, he thought . . . If she would only die . . .

In his mind, faint guitar music was trailing from behind pale pink adobe walls. What was that song? Oh, yes, he remembered:

"Ya yo me voy
Al puerto donde se alla . . ."

It had come back.
Next morning John Flint awoke with the thought: What if burglars broke in some afternoon when Amy was alone in the house and killed her for her jewels? It was not impossible. Mrs. O'Roylan was a confirmed gossip. Everyone in the neighborhood must know about Amy's jewels and her odd habit of wearing them in bed.

All that day, as he put the last touches on his Bonifoot promotion scheme, he kept the personnel manager's letter unanswered on his desk and the thought of burglars in his mind. Now that he had invented them, it seemed somehow certain that they would come. That evening he returned to his house with a fearful expectancy, half dread, half joy, of what he might find. But Amy greeted him with a smile from her bed; it had been one of her good days.

John could never have told exactly when he decided to make the burglars real. But the next day in his office he found himself working out a plan with the same impersonal efficiency which he used to tackle one of Bonifoot's problems.

The burglars would come on Thursday afternoon, of course, because Thursday was Mrs. O'Roylan's afternoon off and Amy was invariably alone. In his mind's eye he saw burly men, with handkerchiefs tied over their noses and mouths, creeping up the stairs to the bedroom. Amy was lying there in the semi-darkness behind closed curtains, the jewels gleaming at her throat and ears. She would see the intruders, of course, so they would have to be quick.

A pillow pressed on her face—that would stop her cries for help



CHOCOLATE PEAR PRINCESSE

INGREDIENTS: 1 can pears; ½ cup pear syrup; 1¼ pints milk; 3 oz. grated chocolate; pinch salt; 3 eggs; ½ cup sugar; 2 teaspoons rum or ½ teaspoon vanilla essence; 4 or 5 slices stale bread (cut into fingers); 2 tablespoons extra sugar; extra grated chocolate.

METHOD: Place milk, grated chocolate and salt into saucepan and heat slowly until chocolate melts. Add ½ cup drained pear syrup. Separate eggs, set aside 2 egg-whites and place remaining white and 3 egg-yolks in basin. Add sugar and rum or vanilla and beat until creamy. Stir in chocolate milk mixture and bread fingers. Set aside for ½ hour, then spoon into greased ovenproof dish. Place in another dish containing 1 inch water and bake in a moderate oven until set. Remove from oven and allow to cool slightly. Meanwhile, whip egg-whites until foamy and fold in extra sugar. Beat until dissolved. Arrange pear halves on top of chocolate custard and coat each with meringue. Return to oven for 10 minutes to set and lightly brown meringue. Sprinkle extra grated chocolate over each mound before serving.

Easy! open a can of perfect pears



PEAR AND LETTUCE SALAD

INGREDIENTS: 1 can drained pears; lettuce leaves; prunes; creamed cheese; walnuts; mayonnaise; parsley; meat rolls.

METHOD: Take 1 lettuce leaf for each serving. Arrange in centre of lettuce, 1 pear half. Top each pear with creamed cheese, prune, walnut and parsley. Arrange meat rolls around edge. Chill. Serve with mayonnaise.

IT'S LIKE OWNING AN ORCHARD!

All the sunny, golden goodness of fruit fresh from the tree is yours — any time you want it! Just open a can. No work, no mess, no waste. And, mmm . . . just taste that healthy freshness! It's sealed into every can by pressure-cooking. You'll really enjoy making desserts like these with canned fruits. Pick up an extra can on every shopping trip.

For goodness' sake eat more canned fruit



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GET A CAN AT YOUR GROCERY TODAY!

How to keep your legs beautiful

Silkymit hair removing glove leaves your legs beautifully bare. Silkymit will not remove your suntan. No nicks or scratches. Silkymit is the safe, quick and simple way to beautiful legs.



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Cut out this coupon and send it to Silkymit Offer, 420 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY. Please send me a free Silkymit.

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Continuing . . . ALL THE WAY TO THE MOON

from page 65

It was so depressingly ordinary: a smooth, uneccentric face which could have been worn by any of countless thousands of small businessmen or salesmen; a face, surely, that gave no hint of his personal uniqueness. But now, for the first time, the colorlessness of the reflection pleased him. He practised a jovial salesman's grin. Yes, that vacuous face might be anyone's face—Harry Shipley's, for example.

He called the railroad station and was told that the Western Express to Reno left daily from New York at 6.49 p.m.

When Harry Shipley burst exuberantly into the office, he was wearing grey flannel trousers and a brand-new, flashy sports-jacket, beige with large orange squares. On his necktie two hand-painted cockers struggled cutely for a bone against a tan background.

"Hi, Harry, how soon are you headed for Reno?"

"Just as soon as I can put my hand on those five hundred smackers."

"How about holding off until next Thursday?"

"Gee, Johnny, you really mean . . . ?"

"This week I'm up to my neck. Got a promotion project that'll keep me on the streets all day. I need someone to hold down the office. Just to answer the telephone and make a couple of trade calls. That's all it amounts to. If you'll do that for me, I'll write you a cheque right now. You can knock off a hundred bucks for salary and pay me back the rest when you're good and ready."

As John scribbled the cheque, Harry's gratitude was

almost oppressive. Sure, he'd start work tomorrow, sure, he'd do anything for old Johnny. And, boy, come 6.49 p.m. next Thursday this town wasn't going to see him for dust.

When finally Harry got up to leave with the cheque in his pocket, John Flint glanced from his own sombre grey lounge suit to the dazzling sports-jacket.

"That's a good-looking jacket, Harry. New, isn't it?"

"Sure. Just picked it up the other day at Holt & Holt." Harry fingered the necktie proudly. "Picked this up, too. Sharp, isn't it?"

"Very sharp. Wear them around the office, Harry. I like a snappy dresser. Gives people a good impression."

AFTER Harry had left, John went out to Holt & Holt. A sports-coat exactly like Harry's was on the rack. He bought it. He also bought a tan necktie with gambolling cockers and a pair of grey flannel trousers. He took the box back to the office and hid it in a closet.

That evening, as he jolted home on the bus, the lumbering vehicle seemed suddenly to be crammed with Indians. Bunches of Easter lilies, almost sickeningly sweet, seemed to be jostling against his face. The air was full of excitable Mexican voices.

It had come back.

Next morning, at nine o'clock, Harry Shipley, in his gaudy sports-jacket, all smiles and co-operation, showed up

at the office. John explained the routine set-up to him and then sent him off with some new Bonifoot samples to a large department store. Once he had gone, John Flint produced the box from the closet and quite calmly, as if his entire life wasn't changing, slipped into the sports-jacket and flannel trousers and knotted the cocker necktie beneath his collar.

Putting his own suit back in the box, he returned the box to the closet and studied his reflection in the mirror. His features, actually, were not at all like Harry's. But essential insipidity gave them a kinship. A hearty smile, and, for all any casual observer would notice, that might be Harry Shipley beaming back at him from the glass.

With his notebook and his coupons, John Flint took the bus to 15th and Market. There he spent the day, conscientiously taking down foot-wear details, giving out the coupons, noting the names and addresses of the recipients. This was his scheme and there was no reason not to make a good job of it. But The Other Thing was always there, excitingly in the back of his mind. It made him take pains to attract the mild attention of the cop on the block and of the cripple who sold newspapers outside the bank building. A casual greeting, a smile, the beige and orange sports-coat—they were enough to make him a distinct if unimportant feature of the corner.

During the day he telephoned his office several times to keep a check on any business that had come up. At five o'clock exactly he called for

the last time and told Harry he could go home.

Back in the empty office, he typed up his material for the day and changed back into his grey business suit and sober tie, returning his borrowed plumage almost lovingly to the box in the closet.

He repeated this procedure for four days, and during those days he behaved at home exactly as he had always behaved. He found it surprisingly easy. Something had happened, something which had made Amy completely unreal to him. Every morning he brought her breakfast-tray, every morning he went through the ritual with the jewel-box. Every night he slept in the bed next to her. But she wasn't there—especially at night when the personnel manager's still unanswered letter glowed in his mind and then slowly, luxuriously dissolved into a panorama of broad foreign avenues, brilliant with sunshine, lovelier, more desirable than the streets of any earthly city . . .

The fifth day was Thursday. Before John left the house, he unbolted the kitchen door. Later, when Harry, still in the snappy sports-jacket, hurried flushed and apologetic into the office a few minutes after nine, John greeted him with a friendly smile.

"Well, Harry, all packed?"

"I'll say I am. Bags all checked at the depot and my ticket bought. Johnny, you old horse-thief, if you knew what you've done for me!"

"Think nothing of it. Look, Harry, something's come up

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In the heart of the home..



A place that's alive and warm . . . and friendly. A place where family happiness is the total sum of the personal contributions made by each member. This is the Australian home.

In its unobtrusive way the Bank of New South Wales — the friendly "Wales" — has made its own

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Cheque Accounts • Savings Accounts

(INCORPORATED IN NEW SOUTH WALES WITH LIMITED LIABILITY)

Some of the ways the "Wales" can help you

A Savings Account to provide for future emergencies, to help you toward security.
A "special purpose" Savings Account to help you accumulate funds for a definite objective, to achieve a particular ambition.
A Cheque Account to simplify the payment of your bills, to provide you with an accurate, undisputable record of every payment you make.

from the head office. I've got to work on it all day and this is the last day of my street survey. Think you could take over the survey for me? You know the Bonifoot models by now."

"Sure, Johnny, glad to do it." It did not take long to brief Harry on the survey. John explained how to make notes of each Bonifoot model that passed, how to handle the free coupons.

"There should be a hundredth coming up today. That person gets the coupon for five pairs of shoes. And always keep a careful time note. That's important. Jot down the exact minute you give out a coupon. I'm using that in my report. And, Harry, no sales talks, no personal conversations with the coupon winners. I want to keep this whole thing dignified."

"Fine, Johnny. And until five, you say? That's a cinch. Plenty of time to bring my notes back here before I get that train. Boy, that train! Will I be singing hallelujah when I finally see the last of this old town!"

After he had sent Harry off to 15th and Market, John Flint resisted the temptation to write to the personnel manager and accept the Mexico City offer. He found an old copy of "Brush Up On Your Spanish" in his desk drawer and carried it out with him to lunch. At two-thirty he took the bus to his home. It was practically empty, and, in any case, his ordinary appearance and drab suit were a perfect camouflage against attracting attention.

NOW that the moment of climax was approaching, he didn't exactly feel calm. It was a stronger emotion than that. He felt exalted, infinitely capable, as if there was nothing in the world he couldn't carry off. Some kids were playing ball on the corner lot. It was all he could do to keep himself from jumping off the bus and running to join them. If he hit the ball it would travel all the way to the moon. That's it — that's where he was going — all the way to the moon.

He had to be careful that no one should see him entering the house at this uncharacteristic hour. He dropped off the bus several stops before his regular one, and, choosing a deserted side-street, slipped round to the back door of the house. He turned the knob and entered.

It was so long since he had been home on a weekday afternoon that the quiet kitchen seemed oddly unfamiliar. From upstairs, he could hear symphony music playing on Amy's radio. That was odd, too. He disliked classical music and he didn't know that Amy ever listened to it. Quietly — although there was no need to be quiet — he went up the stairs and through the open door into the sombre-draped twilight of the bedroom.

Almost before he saw Amy herself, he saw the jewels. They made little glittering areas in the shadowy monotone. Then Amy noticed him and her voice came warm with pleasure, young, the way he remembered it.

"Why, John, what a lovely surprise!"

He crossed to the little alley between the two beds. She was smiling, and in the vague light she looked fragile and girlish. But he had travelled too far into himself to feel any pity for her.

"Oh, John, that music!" She made a move as if to turn off the radio. "I know you hate it. But lately when I've been lying here alone . . ."

"That's all right, dear. Let me fix your pillows."

"Thank you, John." As he slipped one of the pillows from beneath her head, she patted his sleeve shyly.

"It's wonderful that you've managed a free afternoon on a Thursday, John. Thursdays, without Mrs. O'Koylan, always seem to drag so. But then I shan't complain, shall I? I won't spoil this lovely treat."

He brought the pillow violently down against her face. The impact of the unexpected blow knocked her head back on to the other pillow. Caught between the two smothering surfaces, she struggled

for a little while. Then her body went limp.

John let his pillow drop to the floor. Automatically, as he had acted a thousand times before, he took off the pearl necklace, the diamond earrings, and the diamond-clip bracelet. Only this time instead of replacing them in the jewel-box he put them in his pocket. He stood for a moment looking at the dimly discerned body which had no reality for him.

Then he removed from her dangling wrist the little watch he had given her on their tenth anniversary. He peered at its dial. It said exactly twenty minutes past three. He threw it on the floor repeatedly until it stopped, so that the precise

time could be established from it later.

Tossing it on the floor by the bed, he tugged drawers open and simulated a hasty search for other valuables. Then, leaving the radio still playing, he walked out.

With a crowbar from the cellar he forced the bolt on the back door to show where the burglars had broken in. Putting the crowbar back where he had found it, he slipped out through the yard and picked up the bus four blocks away.

He had rather thought, now that he had killed Amy, that it would come back. But no. While he rode into town he was still John Flint who had just murdered his

wife. He did not feel any emotion. But he was still alert, capable, reviewing what he had done, searching painstakingly for flaws. He could find none. All that remained was to get rid of the jewels, to wait in the office for Harry to bring back his notes from the survey, and then to make sure Harry caught that train.

He had already decided the fate of the jewels. He got off the bus at the stop before the bridge and, carefully choosing his moment as he walked across, dropped them into the grimy river. He saw them go with no pang. The jewels had no part in his future. It hadn't been jewels that he had wanted from Amy.

At exactly five-thirty Harry barged into the office in a state of great excitement and self-satisfaction.

"Here you are, old boy—all the notes. Exactly the way you said. Gave out coupons. Didn't even whistle at a blonde. The real dignified gentleman—that was me."

He hovered while John studied the pencilled notes. They couldn't have been more desirable. That afternoon, between two and five, two regular coupons had been handed out and at precisely three-fifteen one special five-shoe coupon had been given to a woman. Her

To page 68



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from Chemists & Pet shops everywhere

Continuing . . .

ALL THE WAY TO THE MOON

from page 67

name and address, like that of the other recipients, were neatly marked down with the exact time.

"Fine, Harry. Thanks a lot."

"You thanking me? That's for laughs, Johnny, old boy, you've saved a life today — that's what you've done."

Harry's effusive thanks went on for so long that John began to worry about the train. But that was all right, too. At ten to six Harry went exuberantly off to the station.

As John studied the notes he began to feel a deep craftsman's satisfaction. He had pulled it off. He had done what he had set out to do. He had managed to be in two places, three miles away from each other, at one and the same time.

While Amy was being smothered by the burglars in that dimly lit bedroom he had been at 15th and Market giving a five-shoe coupon to . . . what was the woman's name? He consulted Harry's notes again. Miss Carmen Gonzales, 1374 Pine Street.

Carmen Gonzales. That name, redolent of distant sunshine and soft Mexican laughter, was surely a favorable omen. The two words rang prettily in his ears as he carefully typed up Harry's notes, added them to the complete file of the survey, and burned the papers which bore Harry's handwriting.

Everything was set now. He changed into the violent sports outfit and, packing his grey suit in the box, wrapped it and tucked it under his arm.

AT home he let himself in by the front door as usual. He went straight upstairs. Hardly glancing at the thing on the bed, he unpacked his suit and hung it neatly in the closet. He left the radio still playing and took the empty cardboard box down to the cellar. Then he went to the telephone in the hall. His voice sounded stunned and incredulous even to himself as he called the police.

It was then that a sudden, unheard detail occurred to him.

Mrs. Roseway next door had often been kind to Amy; she had brought her doughnuts when she baked; and a couple of times she had sat with her at night when John had had to entertain out-of-town salesmen. He ran now to his neighbor's house, beating on the front door with his fists. When Mrs. Roseway, plump and amiable, appeared, he gasped: "Amy! Quick! Something terrible has happened to Amy!"

Mrs. Roseway was with him when the police arrived. And while he hunched in apparent apathy in the living-room, Mrs. Roseway took them upstairs. Through the long confused interval that followed, when the house seemed to be full of a regiment of plainclothes men and police officers, Mrs. Roseway was constantly at John's side, encouraging and comforting him.

It was Mrs. Roseway who confirmed the fact that Amy had always worn her jewels in bed and that the jewels were missing. And after John had given his own faltering statement she plunged to the defence of his as yet unchallenged character. John Flint, she said, was a model citizen, the most

affectionate, the most admirable husband on the block.

The police inspector, like everyone else, treated her with respect, and, partly for her sake perhaps, was as tender with John as a godfather. When the investigation was finally over, it was obvious that John would have to go with the police to the precinct headquarters. But the inspector patted his shoulder.

"This is a clear case of breaking and entering. And we can prove you were miles away at the time. But we'd better drop by your office, pick up the records of that survey, and check with those people you say you've got on the list. That'll establish it once and for all. And you'll feel better when we get that alibi on record for you."

"Of course," said John. "Thanks. I'm ready to go whenever you are."

They drove to the office, John gave the survey file to the inspector. At headquarters, policemen were sent to pick up the three people whose names and addresses appeared on the afternoon list and also, at John's suggestion, the cop on the corner and the crippled news-vendor.

The cop and the news-vendor were the first to be brought in. They both glanced at John, sitting by the inspector's desk.

"Yeah," said the cop, "he's been around the block all week doing a survey or something."

"That's right," said the news-vendor. "Seen him every day."

The first of the coupon recipients was an elderly woman with the slightly harassed air of a solid citizen unused to police stations. On the inspector's instructions, she studied John carefully and then said:

"Yes, that's the man who gave me the coupon. I wouldn't forget that coat. This — this doesn't mean the coupon's no good, does it? I haven't used it yet, but I was planning . . ."

"No, lady. The coupon's fine." The inspector consulted John's typewritten list. "It says here he gave you the coupon at two-ten. That right?"

"Yes, that would have been it. I had just been around to the five-and-dime store and . . ."

"Okay, lady, that'll be all. Thank you."

The second coupon winner was a young man with a jaunty air. He was even more satisfactory than the woman.

"Sure, I remember that tie. Pretty keen. Figured I might buy one just like it. Keen."

All that was needed now was Carmen Gonzales. Once she arrived and established the key moment of the alibi, this would be over. John Flint, leaning back in the wooden chair, began to feel a strange affection for the stuffy, drab atmosphere of the police station. He had never been in one before and he hadn't expected it to be like this. It was almost cosy. But only his surface was reacting to it. Underneath, holding itself patiently in check, but waiting, waiting to surge up again, was it.

As he sat there, John Flint began to realise that something immensely important

To page 69

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is to
fall in love
with it!

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Nov. 14

ARIES

MAR. 21—APR. 20
Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, red, orange.
Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

TAURUS

APR. 21—MAY 20
Lucky number this week, 6.
Gambling colors, pink, blue.
Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.

GEMINI

MAY 21—JUNE 21
Lucky number this week, 5.
Gambling colors, pink, blue.
Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.

CANCER

JUNE 22—JULY 21
Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

LEO

JULY 22—AUG. 21
Lucky number this week, 6.
Gambling colors, pink, grey.
Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.

VIRGO

AUG. 22—SEPT. 21
Lucky number this week, 7.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

LIBRA

SEPT. 22—OCT. 21
Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, orange, black.
Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

SCORPIO

OCT. 22—NOV. 21
Lucky number this week, 5.
Gambling colors, blue, green.
Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 22—DEC. 21
Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, orange, red.
Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

CAPRICORN

DEC. 22—JAN. 19
Lucky number this week, 5.
Gambling colors, pink, blue.
Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

AQUARIUS

JAN. 20—FEB. 18
Lucky number this week, 6.
Gambling colors, pink, blue.
Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

PISCES

FEB. 19—MAR. 20
Lucky number this week, 6.
Gambling colors, pink, green.
Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Continuing . . .

ALL THE WAY TO THE MOON

from page 68

was happening inside him. All his life, up till now, he had been haunted by a nagging sense of failure. Even if, if he had ever dared to admit it, had been only a daydream, a compensation for the dreariness of reality, a shimmering mirage of what might have been but never would be. He had never really believed he would get to Mexico. No, even after he had started to plan Amy's death, he had never believed that it could actually be achieved.

But he had done it. Miraculously, by his own unaided efforts, he had forced life to go his way. He, John Flint, had done that, calmly, efficiently, without a faltering step. Who else among his circle of friends and acquaintances could have pulled off so magnificent an enterprise? Harry? The idea was laughable. He felt a growing wonder at himself and a new, burnished pride.

It was half an hour before Miss Carmen Gonzales was brought in by the officer. She was young, dark, pretty as an exotic tropical flower, and at the sight of her it was suddenly released in John and exaltation rose through him. Senorita. That was the word that came with her, and magically, once again, the broad pasesos, the softly padding Indians, the little boys scurrying around vending lottery tickets—all vibrant in his mind, beckoning . . .

Come, come . . . come to us . . . we are all yours at last . . .

John was hardly paying any attention to what was happening now, but he saw the girl glance quickly at him and then turn nervously to the inspector. She was obviously ill at ease. That touched him. You couldn't expect an exquisite little girl like that to be calm in a police station.

The inspector said: "You are Miss Carmen Gonzales, of 1374 Pine Street?"

"Yes, sir. But what's the matter? The officer wouldn't tell me. Why have you brought me here? What have I done?"

Carmen Gonzales was drifting into it now. Hand in hand, John and this lovely girl were walking down leaf-fringed boulevards—to the bullfights, perhaps . . .

"Now there's nothing to be frightened of, Miss," said the inspector paternally. "We just want you to answer a few questions. This afternoon at . . .

There are no real difficulties in a home where the children hope to be like their parents one day.

—William Lyon Phelps

the corner of 15th and Market Street did you receive a coupon entitling you to five free pairs of Bonifoot shoes?"

A flush started to spread under the girl's dusky cheeks. "I haven't used it yet. I can give it back."

"That won't be necessary, Miss."

Suddenly the girl spun to John and clutched his arm. "Oh, Mr. Flint—your must be Mr. Flint, aren't you?—I'm sorry. You've been so wonderful to Harry. He's told me about the loan and everything. I knew we shouldn't have done it." Her pretty pleading face was close to his. "I told Harry it was mean, petty, almost like stealing. But he thought you wouldn't mind. He said that the five-pairs coupon had to go to someone—so why shouldn't I be the hundredth person to walk by?"

"You see, having to get the trousseau and everything to join Harry in Reno . . . Five pairs of shoes, it did seem such a wonderful chance. But we shouldn't have done it. Oh, Mr. Flint, you're kind. I know you're kind. Don't make a charge against Harry; don't have him arrested."

What was happening inside John Flint was terrible. It was as if an atomic bomb had plunged from the air without a sound of warning, raging into his dream city, cracking the tall buildings, splitting the boulevards, smothering the sunlight in a miasma of dust.

"Harry?" barked the inspector. "Who's this Harry?"

The girl turned. "He's my fiancé. And Mr. Flint has been wonderful to him, lending him money for the divorce, giving him a job as his assistant when he didn't really need one. Just to be kind. This afternoon he sent Harry on the street survey and—well, Harry shouldn't have done it, but he called me up and told me if I joined him right away on 15th and Market, I would be able to get the free coupon. He . . ."

Carmen Gonzales spun back to John Flint, leaning towards him, pathetically eager to justify herself, to convince him that, even though she and Harry had done a shoddy act, they were genuinely sorry.

"Please, Mr. Flint." Awkwardly she fumbled the coupon from her pocket-book and held it out to him. "Take it. I couldn't ever use it. Five pairs of shoes. Why, that'd be over fifty dollars. I can't imagine how we could have been so—so completely despicable."

Her warm young smile was like the grin of disaster stalking through the ruins.

"And, Mr. Flint, I only hope that one day you'll be in trouble. Then Harry and I will really be able to prove our gratitude."

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YOUR
BABY
WORTH
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LA 38

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Mrs. Spence nodded. "Worse, I think."

"Then I apologise for being born. I'm sorry."

"I accept your apology. It really wasn't your fault."

"No, seriously, don't you think—?" Faye suddenly broke off. Bringing her hands down in a sudden slapping motion on to the arms of the chair she boosted herself up slightly, her face contorted with alarm and pain. "Mother!"

Mrs. Spence was already beside her. "What is it, Faye? What's the matter? Tell me . . ."

For a moment longer Faye remained frozen in the grotesque half-sitting position, her face as white as her straining hands. Then, with a shuddering sigh, she collapsed back into the chair.

"The baby," she gasped, "I think—"

"No, dear, no," Mrs. Spence

Continuing . . . DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

from page 31

shook her head. "It couldn't be so soon. It must be just a spasm—false labor. The doctor warned us."

"Yes," Faye nodded. The color was coming back into her face almost as swiftly as it had left it. "But I felt so—peculiar."

"I know," Mrs. Spence said. "I know. Would you like me to call the doctor? If he isn't there I can talk to the nurse."

Faye shook her head, smiling with relief. "I'm all right now—just fine."

"You'd better lie down and relax just the same. Here, take my hand."

Settled on the lounge Faye

watched her mother as she retreated into the kitchen and busied herself washing her and Johnny's breakfast dishes, then she reached out to the coffee table for the morning paper.

"I just wish we had a bigger apartment," she said, opening the paper out on her protruding mid-section. "I wish we could afford one." She looked down at the paper. There were the usual headlines, the usual heavy, black words of distress and alarm. "This one actually seems to shrink by the day."

"You'll adjust. You'll see. It's

just that you're feeling big and awkward right now."

"I am big and awkward," Faye studied the headlines for their meaning. MYSTERY MISSILE LAUNCHED. That was the scare headline, the largest. WOMAN SOUGHT IN KILLING, THEFT. If Johnny's raise came through as they hoped it would, maybe they could move into a bigger place before too long.

She looked at the picture under the second headlines, glanced away, and then back again.

The woman in the picture was broad featured, full lipped. Her eyes were widely spaced and direct, and she had long dark hair. The picture was a poor one and doubt-

less did its subject an injustice, but there was something about it, about the woman's face, that seemed faintly familiar. Faye looked at it through narrow lids, trying to get a new perspective. But, of course, it was all perfectly silly. Whom could she know who would be mixed up in a murder?

She started to turn the page, but the feeling persisted, and she hesitated. She looked at the name under the picture, Rita Sears. That certainly didn't mean anything to her.

Probably the woman just resembled someone. But whom? As Mrs. Spence came toward the table to take up the empty juice glass, Faye held out the paper.

"Does this remind you of anyone?"

Mrs. Spence glanced at the picture and shook her head. "No. Should it?"

"Well, I don't know. I just had a feeling that it looked like someone we know."

Mrs. Spence gave the picture a second glance. "Not anyone I know. Murder and theft? Heavens, no!" She picked up the glass and started away.

"It's funny—" Faye began.

The convulsion this time came even more suddenly than before. Faye, thrusting her hand out before her, emitted a sharp gasp as the newspaper went whispering to the floor.

"It's the baby!" she cried in a cramped voice. "It's—I know it is! Call—oh, call Johnny! Call the doctor!"

Mrs. Spence hurried in the direction of the telephone. "Take deep breaths," she said with frightened inanity. Snatching up the receiver she began to dial. "Breathe deeply and try to be calm."

As the day had matured and brightened, the slow-rolling landscape of Ohio had come restfully into view. Newly risen crops, planted in precise rows, opened fanwise on either side as they passed. Occasionally the scene was broken by an islanded cluster of buildings or a bright gathering of slender, newly leafed trees, or banished briefly by one of a series of small towns.

IN one of these they stopped at noon at an immaculate village cafe and had soup and sandwiches. Then they continued on. Winnie at the wheel and Karen taking her period of rest in the back seat. As the day wore on it became evident that they would be well into the State of Indiana by stopping time. At Fort Wayne, instead of following Highway 30 to the north, they went south-west on Route 24.

Later, watching the sun begin its descent, still determined to cast her troubles aside, Karen deliberately held in abeyance the thought that had begun to press in on her. For several minutes now there had been an unaccustomed silence from the front seat. But just as Karen had begun to notice, Connie reopened the subject of cows.

"But how do they know they're supposed to just make milk?" she asked suddenly. "Who tells them?"

Winnie darted a glance at the child, paused. "Well," she finally said, "that's all kind of technical, and I don't know if I can explain it exactly so you'll understand. The thing is nobody tells them. They just do it, that's all, without even thinking about it. We all do a lot of things like that."

The discussion went on, but Karen didn't listen. She found the consistency of the passing countryside, the sameness, really, somehow reassuring. Life went on, it seemed to say, and somehow we survived.

"I suppose we'd better start watching for a place to stop," she said. "I'll check and see how far it is to the next town."

Connie swung quickly around in her seat. "Tonight," she said, "I get to stay with Aunt Winnie, don't I?" And then before Karen could answer she looked back at Winnie. "Tonight I get to stay at your house . . ."

Faye was comfortable, or at least more comfortable than she had been, which wasn't saying a lot, as long as she lay still and didn't make any sudden moves. But, oh!

To page 71



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Nada Junior Bristle	2/-

Continuing . . . DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

she was tired. Her labor had been a long one, so long she had actually begun not to care any more, not about the baby or Johnny or herself or anything or anyone at all. Whatever had been going to happen she had wanted only to go ahead and happen and be over with.

And now it was over with, and she had rested and awakened to find that she and the world were still there. The baby had arrived in the small hours of the morning. A born traditionalist, literally. A little boy, it was, healthy and normal. Someone had told her that, but she had been too worn out even to be glad. They had shown her the baby, or at least it seemed now that they had, but she had no recollection of what he really looked like. Now she wanted only to lie very still in this quiet room and just be content that her mind and body were at last empty.

She turned her head on the pillow and with a real sense of luxury let her eyelids droop closed. Just relax, the nurse had told her when she'd brought in her breakfast, just lie back and let yourself be waited on for a day or two. Silly, silly girl. A day or two? A month or two, a year or two would be more like it. Maybe if she complained of mysterious pains . . .

"You awake?" Faye opened her eyes to find Mrs. Spence peering in at her from around the cloth-covered screen that shielded the doorway.

"Hi," Faye said. "Are you really awake?" "Uh-huh, I think so. Where's Johnny?"

Laden with the morning papers and a selection of magazines, Mrs. Spence came into the room, placed her burdens on the table next to the bed, and started to strip off her gloves.

"Johnny's gone to the office," she said, "to brag and

pass out cheap cigars. He was on a terrific high when he left, but I predict he'll start to fold before noon. He didn't get any sleep at all last night, not one minute."

"Poor Johnny. Did they let you see the baby?" "Yes. Through a window."

"What's he like, could you tell?"

"Don't you know?" "I don't remember. I was so tired."

"I know. Well, in all modesty I'm free to tell you he's simply the most gorgeous thing that ever lived."

"Does he look like Johnny?"

"Well," Mrs. Spence said

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Faye nodded at the tray the nurse had left on the stand. "Some water." She indicated the glass carafe. "Some new water. That's dirty or something . . . or I guessed maybe I dreamed it. Things are still kind of mixed up . . ."

"I know. It's all those slides they show you through the microscope at school. Every time I see a glass of water that's been out of the tap for more than ten seconds I see it only as a teeming community of wogs." Taking up the carafe she carried it

room and returned the carafe to the stand. Slowly she shook her head, relaxed her frowning expression.

"Nothing. I was just trying to—to remember something—about Karen."

"About Karen? What?" "If I knew," Faye grinned, "I wouldn't be trying to remember, would I?"

"I know that. But what was it in connection with?"

"I don't know that, either. I just had the feeling that I'd forgotten something important about Karen. It's probably just some crazy thing that came into my head under anesthetic—about her being gone right now."

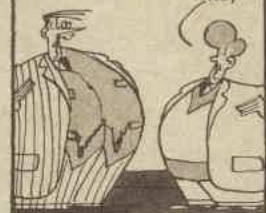
IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

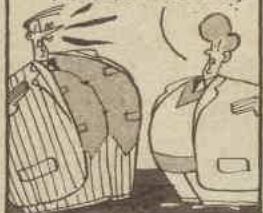
DID THE AUDITORS FIND YOUR BOSS'S BOOKS IN ORDER?



NO.



HE FORGOT ABOUT HIS WIFE'S FUR COAT !!!



slowly, "I'll tell you the truth about that. Your son is beautiful and perfect, but right now he only looks like himself. When you see him I suppose he'll be the very image of Johnny. But in my opinion family resemblance comes later. Right now it's all in the eye of the beholder."

Faye smiled. "I suppose it is, really. When is Johnny coming to see me, did he say?"

"In his lunch hour. That's what he said when he left. But that may have been sheer boyish bravado. Anyway, this afternoon for sure. Is there anything I can get you?"

across the room and into the adjoining bath.

With an idle hand Faye reached out to the newspapers on the table and plucked at the corner of the one on top.

"Won't Karen be flabbergasted when she hears?" Mrs. Spence called back into the room. "She won't be able to believe it."

Faye let the paper drop back on to the table. There was something about the mention of Karen that had sparked a vague feeling of disquiet. Or urgency. But why? "Faye, what's the matter? What's wrong?"

Faye looked up as her mother came quickly into the

Mrs. Spence nodded. "Probably," she said. But the shadow of a frown had formed on her forehead. "When did she say she'd call—tonight?"

"Uh-huh," Faye said. "But I guess there won't be anyone home to answer, will there?"

"Maybe I will, if she calls early." Mrs. Spence took up the carafe again and poured out a glass of water. "And maybe by then you'll think of what you were trying to remember."

Dan, his blunt, rather square features contracted in a frown, turned the corner and started along the long

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Little feet stay cool, safe and comfy

ALL THROUGH SUMMER



in "JUMPING-JACKS" by SAXONE

In the hot weather we marvel at the energy of small children. But busy little feet that are seldom still can be kept cool, safe and comfy in "Jumping-Jacks" . . . with the unique one-piece sole and heel; soft, flexible, all leather construction . . . and lots of room for growing toes to wiggle.



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From 33/11. (Slightly less in S.A.)

AT SHOE STORES WHERE THEY REALLY CARE

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NOTHING BEATS FABULOUS FAB SUDS at getting really dirty washing really clean . . . because only Fab contains Actergent. And Fab with Actergent makes fabulous Fab suds that work harder . . . last longer.

No hard rubbing . . . no hard scrubbing . . . even children's grubby playclothes come sparkling clean with Fab. Fab does all the hard work. Buy fabulous Fab, and prove it yourself.



THE CLEANEST CLEAN UNDER THE SUN IS FAB CLEAN

enclosed corridor in the direction of his office. At the door, however, aware of the crisp, quick click of heels on the polished terrazzo floor behind, he stopped and looked back.

"Mr. Howard. Oh, Mr. Howard!" It was the girl from the lab, the young, rather pretty one he had spoken to in the filing section. As she hurried to join him she held out a tabbed manila folder. "You said not to let you get away without this," she said breathlessly, smiling. "My heavens, you certainly do walk fast!"

Dan took the paper from her with a faint feeling of embarrassment. It was true he had told the girl to be sure to have the report ready for him when he left. He should have remembered.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Thank you."

Continuing . . . DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

"It's okay," the girl said brightly and turned away again.

For a moment he remained where he was, one hand extended to the door, the other clutching the folder. As he turned his gaze in the direction of the lush tropical planting out in the courtyard the lowering afternoon sun glistened red on the thick brush of his hair as if to signal his present mood of nervous agitation. Through the day he had become more and more positive that Karen's failure to call last night had been deliberate. It was just the sort of thing she would do — the sort of thing she had done — to worry him as punishment for not being as responsive on the phone as

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she thought he should have been.

But what did she expect, surprising him with a stunt like that, jumping into the car with Connie and some strange woman and starting out across the country without a word? She should have called him beforehand, dammit, and talked it over with him. And she knew she should have, too.

He had hoped for a while—really hoped—that things were going to be better, that the sessions with Dr. Emory were beginning to pay off.

There had been signs of a real change in some of the things Karen

had said on the phone, even allowing for the hedging and bickering that had intermittently passed between them. It seemed to him that she had begun to sound much more grown up.

But he had evidently succumbed to mere wishful thinking. This, quite obviously, was only more of the same, waiting until he was in a really vulnerable position and then doing everything she could think of to embarrass and harass him. How she must hate him to put herself to so much trouble!

There was no getting out of it, he had made a prize fool of himself with Hazel Conway. He had really messed things up for everybody.

And he hadn't even been serious about the girl. That was the awful part of it, never being able to convince Karen of that. He knew was true. Poor Hazel, she certainly knew it. But he guessed that Karen never would, because she didn't really want to.

But tonight, of course, she would call. She would call and give him some neat and faintly fanciful excuse just neat enough that wouldn't dare question it without seeming a bully, and just fanciful enough that he would know couldn't possibly be true. This was her favorite trick, that one, infuriate him with frustration. O anyway, it had been.

Well, Dan thought as he stood there, he was damned sick and tired of being the patsy in the affair. What he had done had been bad enough, but he had also done everything he could to make things right again. As a matter of fact he had done all he was going to do. He had much more important things to do this evening than around waiting to see whether she would call or not.

Oh, he was confident that she would call. But even if she didn't it wouldn't matter. Because he wasn't going to be there to know about it, one way or the other. Let her take her turn now, wondering what had happened to him.

Placing the folder firmly under his arm, Dan shoved open the door to his office and stepped decisively inside.

Tonight it was nodsville, no will scene like last night with nothing but no-vacancies and sweating it out in the car and damn near freezing.

FROM THE BIBLE

● "Trust in the Lord, and do good."
—Psalm 37.3.

David, the shepherd-boy-king, gives a short but precise prescription for a successful life.

to death before morning. Tonight they were so in, they were all the way out again. They not only had this place in this wayside roadside mousehole but they were right in front with a straight-in view of the Famous Auto Court across the way where the women had pulled in.

Gar was down-man on first duty tonight, while Haggy slept. At midnight they switched. That was the stunt, keeping an around-the-clock focus on the women all the way out. But Haggy wasn't up on the nod scene yet; it was still too early. Lank-haired and empty-eyed, young enough still that his olive skin was purpled here and there with acne, he lay back on the bed, hands folded beneath his head, and stared up at the ceiling.

"The one with the kid," he said "now she's got some class, huh?"

At the window Gar turned. Also dark-skinned, he was the more handsome of the two, and the more intelligent, and therefore in charge. He sat with his feet propped up on the writing table, in an attitude of careless and accustomed authority. Just beyond his feet lay a holstered .38 and a pair of binoculars.

"Uh-huh," he said. "The Sears dame, though . . . Too bad Math didn't dump her a long way back."

There was a moment of silence before Haggy spoke again.

"I don't pick up right on this deal. We should move in and lift the rocks off her. How could she yell? Nobody's backing her up nowhere."

"And the other dame and the kid? They could yell plenty."

"We take her when she's solo. Or we get the haul outta the car. When they stop for eating we shadow in."

"Forget it. All we're supposed to do is tail her and the stuff to L.A. They figure she's covered with the dame and the kid and all, so let her carry the stuff and save them the trouble. There's nothing wrong with that. They lift the

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You'll enjoy this summer recipe . . .

UNCLE TOBY'S Meat Loaf



EASY TO MAKE

Meat Loaf

1 lb. finely minced steak • 1 lb. sausage mince • 2 rashers bacon • 1 onion • 1 cup cooked tomato (skinned) • 1 cup Uncle Toby's Oats • 1 egg • 1 level tsp. salt • little pepper • ½ level tsp. mustard • 1 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce.

METHOD: Combine steak with sausage mince, add finely chopped bacon and onion, tomato and Oats. Mix mustard with egg and sauce, beat well. Add to meat mixture, with salt and pepper, mix well. Spoon into greased loaf tin, cover with greaseproof paper. Cook 1½ hours in moderate oven. Serve cold with salad or hot with vegetables.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR OUR RECIPE LEAFLET or write to Clifford Love & Co. Ltd., Hope St., Enfield, N.S.W.



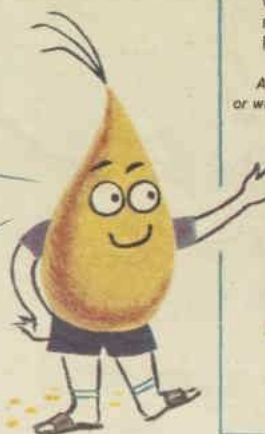
Take your choice of Packs — both contain a FULL 2 LB.

IF they don't eat it all for dinner, it is delightful with salad next day for lunch. Uncle Toby's Oats gives this dish a deliciously nutty flavour. It's equally delicious served hot from the oven.

Li'l Oat says: "Breakfast of Uncle Toby's beats them all!"
Cooks while you set the table

EVERYBODY DOTES

ON UNCLE TOBY'S OATS



stuff off her in L.A. and put her out of the way. That way it's neat. Everybody gets theirs."

"Sure. But if there's a leak somewhere and the cops jump in . . ."

"Then we jump first. Any sign from the cops, any sign that anybody else has got an eye on her, we make our move, but right now everything's smooth."

"But —"

"But you can forget it," Gar broke in firmly, "like I said."

In the shadows around the bed, Haggis rolled on to his side and emitted an unrestrained yawn.

"Sure, man, sure."

The hotel operator was polite, but emphatic. "Yes, Mrs. Howard," she said, "I've checked and I'm positive. Mr. Howard is not in the hotel and he didn't leave a message. Would you like to leave word for him when he comes in?"

Karen hesitated. It had grown quite dark outside the phone booth now. Whoever was supposed to turn on the floodlights hadn't bothered yet. "Yes," she said finally, "just say that I called and that I'll call again tomorrow about the same time."

She hung up.

Dan was angry then as she had meant him to be, but what was the good of it if he wouldn't talk to her? By the time she got in touch with him tomorrow he would have control of himself and be all polite evasion again. Well, strike two. When at first you don't succeed, fail, fail again. She reached for the door of the booth to pull it open, then drew back. This was the night when she had promised to call Faye and see how she was. She remembered earlier in the day asking Winnie to remind her, but Winnie evidently had an even worse memory for such things than she did.

RETURNING to the phone she dialled the operator and placed the call to New York. Waiting for the connection she turned to look back in the direction of the cabins and picked out the lighted window that marked the one occupied by Connie and Winnie.

Probably she had been wrong letting Connie spend another night with Winnie, but Winnie had seemed more than willing, and it was obviously the most important thing in the whole world to Connie. There was no question that the two of them did get along famously, and if Karen sensed at times a subtle wrongness in their growing relationship it was probably only the small, whispering voice of her persistent jealousy trying again to make itself heard.

But still she sometimes got the impression that it was not so much that Winnie, for all her apparent willingness to extend herself for Connie's pleasure and entertainment, inordinately admired Connie as that she wished the child, inordinately, to admire her.

And yet it seemed cruel, since Connie was so hopelessly enamored of the woman, that after only a few days more they would probably never see each other again. It was for this reason, really, that Karen had given in so easily, even though she would have liked to have Connie with her.

She turned her thoughts back to Dan and his failure to be on hand to receive her call. It was possible, of course, that he had been forced by circumstances to forgo his dinner at the hotel this evening, but she gravely doubted it. Nonetheless, she was determined not to let herself fall again into a state of depression. Everything would work out in time.

"I have your connection with New York now," the operator said. "Just one moment, please."

Faye reached out and touched his face, just at the corner of his mouth, as if to coax forth a smile. Being a parent seemed to have made him so grave all of a sudden, and she couldn't let that happen, because she was just beginning to enjoy it.

"I guess it's time for you to go now," she said, "before the nurse comes and tosses you out."

"I've still got ten minutes," Johnny said.

"But you want to see the baby," Faye let her hand fall away. "You'll

Continuing . . . DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

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miss him if you don't hurry. And stop worrying about me. I'm fine. You look like you're the one who needs attention. Go on now, say goodnight to the baby. And then go straight home. And eat a good dinner and go to bed. Will you?"

"Well . . ."

"Mother's waiting in the nursery, and I know she's anxious to get home in case Karen calls. Mother asked Mrs. Garvey from downstairs to stay in the apartment while she was out. So goodnight."

They kissed, and Johnny reluctantly left.

Faye lay back, smiling now, content. What a difference one little day had made, how completely it had altered her small world. The

nurse had brought the baby and put him in her arms and—presto!—she was a certified, bona fide, simpering, grinning mother. Her smile broadened and she looked across at the television set Johnny had rented for her as a kind of special reward.

It would be a few minutes yet before her nurse came to turn out the lights; she might as well check and see how things were with the rest of the world. She reached out to the remote control and switched it on.

The screen flickered into life and a personable young man appeared,

seated at a desk, reading from some unseen source the day's news. Behind him, on a wall-sized screen, there was at the moment projected the photograph of a dark-skinned gentleman wearing white robes and a white turban. The gentleman, according to the young newscaster, was an African dignitary, currently in Great Britain and soon to pay a Presidential visit in the United States.

"And now," the newscaster said, "for the news on the home front. Looking to the world of crime . . ."

As he spoke, the picture of the gentleman in the turban vanished, to be smoothly supplanted by one of a woman—a woman with dark hair, broad, open features, wide-set eyes,

and heavy lips. Faye sat up with a sudden feeling of alarm and stared fixedly at the enlarged face on the screen.

"Still missing tonight, wanted on suspicion of both theft and murder, there was some conjecture among police tonight as to whether Rita Winifred Sears might not herself have met with foul play . . ."

Faye's hand closed tightly over the control. Winifred . . . Winnie . . . And then, like the opening of a floodgate, there came a sudden and total recall that carried her, all in a flash, not just back to the beginning of her labor when she had first seen the photograph of Rita Sears, but beyond to the moment at Karen's apartment when Karen had opened the door, and there in the gloom of the hallway was —

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WIPES CLEAN, RESISTS STAINS, LASTS A HOUSETIME



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See how this warm, rich textured Panelyte woodgrain can add a special touch of elegance to your home. You get all the beauty of actual Meseta Maple, plus the world famous durability of Panelyte. It resists scuffing, scratching, and impact — wipes spotless in seconds with a damp cloth — looks new after years and years of wear. Get an actual sample of Panelyte Meseta Maple at your furniture store today, or post the coupon at right for Panelyte Colour Chart.



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WARREN

A.R. TABS

The Bulletin

THE MAGAZINE FOR INTERESTING PEOPLE!
ONE SHILLING EVERYWHERE

Winnie White! Mr. White's sister! Yes, of course, that was who this woman was, this Rita Sears, this murderess! She was the one who had started out to California with Karen and Connie...

...and so the search continues for the missing woman, the only person, perhaps, to hold the key to murder, and to the whereabouts of a quarter of a million dollars' worth of famous jewels.

The face of Rita Sears, which seemed suddenly to have come alive, disappeared from the screen, giving way to the desolate scene of a train wreck which had occurred somewhere in one of the southern States. Almost unaware, Faye switched off the control and the screen went blank.

It was the woman called Winnie White, she was sure of it. But even as she told herself this, a doubt began to creep into her mind. Now that the woman's face was no longer there before her, she wasn't quite so sure. Now that she thought of it the woman called Winnie White had been wearing something over her hair, a scarf, and the light had been dim there in the hall.

Then, too, she'd had only a glimpse of her. And yet... She turned to the table, remembering the newspapers her mother had brought. Surely the picture would be in one of them.

The phone rang. Faye picked it up and said hello.

"Faye!" Karen's voice was shrill with happy excitement. "I called the apartment and I don't know who I talked to—some woman—but she told me all about it. Is it true? Is the baby really here?"

KAREN turned, trying to adjust to the unfamiliar bed, straightened the covers and pulled them up snugly to her chin. She hoped for sleep but knew now that it would not come, not yet, at any rate. More than a dozen times in the past hour she had got herself all settled and closed her eyes, only to find herself in almost the next moment staring wide-eyed into darkness.

She wished now she had listened more closely to what Faye had told her about the woman she had seen on television. But it had struck her so funny then, the mere suggestion that poor, blowzy, uncaring Winnie could be a desperado, carrying a fortune in stolen jewels in that shabby old drugstore suitcase of hers. The whole idea was so absurdly melodramatic. And such a notion right on top of the terrific news about the baby—even if she had stopped to think about it, she couldn't have taken it seriously, not at that particular moment. And then, too, when she had laughed, Faye had admitted that she wasn't absolutely sure. In the end she had been willing to give up the idea entirely.

But now, in the quiet hours of the night, a seed of doubt had come to rest in her mind.

Actually, it had first come to her earlier, when she had returned from the phone to Winnie's cabin to say good-night to Connie. She was just leaving when Winnie had called out after her to ask if she had remembered to call her sister.

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . .

DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

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Perhaps it was something in Winnie's voice or the peculiar look of watchfulness that she had surprised on Winnie's face that alerted her. Or perhaps it was simply the conversation with Faye, though she was certain that part of it had at that point already left her thoughts. Whatever it was, a small, clear note of caution sounded somewhere at the back of her mind, and she was suddenly reluctant to admit she had talked to Faye at all. But of course that was nonsense.

"Yes, I talked to her," she said, and even went on to tell Winnie about the arrival of the baby.

"My gosh," Winnie said, still, it seemed, with that same look of sharp observation, "you mean the baby's here already? And you just walk in here as calm as anything and don't even mention it?"

Karen paused, struck herself by the oddness of this behaviour. Had the feeling of caution been there even before she recognised it? "I guess I was thinking about something else," she said.

"Well, for Pete's sake!" Winnie turned to Connie. "How about that? How does it feel to have a little baby boy cousin?"

Connie, uncertain, made a small shrugging motion.

"Well," Karen said awkwardly, "I think I'd better scoot off to bed. I'll see you two in the morning."

"Is that all you talked about?"

Karen turned back again, with a real flush of uneasiness. Winnie was smiling, but her smile, Karen had a feeling, was only on the surface.

"Yes," she said, "of course. What else was there to talk about?"

Still smiling, Winnie nodded. "Yeah, I bet. I just thought there might be some news from the old hometown."

Now, thinking back on it, Karen felt there had definitely been some curious kind of declaration made between her and Winnie at that moment, some subtle exchange of knowledge and truth—that was not yet entirely

clear. It was a fanciful thought, but it persisted. As did the burgeoning feeling of suspicion.

After all what did she really know about Winnie? Only that she was Harvey White's sister. And what did that mean? She was related to a man with whom Karen had had only the most superficial contact, a man whom both she and Dan had found occasion to describe as "funny," sensing in him perhaps some undefined eccentricity. More and more she began to see that this single bit of knowledge about Winnie's background hardly constituted a recommendation.

THERE were other things, too; little things that had appeared unimportant before, but which now seemed to take on a new and sinister significance. Like Winnie taking the wrong highway while Karen was asleep. And then persuading her the next morning not to return to the route Dan had marked on the map. It had seemed an accident, but it could have been deliberate. Then, too, there were Winnie's out-of-character clothes. And her newly bleached hair. And that picture in the paper which Winnie had helped Connie to mark beyond recognition—a picture, Karen was certain now, of Rita Sears.

And Winnie's willingness—eagerness—to have Connie constantly with her!

Karen sat bolt upright in the darkness, her heart pounding. Suddenly it was all so frighteningly logical. It accounted for Winnie's extraordinary attachment for Connie. And her own feeling of "something wrong" about their relationship which she had mistaken for a pang of jealousy. And it explained, too... But, oh, it just had to be some sort of silly mistake. You could hardly charge a woman with murder because she knew how to please a child—or because she had bleached hair. Karen knew she was just letting her imagination run away with her, and in the morning she would see that and feel ashamed.

Still, she did not lie down again and try to go to sleep. If only Connie were here with her, here where she belonged, it wouldn't matter. The whole case she had built up in her mind against Winnie could be so easily dismissed then as a laughable series of coincidences. But Connie was not here; she was there in that other dark cabin across the court with a stranger—a woman who might—just might—be a murderer. Hurling back the covers, Karen got out of bed, and, shivering as much with uneasiness as with the cold, crossed to the window.

The floodlights, suspended from tall poles at either end of the drive, struck down harshly against the trees in the court, penetrating their light foliage unevenly, casting dim, broken patterns of light and shadow on the grass underneath.

Through the trees Karen was able to make out Winnie's cabin, but the entrance was blocked from view by a car parked at the walk outside. As she peered across, a breeze touched the trees and the patterns on the grass flickered and danced in a mad, rippling rhythm. What if it were true? What if Winnie really was Rita Sears? Karen continued to stare into the night in an agony of doubt and indecision. If only Dan were here, to go over there and...

With a new start of alarm, she realised that Dan no longer had any idea at all of where she and Connie really were. No one knew; in her excitement over the baby she hadn't even thought to tell Faye—except to mention that they had reached Missouri. She turned about sharply and faced into the room.

After a moment she moved with sudden decisiveness back to the bed, found her robe and slippers and put them on. She had to call Dan at once. No matter how mad it might seem at this hour, she had to call him and at least tell him where they were. Whether Winnie was Rita Sears or not, what she had done, letting them be out of touch like this, was stupidly dangerous.

MAYBE she

would tell him of her suspicions about Winnie or maybe she wouldn't—she would see how she felt when she talked with him. But she was determined to make the call. Crossing to the bureau, she took up her purse and turned back to the door.

The moment she was outside with the breeze tugging at the skirt of her robe she began to feel that what she was doing was absurd. It was so awfully late. Nearly two in the morning where Dan was. He would be furious with her, whether she told him about Winnie or not; he would be really convinced that she had lost her mind. She hesitated, looking ahead anxiously in the direction of the phone booth. Then she moved off into the obscuring shadows of the trees.

She stood debating with herself, her determination shaken.

She had just about decided to go back to the cabin when, hearing a faint rustling sound somewhere behind her, she stopped. She scanned the deeper shadows at the far side of the yard in the direction of Winnie's cabin, but everything was still. She waited a moment longer, and turned away again.

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HAZEL by Ted Key



"Was he born with this talent?"

(Hazel can be seen on Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Mondays; Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays; and Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays.)

This time the sound was closer, more distinct. She turned back. "Who's there?" she demanded shakily. "Who is it?"

"Thinking of making a phone call?"

Karen wheeled to the right, as Winnie detached herself from the shadows and came forward.

"What...?"

"Sorry if I scared you, Mrs. Howard," Winnie said, coming closer. "I saw you come outside and I thought maybe something was wrong."

Karen shook her head. "No, No, I—I just couldn't sleep, that's all. I don't know why, I thought that if I got some fresh air maybe—"

"Uh-huh. But it's kind of cold out, isn't it? Why don't we go into your place and talk a while?"

"All right," Karen said faintly, "if you want to." But she made no move to go. She stood there, staring past Winnie to the cabin where Connie was asleep. She started as Winnie touched her arm. "All right."

She let herself be guided silently back across the drive and into the darkened cabin. Inside she stood perfectly still while Winnie pulled down the shade at the window and turned on the light. Blinking against the sudden brightness, she sat down on the edge of the bed. Winnie took a cigarette from the pocket of her gown, and lit it.

Winnie looked across at her, and offered her the pack. "Want one?"

Karen shook her head. "No."

Winnie took her time about sitting down in the chair at the writing desk, drawing the ashtray closer.

Spring Fever

There's dust on chairs and tables,
And dirt upon the floors,
But the daffodils are dancing,
And I must go out-of-doors.
The basket's full of ironing,
And there's mending to be done,
But the trees are all in blossom,
Pink and white in spring-time sun.
So it's goodbye to the cleaning,
To the ironing and the socks;
I'm going to get my garden hoe;
I'm off to plant some stocks.
I'm off to see new shoots of green
That have pushed through small heads;
I'm going to see the poppies gay
In all the garden beds.
The sky of blue will be my roof;
My music, bird-songs sweet,
But heaven knows what the family
Will get tonight to eat!

—EVELINE DARE.

to the corner, where it would be handy.

"You know," she said finally, "it's not safe for a woman to be running around alone in the dark like you were out there. Especially a little tiny thing like you."

Karen shook her head. "No," she said, "no, I guess it isn't."

"From the way you acted it looked like you started out to call somebody."

"No," Karen said, "no..."

"You could scare someone pretty bad calling them up at this hour of the night. They'd think something was wrong."

"Yes, I guess you could."

"But the main thing is you shouldn't go out alone. What would happen to Connie, for instance, if you got yourself into some kind of trouble?"

"Connie?" Karen felt a sudden tightness in her chest. "I don't know."

"It wouldn't be good for her if you got in trouble."

"No. Oh, no, it wouldn't."

Winnie nodded. "A woman can't be too careful." She shoved her hand into the pocket of her gown and brought it back again holding a dully gleaming, blunt-nosed, auto-

Continuing . . . DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

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matic. "That's why I always carry this. I keep it on me all the time—just so we won't get into any kind of a mess. Okay with you?"

"Yes," Karen said faintly, unable to take her eyes from the gun. "Yes, that's—that's fine with me."

At first glimpse, just by the solid, purposeful look of them. Harvey knew they were from the police. He stood there staring at them past the edge of the door, feeling the sweat breaking out along the narrow ridge of his spine.

"Yes sir?" he inquired. "You gentlemen looking for somebody?"

The first one, the older, stockier one, nodded but did not smile.

"Are you Harvey White?" he asked.

Harvey looked away for a moment, to the second one, then back again. "Yes, sir," he said helplessly. "Is there something . . . ?"

The man reached inside his suit coat and brought out a leather folder, which he opened with a practised flip of the hand to show Harvey his identification.

"Detective Lieutenant Frank Bell. This is Sergeant Harold Dimmick."

Harvey swallowed against a sudden dryness in his throat. "Yes, sir," he said.

"Okay with you, Mr. White, if

we just step inside? We'd like to have a word with you."

"Oh," Harvey said, "oh, sure . . ." Opening the door to let them in, he moved aside.

"What's it all about?" he asked, following them into the living-room. He waved them toward chairs, took a tentative perch on the arm of the divan. "Is there something wrong?"

"Mr. White," the lieutenant said, "you must read the papers. You know we're looking for your sister-in-law."

Harvey stared at the man blankly, retreating into a frightened numbness. He only wanted to be left alone. It wasn't fair for all of them

to come hounding him like this. He hadn't stolen anything or killed anybody.

"My wife died a long time ago," he said foolishly.

"But Rita Sears was your wife's sister, isn't that correct?"

"Yes—yes, sir."

"And she did live at this address with you and your wife at one time?"

Harvey nodded in assent. "But that was a long time ago."

The detective paused, frowned. "Mr. White, when was the last time you saw Rita Sears?"

"Saw her?" Harvey looked down at his hands. It was hard to think and keep everything straight with someone staring at you like that. He shook his head. "I—I don't know exactly," he lied. "When

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Continuing . . . DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

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she left here—She came back once, after my wife died, to get some stuff she had left, and I told her to get out and never come back again. I told her I never wanted to set eyes on her as long as I lived. And I meant it. She's no good. Rita's no good."

"And that was the last time you saw her?"

"I—yes, I guess it was. I think it was, yes."

"How long ago was that?"

"Eight years, just about, seven or eight."

"That's a long time. And you haven't been in touch with her at all in all those years?"

"No—no, sir."

"Not even indirectly, through some third person or group of people, some mutual acquaintance?"

"We don't have any mutual acquaintances."

"Then you haven't known anything at all of her activities for the past eight years? You weren't aware of her relationship with Rick Matli?"

"Oh, no, I didn't know about that."

THE detective seemed to study Harvey's pale face with renewed intensity. "Mr. White, I'm sure you know better than to withhold information. You know you could get into a lot of trouble?"

Nodding, Harvey huddled deeper within himself. Did the lieutenant know the truth, that Rita had been here? Was he just leading him into a trap?

"Yes, sir."

"I'm not suggesting that you actually do know anything," the detective went on. "But sometimes people forget things and then they remember later. In that case we understand. I don't want you to be scared to tell us if you should remember something."

"I, no, I don't think I will. I mean, I don't see how I could."

The detective nodded and, surprisingly, smiled. "Well, then, I guess we haven't got anything else to talk about." He rose, and the sergeant followed his example. "Thank you for your time."

Harvey, too weak with relief to get immediately to his feet, watched dully as the lieutenant, followed by the sergeant, crossed to the entry, stopped at the doorway, and turned back.

"If something should come to mind after we're gone, Mr. White, anything that might give us an idea where Rita Sears might be, I want you to give me a ring." Producing a card from his pocket, he dropped it to the table next to the wall. "Here's where you can reach me."

Harvey managed to get to his feet then and followed them to the door.

"I could give you her mother's address out in Los Angeles," he offered hopefully.

"We already have that. Anyway, you never know what will turn up. It's just possible that we may be seeing each other again."

When they were gone Harvey closed the door and made his way back into the living room. At the table he stopped and looked down at the detective's card, a vivid white rectangle against the dark polished wood.

It wasn't fair, he told himself, he didn't want to get mixed up in all this. He had just about managed to put it all out of his mind, just block it out and forget it—and now they had to show up. It wasn't fair. It just wasn't fair.

Slowly, Harvey reached out and picked up the card and tore it carefully across the centre.

The flat Midwestern plains yawned before them, a blank, unchanging eternity that approached and met them and fell away behind to be lost again in its own dry sameness. Here, both time and distance were interminably extended, and though the slant of the sun at the car windows said it was still an hour or more till noon, Karen felt as if she had been driving for ever.

Early, at Winnie's "suggestion," they had left Route 24, which was to have taken them to Kansas City, where they would have joined Dan's proposed plan of travel. Switching to Highway 36, they continued straight on, headed for the northern section of Kansas and, evidently, Denver, Colorado.

Aware now of the real threat of Winnie's presence there behind her, Karen sat stiffly at the wheel, unable to relax, her arms and neck aching with tension. The reflected glare from the on-rushing road struck her weary eyes with an almost physical impact. Increasingly, as she continued driving, she became aware of a disquieting sense of unreality.

It had begun in the motel restaurant that morning as she had watched Winnie with a kind of sick fascination, searching those broad, open features for some tell-tale sign that might have served her as a warning. But even knowing the evil within she had been able to discover nothing. Nothing, surely, to brand the woman a thief and murderer. Watching as Winnie looked up at the waitress and said good morning with the same smiling good will as always, Karen found it hard to believe that the terrors of the night had existed anywhere except in her own harried imagination.

She had not slept, not after her interview with Winnie. She had sat the night out there in the darkened room, trying desperately to think of some way to extricate herself and Connie from this awful predicament, returning again and again to the frightening and apparently inevitable realisation that she was completely helpless. Winnie had contrived her trap with great care. She held over Karen's head the ultimate weapon. If Karen dared to move against her she would do so only at the risk of Connie's safety.

In her desperation Karen had thought of everything. Of offering Winnie the car and whatever cash she had left on hand in exchange for Connie's and her freedom. Of making an appeal to whatever negligible sense of pity and human decency Winnie might possess. She had thought, too, of leaving a note hidden somewhere in the cabin for the maid, telling her to notify the police. And of simply going to Winnie's cabin in the dim hours of the morning, hoping to break in and surprise her while she slept.

She had considered all these things and many, many more. But they had all come to the same end. She couldn't afford the risk; she could not possibly do anything that might bring harm to Connie. Her only hope was to co-operate with Winnie utterly and do everything she could to provide her with safe conduct to California.

Now, momentarily, she took her gaze from the road ahead and glanced down at Connie's small, unconcerned figure on the seat beside her. How monstrous, she thought

with a sudden burst of crimson hatred, for anyone to use a child in this way to gain the child's confidence, even her love, so as to use her as a shield for her own selfish ends. Already, following Winnie's instructions, she had given Connie permission to spend the remaining nights of the trip with Winnie as a reward for good behaviour.

Karen wondered now if she would be able to endure it. It would be bad enough going through it, even knowing that in time it would likely come to a safe end. Likely, but not positively. Supposing she did co-operate with Winnie and they did arrive in California safely? Winnie had promised nothing. Would she be content just to turn them free, knowing very well Karen would go directly to the police and report her? Or was there some other plan hidden behind that easy, empty smile of hers? For the moment Karen didn't dare to think too much about that.

Through a steadily gathering haze of worry and fatigue she turned her eyes back achingly to the highway, trying not to notice the slow, unreal passing of the endless, uncaring countryside.

"This is Mr. Howard in room five-nineteen," Dan said into the phone. "I just want to be sure before I go out again—you're positive there haven't been any calls or messages for me? I'm sorry to keep troubling you..."

"I'll check again, Mr. Howard." The voice that answered was cheerful, undisturbed. "No, sir," it resumed after an interval, "there just isn't a thing, I'm afraid."

"Uh-huh," Dan said. "Thanks—thank you very much."

HE replaced the phone carefully and moved in silence across the brief, carpeted space of the room to the window. Not far below in the heavy, golden dusk was the inevitable tropical garden, even more lush looking now in shadow. Through this self-conscious greenery, in the not-too-far distance could be glimpsed and heard the ceaseless traffic of the boulevard.

Dan turned away again with a gesture of impatience. If Karen was going to call she would have done so by now, surely. It was past time for him to return to the office by nearly half an hour and still he waited.

His first reaction as he had dawdled over coffee down in the dining-room had been one of rekindled anger. But his mood since had altered. It wasn't like Karen to go to this extreme. Not in a matter where Connie was concerned. In an ordinary argument that involved just the two of them she might go to some trouble to make her point, but even then once she had achieved this she was usually willing to let the matter drop.

Gradually the thought had come to Dan's mind that something must have gone wrong. A couple of helpless women and a child out alone on the highway—there was no telling what might happen.

He did not discount entirely, however, the idea that Karen's renewed silence might be retaliatory. But she had left the message for him saying she would call, which was rather pointless if she didn't really mean to. Of course, she might have left it just to add to his annoyance. But something, some

inner knowledge of Karen, of which he had been unaware until now, told him that this was unlikely. Something, he felt certain, had happened to prevent her calling.

It didn't have to be anything more serious than a flat tyre, of course. Or their inability to find a place to stop just when they wanted one. Any number of small things could have intervened. And if there had been any kind of a serious accident, he would certainly have been notified by now. So he didn't have to worry about that. Still it was with continued preoccupation that Dan paused in the centre of the room and gazed about him.

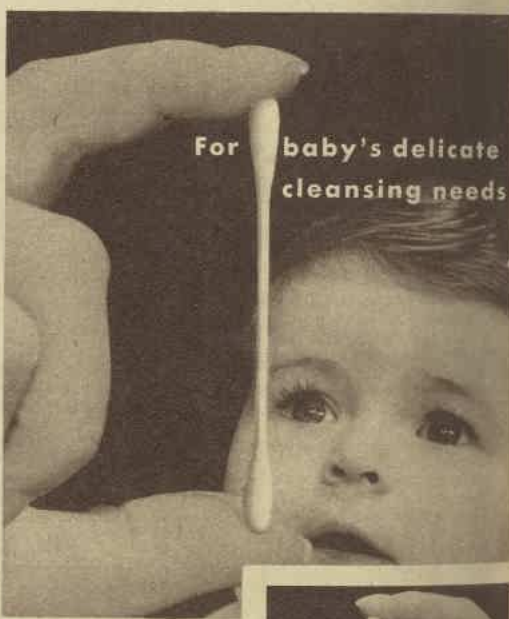
He had been well enough satisfied with this room when he had moved into it. Though it was small, it had an air of artful cheerfulness and it was convenient enough in its

appointments. During the day, though Dan had little use for it as such, it could be converted from a bedroom into a reasonably acceptable sitting-room. But now as he stood there looking at it, at the tidy, unused desk, and the strikingly modern and handsomely framed painting, Dan was suddenly and acutely aware of the sick impersonality of the room, its patent serviceability for just one person, and he wanted to be out of it. Crossing to the bed, he picked up his hat.

At the door he paused in reflection, stopped by a sudden realisation of his own loneliness. He had been so busy—had kept himself so busy—that he had kept himself from knowing. Until now. Then that was probably the reason for this sudden feeling of concern that something had gone wrong for Karen and Connie. He was impatient; that was what it was all about; he was anxious

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Continuing . . .

DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

for them to get here, afraid that something would delay them. With someone like Karen who was not very brave to begin with . . .

Dan stopped, experiencing a new astonishment, seeing for the first time what a remarkable thing it was that Karen — Karen, who was not very brave — should want to make this trip at all. Seeing the importance of it. She was on her way to him, of her own accord and despite her own fears, to — to prove that she had changed and wanted to be with him again? Was it possible?

With a sudden lift of spirits, he pulled the door open and stepped out into the hall. He should have thought of this before. And would have if he hadn't let himself be so fanatically absorbed in the new job. Well, when she got here, he was going to take it easier and do his best to make it up to her for the way he'd been behaving lately. Poor Karen, no wonder she had been so offended — hurt — by his abruptness on the phone.

But everything was going to be fine now; it was all going to work out. He should have known that all along. Maybe they had had their troubles, and no trivial ones, either, but they could still patch things up. And they were going to, he was suddenly determined. Starting off toward the elevators, he decided to stop at the desk downstairs and tell them that when his wife called to transfer the call directly to his office. Either that or take a number where he could reach her when he returned.

And she would call, he was confident now that she would, just as soon as she was able.

Karen lay across the bed, face down, her arms stretched out before her, hands clasped as if in anxious prayer. Earlier she had given away to the futility of tears, but that had been hours ago and now

as she turned and stared up into the darkness her eyes were quite dry. She lay perfectly still for a moment, as she might waiting for the passing of some transitory pain. Then she slowly boosted herself up into a sitting position. Though she hadn't looked at her watch for some time now, she knew it was close to midnight. And midnight, she had decided, would probably be late enough.

Through the day she had managed to resign herself to this situation with Winnie,

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into the dimly lighted court. Checking her watch she saw that it was nearly ten past twelve.

She looked out again into the shadowed yard at the patchy plot of lawn at the centre, boxed in by a ragged, untrimmed hedge, and she wondered fleetingly what Dan must be feeling by now. Blind fury probably after two days of silence and last night's message. The thought pro-

drive, which led in a gradual descent from the cabin area and its twin rows of crowded cottages down to the highway frontage which contained the office building.

At first it had only come to her wishfully that if Winnie in parking the car had not set the brake firmly enough, or had neglected to set the parking gear, it could in its present position at the kerb very easily roll down the drive and crash into the buildings below. Close on the heels of this wilfully destructive thought had come the realisation that just such an accident could very well supply the solution to all her problems.

It made perfect sense. First and foremost what Winnie required from Karen was transportation, this more than anything else she had to offer. And so if something were to happen to the car Karen's usefulness to Winnie would be at an end. Winnie would almost certainly be forced to abandon her and Connie and continue her flight to California alone.

And if all this should come about through an accident in the middle of the night, or at least what appeared to be an accident, Winnie could hardly blame her for it.

All she would need to do was release the gear and the brake and leave the rest to gravity. She could be well off the scene before anything happened. With any momentum at all the car would surely strike the rear corner of the building down below with sufficient force to put it out of commission. She was glad now that earlier in the day when Winnie had asked her about the duplicate key to the car she had lied and said that Dan had taken it with him to California. She wouldn't have any trouble getting into the car. Satisfied that everything was quiet outside, she left the window,

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



and with resignation had come a kind of numb composure. But the later necessity of leaving Connie in Winnie's care in the cabin next door had brought back the old feeling of desperation. She had cried, but then, after a time, she had stopped as a thought — and then a plan — came into her mind.

Now she rose and moved across to the window. Parting the slatted blinds with her fingers, she looked out

duced a dull ache of desolation; once they had been close enough that Dan would know something was wrong just by her failure to call. But what good would it do if he did know, things as they were? No, she was alone in this no matter what happened and it was up to her to manage for herself.

Again, as she had when the idea had first come to her, she gave her attention to the car and to the incline of the

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went to the door, and eased it open. A draught of cold air flooded in upon her as she stood there listening.

She stopped, body tensed, thinking she had heard something, a faint creaking, and telling herself even as she heard it that it was only a trick of her frightened senses. She looked back again toward the cabins, her own and Winnie's, but there was nothing to see.

As the silence continued she turned back to the car. With increased wariness she moved swiftly, lightly, into its shadow, crouching low to make herself a part of it.

Taking the key from the pocket of her skirt, she reached up through the darkness to the car and found the lock.

Not until she had already begun to open the door did she remem-

ber about the automatic light. As the sudden glare stabbed out at her she was stunned momentarily into frightened immobility. And then, in violent reaction, she swung the door closed without thinking.

A moment passed, two. The night and the yard remained mercifully silent, deserted.

This time when she opened the door she plunged her hand swiftly inside to the light switch and flicked it off. There was a brief flash, just a blink of brightness, really, and the scene fell again into dimness. Easing the door fully open, she slipped inside and on to the seat.

It took only a moment to shift the gear into neutral. That done,

she got out of the car again and reached inside for the handbrake. Once she had that loose, she would have succeeded. She only needed to get back inside the cabin and close the door. Finding the brake, she gripped it, released it and stepped clear.

She moved back, poised for flight. But then she remained where she was. The car wasn't moving, wasn't even beginning to move. With a small muted sound of desperation she hurled herself upon it, put her hands flat against the support between the windows, and,

with all her remaining strength, shoved. For a moment it seemed the thing would never budge, but then she felt it move beneath her touch. She whirled and ran.

At the door of the cabin she turned for a single fleeting glance. By the dim outer light, by its changing reflection on the surface of the car, she could tell it was moving, still quite slowly but a bit faster than it had been a moment before. She stepped back into the room and closed the door.

She wanted only to give in to the weakness which had suddenly gripped her, simply to lean back against the door and stay there until her heart stopped pounding.

But she forced herself on. Raking her hand over the rumpled surface of the bed, she found her robe and snatched it up. At the same time she kicked off her loafers and undid her stockings, listening all the while with stilled breath for the sound of the crash.

She was feeling along the floor with her bare foot for her slippers when she stopped and turned, unaware of the continuing silence. It should have happened by now. She started for the door, then stopped as the sound finally came, not a crash but a single muted thud. She waited, sure that there was to be something more, but there was nothing, only the returned silence.

Casting the robe from her into the darkness, she ran barefoot to the door and pressed close to it, listening. What could have happened? Had Winnie heard and awakened? Was there a sound from that direction? Footsteps? If only her heart would stop thudding so terribly, so she could hear. Inching the door open, she peered cautiously out.

Everything appeared to be just as it was before. Except that now the car was no longer at the walk. She waited there for nearly two full minutes, listening for any sound at all, before she finally opened the door fully and stepped outside.

With a quick glance toward Winnie's cabin to make absolutely sure it was dark, she turned and looked down the drive into the darkness below. The car was down there somewhere.

Not at the buildings where she had meant it to be, but somewhere beyond, obviously out of sight.

MINDLESS of the bite of the cold concrete on her bare feet, she fled in silence to the end of the walk. She paused, peering into the deeper darkness beyond the buildings. At first she was unable to make out anything, but then, off to the right, she caught a dull gleaming down at the very bottom of the rise, close to the highway. She started forward again, wincing but undeterred as she stepped out on to the loose gravel.

By the time she reached the car, she realised what had happened. There were deep ruts in the upper incline. The car, striking these in its downhill journey, had altered its course and veered off to the right. Moving safely past the buildings, it had continued across the drive, struck the low hedge that was there, and passed over it. Losing most of its momentum, it had rolled across the lawn bordered by the hedge and come to an easy stop, against the trunk of a small tree.

It was impossible to be sure in the dark, but it was unlikely that the car had been damaged even the least bit. Karen uttered a small sound of dismay; it was almost farcical, her brilliant plan of escape. She might have known it would end this way. She simply stood there for a moment lost in hopelessness. Then, becoming aware of the awful danger of the moment and what might follow if she should be discovered, she turned quickly away.

Again as she entered the cabin she was assailed by a feeling of crushing weakness, even worse than before. Trembling, she gave in to it, turned against the door, and rested her head on its hard, cold surface. She took in a deep, shuddering breath and, very slowly, let it out again. Suddenly there was a sharp hissing sound beside her, and she whirled about to see the blinds fly open, dashing a slanting rectangle of pale light across the floor. A silhouetted figure appeared there and came toward her.

"Winnie . . ." Karen breathed. "I told you. I told you, damn you!"

"Winnie," Karen whispered, "listen . . ."

Winnie's hand caught her burning across the side of the face, and she staggered back in the darkness and sprawled across the bed.

To be continued
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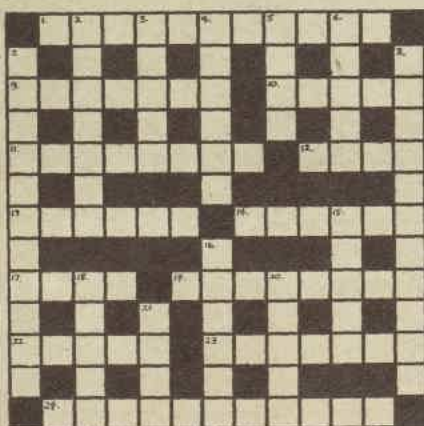
MANDRAKE is in a foreign country appearing at a theatre as a magician. He is trying to find kidnapped Professor John, who has the formula for a nuclear weapon. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- The French bitter secretion and I start these counsels (5, 6).
- This is the reverse of submarine? (7).
- Elevate a sire (5).
- Would-be poem which has no regard to rhythm (8).
- Surrender for a price (4).
- Agree as despatched (6).
- Perceive a cutting instrument in a game (6).
- Jetison a merino and find in it a designation (4).
- Nora sees (anagr., 8).
- Electro-magnetic rangefinder from both ends (5).
- Makes glittering (7).
- They are employed by the railways, but not in the dining-cars (5-6).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Appears by keeping the unit of work in the centre (7).
- A sane word, keeping the handles on vases (5).
- This one goes first (6).
- Clotted blood with an alternative interior (4).
- Silly stuff out of the stomach of a ruminant (5).
- According to Paul's I. Epistle to the Corinthians (5).
- evil communications corrupt them (3, 7).
- Shouts about broken powers make bad journalism (6, 5).
- Commit a transgression first, then burn slightly (5).
- Lament (anagr., 6).
- A standard containing a lyric poem (5).
- Yellowish-red Scotsman (5).
- Pluck in flag ritual (4).

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6344, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7638.—Lace-trimmed style in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material, 6yds. lace edging. Price 3/9.

F5302.—Sunrock and matching jacket for young girl, sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, or 12 years. Requires 1½ to 3yds. 36in. material, ½ to ¾yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/6.

F5302.—Frock for young girl has lace trim and ribbon sash. Sizes 6, 8, 10, or 12 years. Requires 2 to 3½yds. 36in. material, 4 to 4½yds. insertion, 12 to 14yds. ¼in. lace edging, 2½ to 2½yds. ribbon for sash. Price 3/6.



F7625.—Simply styled sunrock in teenage sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F7443.—Sleeveless shirt dress in teenage sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



F7628.—Machine-pleated tennis frock in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 728.—GIRL'S FROCK
Crisp poplin frock cut out to make in colors of pink, apricot, pale blue, lemon, or teal; rick-rack braid is included. Sizes 2 to 4 years, 2½/6; 6 to 8 years, 2½/6. Postage 2/6 extra on all sizes.

No. 729.—TABLECLOTH AND SERVIETTES
Set of cloth and four matching serviettes cut out and traced to embroider with flower motif on cream, white, or pink Irish linen. Cloth measures 36in. square, serviettes measure 11in. square. Set is 27/6 plus 2/6 postage, or cloth 19/6, postage 2/6, serviettes 1/11 each, postage 5d. each.

No. 730.—FROCK
Simply styled summer frock cut out to make in check cotton. Colors are pink, honey-gold, or deep green, all with white check. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 46/6; sizes 36 and 38in. bust, 48/6. Postage 3/6 extra on all sizes.



• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



Solution of last week's crossword.



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